

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

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THE FORTUNE TELLER

"YOU-ALL SHO' IS GWINE A BE A GREAT MAN."

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(653)

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

APPLE-SAUCE CAKE.—Cream one cupful of sugar with half a cupful of butter or lard. Add one cupful of unsweetened apple sauce, mixed with one level teaspoonful of baking-soda dissolved in warm water; then one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, some nutmeg, a pinch of salt, a cupful of raisins, and one and a half cupfuls of sifted flour. Bake for forty-five minutes.

CREAM PUFFS.—Melt half a cupful of butter in one cupful of boiling water and keep boiling. Stir in one cupful of flour, and allow to cool. When cold, drop in three unbeaten eggs, one at a time, then stir. Drop from a teaspoon upon greased pans, and bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Leave plenty of space for the puffs to rise. Eclairs are made by shaping the portions differently. Fill with whipped cream, vanilla corn-starch filling, chocolate, butter-scotch, or coffee-flavored cream filling.

ENGLISH TEA OR ROCK CAKES.—Sift together two level-teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two cupfuls of flour, and a pinch of salt. Rub in half a cupful of lard as for pie crust. Add half a cupful of sugar, one egg, half a cupful of washed currants, and enough water to make a dough that may be rolled out. Cut into rounds and bake.

APRICOT CREAM.—Cover two tablespoonfuls of gelatin with cold water and soak for two minutes. Beat two eggs separately, add four level tablespoonfuls of sugar to the yolks, scald a pint of creamy milk, and add to it the yolks and gelatin. When thick, beat into two cupfuls of mashed and strained apricot pulp, and finally fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Pour into individual molds, and serve with whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Heat one large coffee-cupful of milk, and stir in three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and three-quarters of a cupful of sugar beaten with the yolks of three eggs. Pour into a pie-tin lined with rich paste, and bake. Whip stiff the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread over top of pie, and very slightly brown in the oven.

BOILED ICING.—Mix one cupful of sugar, one-quarter cupful boiling water, and a pinch of cream of tartar. Stir until dissolved, and boil without stirring until it threads from a spoon. Pour slowly upon the well-whipped white of an egg, and beat until smooth and stiff. Use on any good plain cake, and vary by adding chopped raisins, figs, nuts, sliced bananas, or nuts.

OUR FORECAST FOR OCTOBER

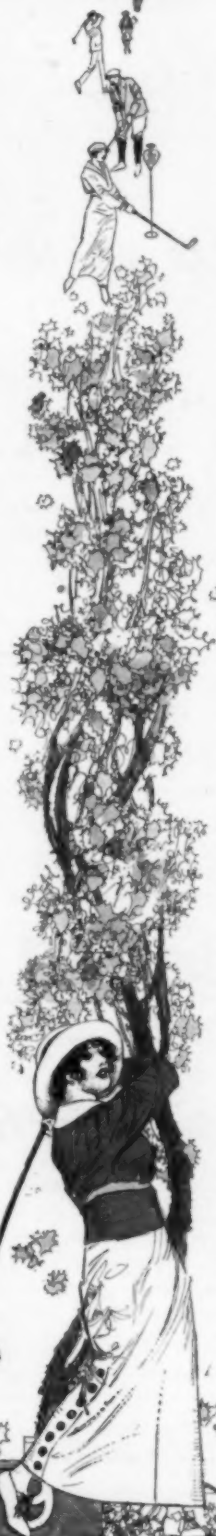
OCTOBER in Arcanidia will be an exciting month. Virginia Fairfax, the heroine of our new serial, *The Crowning*, meets for the first time Count Mirovitch, prime minister, and learns with what good reason her possession of the passport of the Countess d'Espinac had been regarded with suspicion by the emissaries of the King. She finds herself quite involuntarily involved in the affairs of the little kingdom and in a position to be of use to the King, unexpectedly renews some old acquaintanceships, meets a friend, and is presented to a princess.

Five Hundred Gowns a Year

IF IT should be announced to you tomorrow that you could hereafter have the privilege of purchasing and wearing five hundred gowns a year, what would be your sensations? I can guess the ecstasy of eighteen, the satisfaction of twenty-five, and the relief of forty; but I cannot conceive of a renunciation of the opportunity, at any age. Yet in October we shall tell you of a girl who receives a generous salary for purchasing and wearing the very latest things in frocks, hats, shoes, gloves, and other accessories; and who regards it as the hardest work she could possibly do. Perhaps you may agree with her when you have read Helen Starr's entertaining article, *Five Hundred Gowns a Year*—but I wonder!

A Mary Heaton Vorse Story

THOSE of us who, as children, have nursed a secret sorrow because we were named Jane instead of Gladys, or because Mother refused to take seriously the worn place on the parlor carpet but continued to entertain callers with unabated calm, will rejoice over Mary Heaton Vorse's portrayal of Dora in *The House of Things*. For the happy-go-lucky Crafts family never had "things" like other people—their plates refused to match, and extra money was as likely to go for goldfish as parlor curtains. Dora's youthful heart is bursting with the tragedy of it, when a fortuitous circumstance transports her from the Crafts household to a home where there are things, and things, and things. Is she



happy? Mrs. Vorse's delightfully original story is the answer.

Just as charming is *The Quick Way Home*, by Beulah Rector, the story of a girl who isn't quite ready to love but who learns that hearts do not wait any signal to surrender, and proves at the same time the truth of the proverb that the longest way round is the shortest way home.

Cut by His Own Pattern

SINCE we have had frequent opportunity to hear the woman's side of many personal problems, including those which arise in marriage, it seemed not a bad idea to learn whether Mere Man had anything he would like to say. He had! In *The Wife I Made*, he tells us his experience in remolding his pretty, light-hearted wife nearer to his heart's desire. Love made her plastic, and she is now exactly what he thought he wanted. Yet he inconsistently signs himself "A Dissatisfied Husband". Why?

An October Potpourri

PRACTICAL advice on how to choose materials of good wearing qualities for *The Children's School Wardrobe*, suggestions for utilizing *Cheap Cuts of Meat*, and ideas on *Cookery for the Old Lady*, are among the articles of interest to the housewife. Eleanor Otis offers ideas for any number of clever *Hallowe'en Games* for the socially inclined; there are directions for making *The New Sealing-Wax Beads*, numerous ideas for *Christmas Fancy-Work*, our usual departments, and many special articles.

Fashion's Foreshadowings

THE opponents of the tight skirt will be rejoiced at the appearance of *The New Flared and Gored Skirt* in October. The children share in this favor of Fashion, and the basque or polonaise is also being converted to their uses. *Wide Scaloped and Piped Flounces* have come in, and the scallop is equally popular on redingote or tunic. *A Smart Fur-Trimmed Redingote* of serge is the subject of our Home Dress-making Lesson; and for our home milliners Mrs. Tobey has some fetching little *Toques* and *Tams for the Children*.



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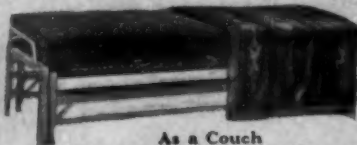
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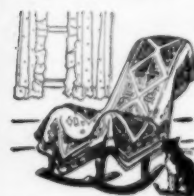
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FURNISHING A ROOM CHEAPLY

By IDA C. LORING

WHEN circumstances placed me in a big, barn-like house, with only a few old pieces for furnishings, I at first quite despaired of ever being able to make it livable, but my beauty-loving

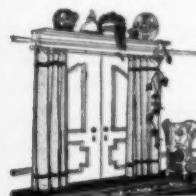


self cried out for many things impossible under existing conditions; so, "find a way or make one" became my war-cry. The big front room had only a sofa, two chairs, and a dining-table, all old and shabby; but on the big rocking-chair, an Indian blanket, thrown over back and seat, made a most attractive corner; while twenty-nine cents' worth of dull green and tan striped cotton goods, found on a bargain counter, made a new sofa-cover, and also one for a pillow; and an odd bit of chintz with green and brown figures made a new cushion for the other chair.

Five Java coffee-sacks were purchased at a tea store for ten cents each. Their soft tan color and pretty basket weave are harmonious with almost everything; and from them I made a generous table-cover for the extension table, made round by removing its five leaves, a cover for a box footstool, and for a set of shelves for part of my books, and there was enough sacking left to make covers for several tables and bureaus in other rooms. Out of the table-leaves I devised quite a pretentious bookcase by making end supports, covered with dark paper to match.



The big, folding-door space was hung with a pair of old, brownish portières, faded to almost the shade of the Java sacking, and their shabbiness somewhat concealed by long branches of



grape-vine, blackberry, or graceful pepper boughs, as fancy or season dictated. At the windows were hung cheese-cloth curtains on which a simple border was stenciled in green. The few pictures and bits of bric-à-brac of better days, and my beloved books, gave an air to my less-than-two-dollar room which my friends are kind enough to say is "simply charming." You may be similarly situated without realizing that there are simple means at hand to convert your unattractive domicile as a restful retreat.



September

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1914

VERY recently we printed a story of married life in which the incidents recounted were the actual experiences

of the writer. "I don't know anything better one could do with mistakes than capitalize them," she said frankly. "Philip laughs, and says I turn everything, from burnt beefsteak to the wrong diet for the baby, into dollars for our bank account. So I do! I've learned that the mistakes I overcome are as valuable to other women as to me. And I record them all."

She was a trained writer, of course, and the technical skill which transmuted her stumbling-blocks into money is something which cannot be emulated by the average woman.

Yet there is scarcely a woman who reads this who has not something worth selling to a magazine. The Government pays out large sums of money to establish experiment stations, where theories may be tested and information gathered for the benefit of its farmers. You, yourself, are an experiment station, and your discoveries, the "do's" and the "don't's" that you have learned, are of practical value to other women who have the same tasks to perform.

OUR Housekeeping Exchange pays for ideas on short cuts in housekeeping, home-made labor-saving devices, practical economies. Though the Exchange receives hundreds of letters a month, we never have as many ideas on hand as we would like, for ninety per cent. of the suggestions sent in are neither new nor original. Yet probably every woman who writes us has some entirely individual way of saving time or steps; of meeting just such a household emergency as is sure to confront some other woman one time or another; of making something of nothing. These are the things which have value. If we would all realize how useful to others are the trivial discoveries we have actually made ourselves, the Housekeeping Exchange would be flooded with purchasable material.

Capitalize your discoveries!

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

In our Beauty Department, Annette Beacon is glad to pay for old-fashioned or original formulas. Somebody has devised a quick or convenient way of drying the hair after a shampoo, or has Grandmother's formula for bath bags or smelling-salts, or knows how Aunt Jane of Kentucky made a wonderful cold cream. Very well, Miss Beacon will pay for any idea which is new to her and practical; and no literary skill is required to make it acceptable. Capitalize your grandmother!

Miss Otis is interested in hearing of novel entertainments, invitations, schemes of decoration—not from professional writers, but from those who have originated and carried out the ideas. Here, again, the bare idea is all that is wanted. Capitalize your good times!

WE have use for little fillers to scatter through the back of the magazine, such as *Putting on Buttons*, in July; or *Marking Jellies*, in August. Any practical hint for sewing-room, kitchen, laundry, nursery, sick-room, school-room, novel gifts or conveniences, fills the need. Capitalize your experience!

We like to hear of women, personally known to you, who are especially interesting and are "doing things"; of any unusual work your ladies' aid society, sewing circle, or church is taking up; of what is happening in your town. Whenever you feel interested in something which has occurred, write us. We may be interested, too! And whatever interests us to the extent of printing, we pay for. Capitalize your environment!

Suggestions for the Housekeeping Exchange should be so addressed, but all the other ideas I have mentioned should be addressed to "The Capitalization Editor". Unaccepted manuscripts of this class cannot be returned. It should be remembered that it is only original ideas which find a ready market, and ideas which are practical of application by others. The things you have read, or heard, or had passed on to you, are apt to be sent to us from a hundred different people. There is no objection to your submitting these to us, but—capitalize your own ingenuity!



"PARDON ME," SHE EXCLAIMED HURRIEDLY; "CAN YOU TELL ME—HAS THERE BEEN AN ACCIDENT? AND WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN LEAVE FOR VIENNA?"

THE CROWNING

A SERIAL STORY

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

VIRGINIA glanced over her shoulder. "Ellis, where's my handbag? And you'd better get out your passports, too. I think we've reached the frontier of Arcanidia."

The prim, middle-aged maid began to fumble over their wraps and suitcases, while Virginia turned her head again and looked out of the window. The train was running at a fair rate of speed, having slowed down for the last quarter of a mile; and she caught lovely glimpses of sunlit country, of wide, sloping fields and vine-clad foot-hills, shut in by lofty, beautiful mountains; while yonder, across the river, the grim outlines of an ancient Turkish fortress recalled the days when the Ottoman Empire was a menace to all Southern Europe. Then the train swerved suddenly, swung around a sharp curve, and plunged into a deep ravine. On either side great, gray rocks rose precipitously, and only here and there a low-growing cedar clung in a crevice, stunted alike by nature and by con-

trast with the titanic reef, until it looked like some humble garden herb.

"The Gate of Arcan!" Virginia exclaimed. "I thought so. We'll need our passports in five minutes, Ellis."

Ellis rose from a fruitless search under the seat, with a flushed face. "My goodness gracious, Miss Fairfax, somebody's stolen your bag!" she cried excitedly. "Or they've changed it—the one here isn't ours at all!"

"Not really?" Virginia turned hastily and joined in the wild hunt for the missing satchel. "Why, Ellis, it can't be possible! Who in the world—"

Ellis looked at her helplessly. "It must have been that sly little French girl, Miss. She kept talking jargon at me till I turned my back on her. She's left this one instead."

"You mean the maid with those French people? Of course, it must be a mistake, Ellis. I didn't have much in it, only about fifteen dollars and my passport. This is full of things; isn't that a jewel-case?"

"I don't know, Miss. I wouldn't open it; it might blow up! I didn't like their looks."

Virginia laughed. "The younger woman was very pretty. I saw her face when the guard helped them out at the last station. I wonder whom this belongs to? There—the train's stopping, and I've lost my passport!"

"Can't you explain, Miss?" Ellis had produced her own, but she was flushed and frightened. She was not Miss Fairfax's own maid, and she felt that Virginia might suspect her of negligence.

"No, I can't! They're terribly strict, now; Mr. Lawrence told me so. There's some political trouble, and the new king's just been crowned. I believe they tried to assassinate him in the cathedral."

"My goodness, Miss, I hope this train goes straight through."

"We won't—unless——" Virginia's eye fell on a passport in the strange bag. She snatched it up and read it.

It was made out in due form and described the person of Marie Louise Elizabeth d'Etoile, Comtesse d'Espinac, five feet seven inches, one hundred and thirty pounds, fair, with blue eyes and light brown hair, aged twenty-three, widow. Domicile, 21 rue de Galilée, Paris, France.

THE train jarred and stood still. Virginia stooped and looked out of the window. The platform was fairly crowded; the Custom-House officials were there in full uniform, and a guard of mounted police, picturesque in blue and scarlet tunics, and scarlet and white hoods, like those of the Circassian riders. It looked formidable.

Ellis was a stout-hearted New Englander from northern Massachusetts, but she was agitated. "Whatever will you do, Miss Fairfax?" she gasped.

Virginia smiled; her dark blue eyes danced. "No matter what I do, you keep quiet, Ellis, and please don't stiffen if I fib; I've got to pass muster, you know."

Ellis looked absolutely frightened, for, at this very moment, the guard opened the door, and an officer in a scarlet uniform with gold shoulder-straps appeared. He spoke in excellent French.

"Your passports, Madame, if you please."

Virginia took the maid's from her shaking hands and gave it to him. He read it carefully, made a hieroglyphic sign at the top and returned it with a stiff salute.

"And yours, Madame?"

Miss Fairfax tilted her chin haughtily and handed him the passport of the Countess d'Espinac. He read it gravely; then re-read it, looking at her so keenly that she colored guiltily. However, he seemed satisfied—she was really very nearly an answer to the description; slighter, a little taller, and with fair hair, yet the differences, in the document, were minor ones, and he did not observe them. He returned it, bowed low, backed out, and the guard closed the door and locked it.

Virginia, dropping into a seat with her back to the platform, laughed merrily. "Please don't look like that, Ellis. I haven't committed murder, but they might suspect you."

"I never was so frightened in my life, Miss Fairfax! I didn't mind his pistol—he had one in his hip pocket—or his sword, or his spurs, either; but I do hate these foreigners with spike mustaches! I've seen enough, since I've been traveling in Europe with Mrs. Lawrence, Miss, to make me think they're just rank!"

Virginia dimpled with amusement. "Why, Ellis, Mrs. Lawrence thought you might marry that nice Russian who was with the Huntleys at St. Petersburg."

"Me? Marry a Russian!" Ellis sat down weakly. "My gracious, Miss Fairfax, I thought Mrs. Lawrence knew I was real respectable!"

She looked so honestly distressed that her tormentor repented. "Don't feel so badly, Ellis; Mrs. Lawrence is very fond of you. She hated to part with you—even to chaperon me back to Vienna. Please give me that mysterious satchel; I want to put back the Countess d'Espinac's passport. We're off again, thank goodness!" she added, as the train suddenly started, with a whistle and clangor

of bells, and began to increase its speed at the crossing. "I wonder if that man had ever seen the Countess, he stared so hard."

"They all do, Miss Virginia; the way they stare is something awful! I'm thinking it's the reason why Mrs. Lawrence made me come along with you—when I ought to have been at Bucharest helping take care of Mr. Lawrence."

"Perhaps it was," Virginia admitted smiling; "but, then, I really couldn't come alone, and, as Mr. Lawrence was so suddenly ill, the only way seemed for us to change maids, Ellis. You see, my little Rhoda was too young to be of any use to me, but she'll be a great help to Mrs. Lawrence."

Ellis shut her mouth severely. She did not wish to commit herself, but thought Miss Fairfax's youthful maid very flighty.

"I hope Mr. Lawrence will be all right soon," Virginia added; "his lumbago is so painful."

"Yes, Miss." Ellis was always guarded. "You can't tell though; he gets drawn up in a minute. Mrs. Lawrence felt real bad because you couldn't wait."

"I couldn't; my aunt telegraphed for me to join her in Vienna at once, and, as I've no one else in the world, now, except, of course, my cousins, I really like to please her. She's going to sail on the 'Baltic'."

"Do you think we'll be in time, Miss?"

"Oh, yes, of course!" "Unless"—Virginia laughed—"they seize my passport and this bag. I'm simply pining with curiosity about it. By the way, I'm sure that's a jewel-case, Ellis."

"I hope it's nothing worse, Miss!" the maid replied darkly, drawing back into her corner.

The young girl laughed again, peeping into the open satchel. It was a handsome one of fine Morocco with a small gold crest on one side and the monogram, M. L. E. d'E., in a circle with a crown.

"She's fond of violets. I wonder where she gets her perfume; it's delicious!" Virginia went on gaily, "and there's real lace on this handkerchief, a narrow edge of duchesse. There—I've closed it!" she added, snapping the clasp. "It's wicked, but I'd love to look at everything in it. I think there's a pistol in the bottom."

"Oh, my sakes!" poor Ellis gasped.

Virginia looked at her with innocent blue eyes. "Why, I always carry one myself when I'm in dangerous places." Then she laughed gaily. "Don't be frightened, Ellis, mine isn't loaded; I bought it in Moscow as a curiosity; I don't believe it could fire a shot. If you look out that window you'll see the spire of the great cathedral. We're just coming in sight of the city."

ELLIS turned hurriedly. "Where are we, Miss? I've forgotten these heathenish names."

"Not heathenish at all, Ellis, orthodox Greek. This is the good city of Terek, the famous capital of Arcanidia, and there's the great cathedral of St. Nikolas. Doesn't the sunlight look beautiful on the white façade of the palace? You can see it—there above those tree-tops. I've always heard that Terek was beautiful, but it's even lovelier than I thought!" she added, coming across the carriage to get a better view from the window.

The train was skirting the suburbs, running along a spur of the mountain; and the older part of the town, with the old Roman wall, lay below them, while the new portion around the palace, rising on a hill, crowned the city with its beauty. Behind were tiers and tiers of vineyards and olive groves against the blue background of the hills. The effect was one of color, ecru-tinted walls, green trees, and winding streets, where blue and scarlet and yellow flashed out of browns and violets; and the marble turrets of the palace rose from the clustering foliage, graceful and clean-cut against the sky.

"How lovely!" cried Virginia.

Then the train stopped at the station and the guard opened the door of their carriage. "Madame will please descend," he said politely, in his queer French; "there's been an accident ahead. We can't proceed."

"But I must go on," Virginia protested. "How long will we be delayed?"

"I don't know. Madame will please descend. This carriage must be empty."

There was nothing to be done; accidents will happen, and the guard was obstinate. He helped them out, bags and all, and conducted them to a safe place on the platform. Virginia noticed that it was rather quiet; a little luggage was thrown off, some more people got out, apparently without protest, and then—to her amazement—the train suddenly started. It was still freighted with passengers, and it went on at full speed. Only five or six persons, in all, got off, and they were ordering their luggage sent into the city; they evidently belonged there. There was no disturbance—no one else seemed to be stranded by an unforeseen accident—only a group of uniformed officials were talking together and looking at the two Americans. Miss Fairfax and her maid were directly in the center of the platform, beside their trunks and hand-luggage, and they might as well have been landed on a desert island.

Virginia sat down on her trunk. She felt a little startled. It had suddenly dawned on her mind that they had been purposely left behind; for, far down the valley, she saw the white plume of smoke from the engine. She did not believe there had been any accident at all.

Ellis came and stood beside her, looking very stiff and thin. She was a woman made with corners, and had the appearance of impeccable respectability, but she was a little pale and even excited.

"Miss Virginia," she said, in a stage whisper, "that guard was a wicked man; he lied—just to get us off—I'm sure of it!"

"So am I," replied Virginia, and she rose and walked across the platform.

As she went, people stared; and she was quite worth staring at. A graceful American girl with an incomparable face—one cannot describe Virginia in any other way. Her hair was golden, her cheeks had a delicate color, and her eyes!—when she raised them and looked at you, there was never anything so blue, unless it might be larkspur in August.

She went up to the little group of officials. "Will you please tell me about the accident?" she asked politely. "I was told to get off here because of an accident ahead. But the train has gone on."

She spoke in French. They bowed; nearly all of them raised their caps, but no one answered. She tried a little German; they stared.

"Dear me!" cried Virginia, at last, "you speak English?"

The officials looked at each other, then they looked at her and bowed—like foreigners, from the waist, with straight backs.

"Good gracious!" thought Virginia irreverently, "they're all alike: they look like the men in my old Noah's Ark."

But she was really frightened. What could she do? She turned helplessly and looked about her. The platform was nearly empty; only Ellis stood rigid beside their luggage. No one seemed to understand a word, and she was alone in a strange place, without a passport.

Just at this supreme moment, when her anxiety had reached a climax, there was a bugle note. The square before the station was vacant, but a long street went straight away from it into the heart of the city. It was a wide street, and the sun shone there with an abundant warmth and glow. Virginia saw a party of horsemen on it coming toward the station, and caught the gleam of gold braid on their uniforms, and a flash of scarlet.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS a pretty sight to see those beautiful horses, with their soldierly riders, gallop into the square. There were five of them, one big iron gray, two bright bays, and two black. The gray was well in advance, and his rider, though he wore a simple dark uniform, had a star and ribbon of some order on his breast. Two of the men were in the

scarlet tunics and peaked astrakhan caps of the cavalry, and the other two in the green and silver of the Arcan Rangers. They all fell back as their leader rode up to the platform. The officials ran forward to meet him, but he leaped from the saddle and, answering their obeisances with a quick military salute, walked straight into the booking-office, where the door was closed behind him.

Virginia, who had watched their approach with admiration, retreated to her trunk again. She could not make up her mind to address them. She was trying to recall the name of the American Ambassador; then she recollected that some one had said he was on leave in the United States. Of course, there must be a *Chargé d'affaires*; she would try to telephone to the Embassy, that is, if any one could understand what she wanted. She decided to try the effect of money, and opened her bag, before she remembered that it was not hers at all, but the Countess d'Espinac's! Meanwhile, she was aware that the newly-arrived officers were looking in her direction.

THEY had dismounted and were waiting on the platform; it was evident that the lovely face under the big black hat had riveted their attention. Virginia, coloring deeply, turned her back.

"Ellis, have you got any change? All mine was in my satchel, and I want to bribe one of these guards. They can't speak French, but I fancy they'll know a franc when they see it."

"Ten cents is plenty, Miss Virginia," Ellis replied decidedly; "it's only Americans that fee so high. These creatures just live on tourists, Mrs. Huntley's maid told me so; she's English, Miss, and quite decent."

"I've no doubt they do, most of them, but we've got to find some one who can understand us. I'll try again."

But not even money seemed to solve the problem. They were still polite, but absolutely stupid. Virginia spoke in every language she could think of; she tried a little Italian, and she knew two words of Swedish. The officials bowed again.

She turned away, her cheeks crimson; she would simply have to ask one of the young officers who had just come. She hated the idea, for they were staring so frankly and with such evident admiration. She hesitated, took a step forward and stopped, her money still in her hand, for the door of the booking-office opened abruptly, all the bystanders bared their heads, and the leader of the party came out.

He was a tall young man, strongly built and erect; his straight-nosed, clean-shaven face was decidedly blond, and his eyes a clear dark gray. He carried himself as men do who have the habit of command, but he possessed in a marked degree that quality which, like genius, is inalienable—the gift of personal magnetism. He and Virginia came face to face. She was almost in despair and, quite unconsciously, she addressed him in her native tongue.

"Pardon me," she exclaimed hurriedly; "can you tell me—has there been an accident? And when does the next train leave for Vienna?"

He smiled and raised his military cap. He had a white forehead and light brown hair. "Not until to-morrow afternoon," he replied pleasantly, in perfect English; "there's only one through express daily. You've just missed it."

"I got off of it. They said there was an accident—the guard, I mean. Excuse me for troubling you,"—Virginia colored under his eyes—"but no one seems to understand French or even German. Is there any way—any local train I can take? I've got to get to Vienna as soon as I can."

He seemed to think a moment and then shook his head. "To-morrow afternoon, I think. Pardon me, hadn't you better go up to the hotel? It's very good, and you'll have to wait twenty-four hours."

She hesitated. She had heard of the hotel; it was famous all over Southern Europe for a chef who made a specialty of potted sterlet. It was plain that she could not sit on the platform of the station all night, and she was

immensely pleased with the grave courtesy of this young officer. It really seemed to be excellent advice.

"You'd better go," he said pleasantly. "Permit me to assist you," and he called one of his companions. "Karl, see that this lady and her maid have accommodations at the hotel," he said, and turning to Virginia, added: "This is Karl von Ebbinghausen. He'll see that your introduction to Terek is agreeable."

Slightly embarrassed, Virginia thanked him, and he turned away with a courteous gesture of farewell. A moment later he had mounted, and the whole party galloped off. Only Karl, a mere boy of eighteen or nineteen, remained. He took charge of Virginia's affairs with an air of authority that amused her, ordering her luggage dispatched to the hotel, and calling a carriage.

"But I haven't any rooms engaged," she objected smilingly. "Suppose it's crowded? I understand it usually is."

"There'll be no difficulty, Madame; I'm going with you."

She suppressed a smile, he looked so boyish and important; but he made a good figure a little later riding beside the carriage as they went up the broad street, where the sunlight seemed so abundant. The carriage was rather low and open, and the coachman wore the Russian dress, as many of them do now in Bucharest. Ellis sat bolt upright, like a protesting exclamation-point, and held a shawl-strap firmly grasped upon her knee, but Virginia nestled into her corner and felt almost glad of the delay. The way of it was a little odd, certainly, and Aunt Julia would, of course, make a fuss; still it was all so interesting and she had been longing—all the time—to see the city of Terek. She was not thinking of Terek at the moment, however, but of the commanding young figure on the platform of the station, in the dark-blue uniform with the splendid star.

"There's something about him," she mused, "something quite different from the others." She felt so moved, she must speak aloud to someone—she could not help it. "Ellis, did you notice him. I mean the gentleman who spoke to me. He looked so—so unusual," she ended lamely.

"Yes, Miss," Ellis assented grimly, "I did. He looked different—almost one might say, Miss, if he wasn't in this heathen place, that he came from Boston."

"Oh, good gracious!" said Virginia, and then she laughed shamelessly.

A moment later the carriage turned into a magnificent square, surrounded on all sides with imposing modern buildings, in the very best Arcadian style of architecture, which is, by the way, a beautiful blend of the Roman and Byzantine. At the door of the hotel young von Ebbinghausen dismounted and handed Virginia out with all the gallantry of a courtier; and she noticed that only a word or two from him created a deferential bustle.

The hotel was crowded—it had been so ever since the coronation, two weeks before; but Virginia had a beautiful suite of rooms assigned her on the second floor, where a long balcony overlooked the square. But when she wanted to thank her young escort he had already vanished, and she felt as if she had been served by one of Aladdin's genii and only needed to rub a lamp to make him reappear.

Even Ellis was slightly mollified, though still suspicious. "They'll charge a terrible price, Miss Fairfax," she said grimly; "they always do. These foreigners just rob us. I've heard Mr. Lawrence say so."



MARY LANE McMILLAN

"THIS IS MADAME'S TELEGRAM?" HE INQUIRED, SUAVE AND AMIABLE OF MANNER AND EXCEEDINGLY GRIM IN LOOKS.

Virginia laughed with the careless gaiety of the heiress. "I'll give them the Countess d'Espinac's bag; I'm sure it's full of jewels."

As she spoke, she looked out of the window on the sunlit square, her face a little wistful. "I wonder," she said thoughtfully, "I wonder if there are any Americans here? We might as well be marooned on a desert island. I feel—well, I feel like Robinson Crusoe! Ellis, is there a telephone?"

"Yes, Miss, right in your bedroom; I noticed it as I came in."

"Then I'll try and get the American Embassy. I ought to have asked that nice young Ebbinghausen. Meanwhile,

[Continued on page 94]

A TRAVELING SCHOOL IN HOME ECONOMICS

By REINETTE LOVEWELL

LAST winter the women of ten little Massachusetts towns got up early in the morning, hurried through the breakfast dishes, put on their good clothes, and started to school. The unaccustomed experience brought pleasant memories of other days—of braided hair and lunch-pails, and Teacher.

"Where's your school-books, Jennie May?" one woman with graying hair asked of a portly good-natured matron who was making slow and somewhat breathless progress along a treacherous plank sidewalk.

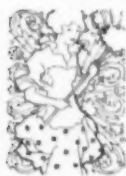
Their eyes met with a twinkle in them. "Never you mind my school-books, Sarah Adams", she chuckled. "We're going to be tardy just as we used to be, if we don't hurry."

But the clock hands were gracious, and it was just nine as they finally opened the school door.

A funny school it was! No red brick school-house with surrounding playgrounds and loud-voiced bell, but the big, bare hall up-stairs over the bank, filled with rows of wooden chairs occupied to overflowing by rustling, chatting women, while facing them stood Teacher, surrounded by the most curious collection of objects they had ever seen in a schoolroom. Teacher was looking with friendly, interested eyes at the audience before her, while she changed the position of a long-handled dustpan leaning against the wall behind her, and trundled a vacuum cleaner a little to one side.

"Teacher" was Miss Laura Comstock, head of the Department of Home Economics in the Extension work conducted by the State Agricultural College of Amherst, Massachusetts. And the women before her were taking up the habits of their school-days again, not because they were rusty in fractions, or to make sure they could bound Madagascar and spell "pseudonym," but in order to hear again that sixty seconds make a minute, and to discuss how to accomplish sixty or more times as much in those seconds by new efficiency methods.

They found the cube root blocks of the old days replaced by double boilers and fireless cookers; maps of the continents, by charts of food values and by floor plans, plans which showed how to reach the cellar stairs and get the potatoes for dinner without making an extended pilgrimage across the kitchen, the living-room, and the hall.



Elimination Is the First Law of
Housekeeping

FOR some years the State Agricultural College at Amherst has been holding Extension Schools for men, taking up adult problems of making a living from the soil. All through the small towns these schools had aroused enthusiasm and interest, and it was decided to try the experiment of associating with them a Homemakers' Course for women—a course that would include all that was newest and best in Home Economics, and make sure that when Father and the boys hitched up to drive in to the school they enjoyed so much, they would put the back seat in the democrat wagon and take Mother along, too.



MISS LAURA COMSTOCK

And there Mother was—any number of her—facing Miss Comstock in the big, public hall of one of Massachusetts' thriving, progressive towns, and wondering just how it was the State of Massachusetts had begun to think about Her. Of course, twelve-year-old-daughter Nellie was getting to be quite an authority on "domestic science" and the new and better ways of working in the home, as the result of what she was being taught in the public schools; and one had grown accustomed to the State thus taking forethought for the next generation; but who would ever have believed the Government would say: "Why wait for the coming generation to get the benefit of these methods, when they might, here and now, be made to serve hundreds of women, prolong their lives, improve their homes, and bring greater comfort and happiness to the day's work?"

Yet that is just what it had said, with very evident effect, and She—and Miss Comstock—were the answer.

System May Be Either Master or Servant



THE Homemakers' Course, as planned by the Extension Service, and conducted by Miss Comstock, extends over a period of a school week, Monday to Friday, and is divided into two three-hour sessions daily. The programs are varied slightly to meet the peculiar needs of any community, but a typical one is as follows:

MONDAY P. M.	WEDNESDAY P. M.
Foods—General Principles	Demonstration
Demonstration	Yeast Bread
Tissue Builders	Quick Breads
Eggs and Cheese	
TUESDAY A. M.	THURSDAY A. M.
Foods—Digestion	Demonstration and Discussion
Demonstration	of Meat
Energy Producers	THURSDAY P. M.
Cereals and Vegetables	Foods—Meats, Eggs, Dairy
	Products
	Laundrying
TUESDAY P. M.	Household Appliances
House Construction	FRIDAY A. M.
The Sanitary House	Food—Discussion of Dietaries;
Home Decoration	Infants and School Children
	Personal Hygiene
WEDNESDAY A. M.	The Girls on the Farm
Foods—Energy Producers	
Cereals, Vegetables, Sugars,	FRIDAY P. M.
Fats	Demonstration
Some Undesirable Tenants in	Table Setting and Serving
the Home	The School Lunch-Box
Efficiency in the Household	

Miss Comstock is a young woman of engaging personality, and an encyclopedic fund of useful information about every phase of a housekeeper's activities, ranging all the way

from the most convenient place to put the coal scuttle to the respective number of calories represented by milk and prunes. She can tell off-hand the ingredients in a mixture to kill fleas on a dog, how to weaken it for a cat, and the next minute answer a question about the width and price of the newest and most artistic fabrics for window draperies. She can turn to the blackboard and draw a technical diagram of a sewage trap, explain just the right way to cook cereals, and demonstrate the most practical method of table-setting and serving.



**The Best Teacher Is Experience—
Other People's**

THE Extension Schools are conducted on the wise principle that the best work is done where the towns themselves take the initiative in getting the school to come to them. So, in order to have the instructors and their "sample cases" arrive in town, it is necessary that a petition be sent the Agricultural College at Amherst with enough signatures to pledge that a place for the school, and board for the teachers, be provided. All other expenses are borne by the state. This nominal expense of running the school for the week during which it is in session is usually met by charging a small admission fee; ten cents for a single session, or a dollar for the course.

Programs with their hour schedules clearly stated are provided in advance, and the more enterprising towns advertise with a banner stretched across the main street, by widely circulated printed matter, or in the newspapers. What concerns the men on these programs is one of Mr. Kipling's much quoted "other stories", and has to do with outdoor questions.

The classes have been opened in public halls, club rooms, or other places large enough to accommodate such a gathering. It has not been found necessary to have them in the same building where the men gather for their lectures, as the work is quite distinct.

Whenever the Extension School comes to a town, a gala-day aspect is in evidence. There is that in the atmosphere which says something is going on; the groups on the street at nine o'clock and four look happily excited; and during the noon hour there are many jolly parties gathered to eat luncheon together after an in-school-days fashion. Just a glance at these faces makes one sure the Extension idea is very much worth while.



No Life Lived to Itself Is Efficient

THE results which will come later, the strong influences thus pleasantly exerted over the homes of the community, are not hard to imagine. They are results which go far toward making places that are rich in the beauties of sky and field and woodland prosperous and healthy spots for the establishing of homes; they show how the hard labors of the past can be miraculously lightened by scientific methods; they tend to counteract the lure of the congested communities for the young; they spell Progress, and family and national well-being.

Part of the inscription on the new Post Office at Washington will read: "Enlarger of the Common Life". This line might rightfully be emblazoned on every Extension School banner fluttering before a hill-town breeze.

After Miss Comstock has gone over each subject on any day's program, there is an informal period of talk-

ing it over. It is not theories that are presented at the Homemakers' Course. In every instance they are tried-out experiments. Miss Comstock hunts helpful experiences as an antique collector searches for rare furniture, and she apparently keeps them alphabetically filed in her mind against the needs of some one who has a similar problem to meet. It is in this open forum that most of these helpful experiences are related, and they often come as replies to the direct questions which any one may ask.

Perhaps the distance from kitchen to dining-room is brought up. Miss Comstock is immediately reminded of a like situation down on Cape Cod.

"I know a woman," she says, "who saved steps by having a sliding door cut in the kitchen wall at about the height of her dining-table. In this way, she could put everything needed for the table right through into the next room without continually running around a jog in the hall and then into the dining-room."

Some one else complains that she has to sacrifice a large share of the living-room for her husband's desk.

"Do you know what Mrs. B. did?" suggests Miss Comstock. "She is a woman in the northern part of the state. She told me that her husband, who is a farmer, often needed to come in from the fields where he was working, to get at his desk. Sometimes he brought another farmer with him, who felt embarrassed to go through the clean rooms in working clothes. So she suggested that they move the desk into a shed at the back of the house where there was a good floor and a large window. They both liked the arrangement exceedingly, for it was comfortable and convenient, and he could drop in any time he wanted to, regardless of his clothes or the dirt on his shoes. Another woman I knew put a sink in an entry, where the men could wash without going to an up-stairs bath-room or the kitchen sink."

**Inconvenience Is Often the Result
of Habit**



WHEN a housekeeper does not see where she can "spend a cent" on improvements, Miss Comstock tells the inspiring story of an unmarried woman who owned an old-fashioned house and wanted to make it more convenient and attractive. She had no money; but decided that improvements were worth fighting for, and fight she did, until she gained her end. She had to begin in a small way by hunting out the beauty which lies in simple furnishings. She cleaned out many things which cluttered up her rooms, studying how to retain as far as possible the great charm of an old-fashioned dwelling-place and still to make it new-fashioned enough to be clean and airy and welcoming.

With a start made in this way, she attracted summer boarders. The first season brought money to paint and paper. From the pile of circulars she had accumulated, from studies of the magazines at the library, and talks with people who had ideas, she evolved a plan of redecorating which actually transformed the place. The work she did herself. She was filled with a new spirit of conquest, and became thoroughly convinced that where there is a will there is a way. She began to consider bringing running water into the house. Her relatives remonstrated at the undertaking. But this opposition served only to stimulate her, and the time came when she had the water from a hillside spring flowing through pipes into the house.

In the face of stories such as this, it somehow becomes surprisingly clear that the way to begin to improve a house is to make the best of what is already there. Some conditions can always be bettered without expense, and this

[Continued on page 80]

SEPTEMBER ROSES

By MARIEL BRADY

Illustrated by ROBERT MCCAIG

FELICITY STANHOPE let the lawyer's letter slip to the floor, and gazed rather blankly through the wistaria-festooned window. Fifty thousand dollars! And for over twenty years she had lived on less than five hundred a year! It would make a difference.

Her eyes swept the long, low living-room with new interest. How shabby everything was! Even Grandmother Moulton's mahogany tables and chairs seemed less shining, and yet she had polished them conscientiously only the day before. The darns in the old curtains, the worn places in the once costly carpets seemed suddenly to assume huge proportions.

She looked down at her brown dress, plain and unattractive. She had made it herself. Suddenly she got up and crossed to the gilt mirror hanging on the faded wall between two windows.

"You've never had a becoming dress in your life," she said fiercely to the image in the mirror. "You've worn browns and grays and blues, because they were suitable and would wear well, until they've worn brown and gray and blue streaks right into your disposition. Now you're going to have a riotous mixture of pale yellows, and tender pinks, and soft lavenders, and misty whites, of the flimsiest goods manufactured. I don't care if people do call you a simpleton! You're going to live on that fifty thousand, not simply exist. Fifty thousand dollars!"

"To my grand-niece, Felicity Stanhope," the lawyer's letter had read, quoting verbatim from the crabbed pages of old Hiram Stanhope's will, "the only one of my kin possessing common sense enough to stand prosperity."

Felicity made a grimace at the sober face which looked back at her from the glass.

"I wonder what Uncle Hiram would call a sensible way of possessing fifty thousand dollars," she said to herself. "Invest it well, I suppose, and save all I can from the income. Well, I'm not going to do it. Ever since I was seventeen I've had to scrimp and save and pay taxes on less than five hundred a year. Here I am, thirty-seven years old, and I've never had a jewel, nor a dainty, pretty dress in my life. I've been cheated out of my girlhood, out of everything. The very first thing I shall do is to buy myself a diamond ring."

She looked down defiantly at her work-worn hands, a frown darkening her eyes.

"I looked at her hands and I looked at her rings, and I thought of the eternal fitness of things," she quoted bitterly. "I shall get that diamond ring, just the same; and I shall ask Milly Andrews what she does to her hands. They're as soft and white as a baby's."

Milly Andrews, strolling leisurely home from school with her soft, white hands full of dogwood, stopped in the doorway in utter amazement.

Before the gilt mirror sat Felicity, her abundant brown hair hanging in waves to her knees and a hopeless expression on her face.

"No, I'm not crazy, Milly," she said defiantly. "I guess I'm just plain fool."

DID—did you want your hair done some other way?" ventured young Milly, dropping the dogwood. "Here, let me! I'll fix it just as pretty. Why, Miss Stanhope, what a glorious mop of hair you have! It's just a sin to wear it coiled so tightly to your head. If you wore it looser, all these ends would curl. Just look!"

Rather grimly Felicity watched the absorbed Milly coil, and fluff, and weave the long strands in and out; but all the grimness vanished when, at last, the finished coiffure met her eyes.

From a prim, staid, rather thin-faced woman she had become an oval-cheeked Madonna, whose clear, gray eyes were full of shifting lights. The soft, loose pile of the brown hair brought out a certain regal line in the carriage of her head. Rather dazed, she faced the admiring Milly.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried that young person in ecstasy. "Miss Stanhope, it's perfectly wonderful. Take this hand-glass and look at the back, too. Oh, wait just a moment! Mayn't I turn in the neck of your dress? Your skin is so white and nice under your collar."

With little murmurs of delight in her occupation, young Milly turned in the neck of the old brown gown. Then she gathered up the abandoned dogwood and filled Felicity's arms with it. After a moment's survey of her work, she stood on tip-toe, for the other woman was the taller, and pinched Felicity's cheeks until a warm pink tide rushed into them.

"Now, look!" she cried, and handed the small glass to Felicity.

Felicity Stanhope, for fifteen years the unattractive slave to a



BEFORE
THE GILT
MIRROR SAT
FELICITY

querulous aunt, for five years a shabby, plain woman, living alone in her little house, looked into the gilt mirror and said no word. She saw the queenly picture she made; she saw that the pearly dogwood was no whiter than her own shoulders; but she said nothing. Words were too futile to express the exaltation which surged within her. All her life she had longed for beauty; the realization of her desire left her dumb.

Her young, tiring-maid put down the glass.

"Don't you like it?" she faltered. "I think you look just beautiful. If you could only have just one pretty low-cut dress, Miss Stanhope; just one!"

"I shall," said Felicity, color burning in her cheeks. "Milly, listen! I've had a great deal of money left me. I shall go away from here and get myself beautiful clothes. I'm going to live as I've read about happy people living, and I want you to come with me, Milly. I'll pay all your expenses and get you lots of pretty clothes if you'll come. School will be out in two weeks, won't it? Well, all I want you to do is to fix my hair until I learn to do it myself, and tell me how you keep your hands so soft and white."

YOUNG Milly put her hand to her heart. She paled, and then wild-rose bloom tinted her pretty face.

"I can't go," she said breathlessly. "You see, I—I'm going to be married this summer. I'd love to go. I'll show you about your hair every day until school closes; but I can't go with you."

"Who is he, Milly?" said Felicity quickly.

The wild-rose bloom deepened.

"No one you know; no one here; but he wants me, and I've promised."

"Is he—rich?"

"Oh, no; but he's got a good position, and we'll get along. He's got our house almost built now. I'm not afraid to trust him, Miss Stanhope."

"I'm glad of that," said Felicity mechanically. She put down the dogwood, already beginning to wither, and



TWO PEOPLE EMERGED
FROM THE CROWDED
BALLROOM AND
CROSSED THE
BROAD VERANDA

turned up the neck of her brown dress. Exaltation had died within her.

"Milly," she said wistfully, "will you make a bargain with me? When your school closes, will you go to the city with me and select dresses and hats for me? In return for that I will pay for your trousseau and the furnishings for your house. Is it a bargain, Milly?"

"A terribly one-sided one," answered the girl softly, quick tears rising to her pretty eyes; "but I'll bind myself to it because I think it will please you, and because I do so want to have pretty things for—for Joe. But some day I'll repay you in other coin than dollars and cents."

Long after the curtain of twilight had draped the world, Felicity sat by the little brook

which ran past her garden, and listened to its complaining tinkle as she had listened since childhood. The tiny garden was wrapped in darkness. The heavily sweet odor of wistaria drenched the air. In the infinite meadow above her, silver stars pierced the velvet blue.

There were tears on Felicity's cheeks. The yearning, the solitude, which every human soul feels at times, always came to her in the presence of beauty—beauty of any kind. Every-day living and its weary little problems seemed very far away. She forgot the meager years behind her, the craving for beautiful things that had always been denied, forgot even her changed future.

Presently she got up from the rustic bench by the brookside and went slowly through the garden. Near the house were two rose-bushes. One was budded; the other flaunted wonderful foliage, but not even the tiniest bud nestled among the thick, green leaves. She stooped and ran her long, slim fingers gently over them.

"Oh," she said aloud, "Felicity, you're like this poor bush. You've never bloomed. This other, now, is like Milly. I wonder—I wonder—if there's any use in pruning, and spraying, and doing things like that. I wonder!"

* * *

Surf, pounding on the rocks, mellowed the blare of the band playing for the merry crowd of dancers in the

hotel ballroom. A full moon, riding at anchor in mid-heaven, poured a flood of light on the beach, turning the sands to silver. The huge summer hostelry, perched high on the cliffs, was ablaze with light. It was the height of the season, and unusually sultry weather had sent crowds of people flocking to the sea.

Two people emerged from the crowded ballroom and crossed the broad veranda. For an instant, as they descended the steps, the lights shone full upon them. A jeweled band in the woman's dark hair leaped into flame, the silver mist of her gown shimmered and gleamed under the revealing rays.

A man, sitting in a corner of the veranda, drew a quick breath and leaned forward.

"That's a handsome woman," he said eagerly to his companion in the shadowy corner. "Who is she?"

"Your statement goes unchallenged," replied the other man, rather grimly. "She is handsome, but you are not the only one who has recognized that fact. You will not need to become a very close observer to discover that she is the center of the little world here at the Kathmere. She certainly has mastered the art of dressing—but then, probably that's not such a difficult matter for a woman with a bank account which does not need to be considered. Rossiter's establishment will have to be an expensive one. He's the man who just passed with her. I guess there's no doubt that he's to be the lucky chap."

The other man was silent for the space of a moment, then he spoke curtly: "What's her name?"

"Stanhope. Felice Stanhope, widow, in the most alluring stages of second mourning. But she is not for us, old chap. Rossiter is the man."

Herbert Rossiter and the beautiful woman in the silver gown went down the winding path to the sea. They walked in companionable silence. Softened by distance, the music flowed about them, one violin sobbing and sighing higher than the rest, unutterably sad, unspeakably sweet.

Felice Stanhope turned away her head. She did not want Rossiter to see the sudden tears which had sprung to her eyes. The old yearning, the sense of solitude, had gripped her again.

"Let us rest here," he said quietly, "where we shall be undisturbed by men or tides."

WITH her back to a great rock, she looked up at him and smiled—a brilliant smile which mocked the unshed tears in her eyes.

"Most people would wonder why we should desire to be undisturbed. We have the sea and the moon and ourselves every night; but only once in a year does the Kathmere indulge in such an extravagant function as to-night's dance. We are very unappreciative, you and I."

"Perhaps," he assented idly, playing with the fine sand as he sat beside her; "but to me the sea and the moon and—ourselves are infinitely more interesting than whirling about in that hot ballroom, dancing with people for whom I care absolutely nothing. That sort of thing amuses the college boy, but I've outgrown it."

"You've had so much of it," said the woman wistfully; "but suppose you'd never had it. Suppose this was your first summer among such amusements. Wouldn't you enjoy them with all your heart?"

"Do you mean it is your first summer?" he demanded quickly, with surprise in his voice.

Color rose in the woman's face.

"I hadn't meant to betray myself," she admitted reluctantly; "but it is. This is the very first time in my whole life that I have been to a place like this, where people think only of amusement. The very first time—and I have enjoyed it so!"

Herbert Rossiter turned his head and looked at her, at first with puzzled wonder and then with a frowning brow.

"I see," he said gloomily. "Your—your husband was a jealous beggar, wasn't he? Kept you mewed up at home. I thought so. There's something about you—some little evasive hint of your lack of self-confidence, a little twinge

of melancholy at times—that makes me positive he was a brute to you. Don't, please don't say anything. I know I'm outraging good taste and manners and everything else in the social code in speaking like this to you, but I must, Felice. I've kept silence as long as I can, but I've come to the point where I must speak. Felice, will you marry me? I know you're miles above me, but I want you so, dear. Can't you care for me enough to marry me?"

Felice was trembling from head to foot. She evaded his eager hands and got up from her lowly seat in the sand, but her dry lips did not utter a sound.

Rossiter misunderstood her silence.

"Felice," he said pleadingly, "don't tell me it's too soon. I know there's some absurd convention about a widow's mourning; but I can't believe you ever loved that dead man. I won't believe it! If he was a jealous brute, afraid to let other men see your beauty, you couldn't have loved him much. Say you didn't, dear. Say you'll marry me soon. We'll be so happy together, Felice. Haven't these weeks together shown you that?"

"I can't marry you," she said through dry lips.

"Why not? Are you afraid of what people will say? Do you dread to hear that some nobody said we only knew each other six weeks, and that your—your husband had been dead less than a year? What does all the talk in the wide world matter, if we love each other? I've loved you from the instant we met. You must have known it. Felice, I can't bear to think that all the love is on my side. You've let me be with you—don't tell me I've been living in a fool's paradise, dear."

A little troubled silence fell between them. The woman pushed the sand about with the toe of her glittering slipper. The man's face was white, his lips set.

"I can't—marry you," she said again, in a painful whisper, her eyes still on the sand.

"I think I must ask you your reasons, Felice," he replied, a little proudly. "My life is an open book for any woman's inspection. I have never cared for any woman until I met you. If you can tell me honestly that you do not love me at all, I will believe you, and I will not annoy you again, for you are the soul of truth."

"The soul of truth!" With a little bitter cry, she threw out her arms in a gesture of infinite despair; then turned and fled, like a wild thing of the woods, into the darkness behind the cliffs.

* * *

EVERY trunk was packed. Her maid yawning undisguisedly, had gone to bed. Felice Stanhope pushed back the heavy hair from her hot forehead and glanced at the clock. Four—and in another hour the early train would be due. She turned wearily to her desk and pulled a piece of heavy, plain paper toward her.

I am a cheat and a fraud [she wrote, in her large, clear script]. When you called me the soul of truth I knew just what a cheat and a fraud I am.

I am not a widow. I never had a husband. No man ever wanted to marry me in my life. I am just an old maid, thirty-seven years old, to whom a foolish relative left some money. I had always been poor and unattractive. With a young girl's help I fixed my hair, got myself some pretty clothes, and came here. I did not call myself a widow. The clerk took it for granted that I was married. He called me Mrs. Stanhope. I liked the sound of it, and I did not contradict him. The rest came so easily. In two days I found myself a widow, and an attractive one. I am not blind, nor a fool. Whatever looks I have would never have gotten Miss Felicity Stanhope, thirty-seven, the attention she has had in this hotel. Mrs. Felice Stanhope, widow, looking perhaps twenty-five or six, is another matter. I could not hope to alter human nature; so I let the lie pass unchallenged. I thought I was enjoying myself hugely, but it has all turned to dust and ashes. I am terribly fond of you; so fond that I am afraid of myself, and so I am going away where I shall never see you again. . . . In my garden there is a rose-bush which bears nothing but leaves. I am like that bush. Once I wondered if it were any use to spray and prune. Now, I know.

Felicity Stanhope

Her fingers trembled a little as she sealed and addressed this note; but her voice was steady when the porter appeared for her trunks, and without a backward glance at

[Concluded on page 73]

PLAYING BEFORE THE KING

A Royal Invitation Which Took the Distinguished Actor, Cyril Maude, and His Daughter, Margery, to Balmoral Castle

IF you were Queen Mary of England, spending a few dignified weeks at Balmoral Castle as a delicate courtesy to your Scotch subjects, is it not possible that there might be moments when the etiquette of state dinners threatened to bore you, and you longed for some variation from the royal routine?

How delightful, then, to realize that if your mind found itself straying to one of the good plays being produced in London, you would not be faced with the plebeian impossibility of going to the theater; on the contrary, all you would need do would be to command the theater to come to you.

Kings and queens do visit theaters in the manner of ordinary folk; but if distance or weather or royal disinclination forbids, they have but to issue an invitation to the actor they desire to honor, and he forthwith packs up his company, his scenery, and himself, and transports them whithersoever he is bidden. A royal invitation is a royal command—and rather an expensive mark of favor, since to close one's theater for the necessary absence, and to defray the expenses of such private presentation, makes quite a considerable item in one's yearly budget.

Nevertheless, when King George and Queen Mary of England invited Cyril

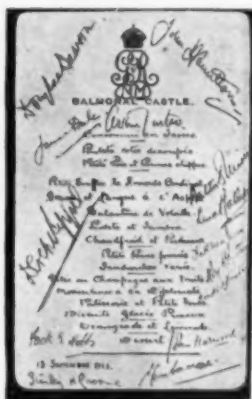
Maude, the eminent English actor, and his young daughter, Margery, to appear before them at Balmoral, you may be quite sure nobody thought of expense or trouble, or of anything at all but the honor of playing before the King and Queen.

Miss Margery, being very young, and only a short time on the stage, was just as much excited as any other young girl might have been under similar circumstances, and quite consumed with anxiety to do her best. You may be sure many extra rehearsals were crowded

into the brief time before the date fixed by the royal command, and that, on the eventful day, when Miss Margery peeped out between the curtain, as she admits she did, as the royal family made their entrance, her heart was executing all sorts of gymnastics which were not down on the program.

However, the play was a great success; and after it was over, she was invited, with her father, to an audience with the royal couple, a favor for which many people seek vainly all their lives. A clever member of the company has given us his impression of Miss Margery just preceding the audience, and of one of the proud

[Concluded on page 98]



MISS MAUDE'S MENU-CARD AT THE BANQUET AT BALMORAL



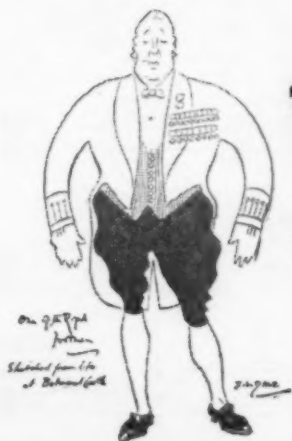
QUEEN MARY



KING GEORGE



IN THE CENTER, BALMORAL CASTLE, WHERE THE PLAY WAS GIVEN; BELOW, MISS MARGERY MAUDE AND HER DISTINGUISHED FATHER, CYRIL MAUDE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED PENDANT WHICH THE QUEEN PRESENTED TO MISS MAUDE



OFF TO THE AUDIENCE. Balmoral Castle

THE FIELDS O' BALLYCLARE

Words by DENIS A. MCCARTHY

Music by HORACE VINCENT MILLIGAN

Allegretto. *mf Sempre legato.*

1. I've known the Spring in Eng-land, And oh, 'tis pleas-ant there, When
known the Spring in Eng-land, And oh, 'tis Eng-land's fair, With
known the Spring in Eng-land, And now I know it here, This

mf *Sempre colla voce.*

all the buds are break - ing, And all the land is fair! But all the time the heart of me, The
Spring-time in her beau - ty A queen be-yond com-pare, But all the while the soul of me, Be -
man - y a month I've long-ed for The open-in' of the year, But ah! the I - rish mind of me, I

bet - ter sweet-er part of me, Was sob-bin' for the ro - bin In the fields o' Bal - ly - clare. Oh, the
yond the poor con-trol of me, Was sigh-in' to be fly-in' To the fields o' Bal - ly - clare. Oh, the
hope 'tis not un-kind of me, Is turn-in' back with yearn-in' To the fields o' Bal - ly - clare. Oh, the

f *p*

1st & 2d Verses. *3d Verse.*

fields o' Bal - ly - clare! 2, 3. I've clare!

THE FLY-BY-NIGHT

By KATHARINE KINGSLEY CROSBY

Illustrated by JOHN R. NEILL

IF YOU like a handsome hero, this tale will not please you, for the owner of the Fly-by-Night is anything but beautiful. He is not even interestingly ugly, with one of those grimly "get-there" jaws which we consider so admirable. No; he has a chubby pink-and-white face, no-colored hair, and sleepy brown eyes. Even his figure is against him—too muscular to be actually fat, but very well cushioned—what the fashion notes call "inclined to embonpoint". His name, Kingdon Randolph, would do well enough if anyone called him by it, but they don't. Ask for Buzzy, if you want to find him in his home city.

He came by his nickname in two ways: first, by reason of an absorbing interest in turkey buzzards, which abound in his part of the country; second, by being—or appearing to be, what was colloquially known as "buzzy". Few guessed that those drowsy orbs saw more than any ten in the course of a day, or suspected any motive other than vagabondage in his erratic behavior.

It is quite true that he spent much of his youth lying in the shade of a worm fence, apparently doing nothing but watching turkey-buzzards through an opera-glass. There wasn't much he didn't know about them—ways the big fellows have of carrying their heads and ruffling the feathers under their wings when they fly; why one tucks in his claws to-day when he didn't yesterday; how he can lift a defunct pussy-cat as big as himself, or soar straight into the air without flipping a pinion.

Time not devoted to bird-gazing was, in the judgment of his family, even more illy spent. He would put in months at a time drudging obscurely in machine-shops, starting in as a dinner-pail mechanic but invariably retiring as boss. He went on the road as engineer, turned chauffeur, and had a wildly adventurous career on Northern racetracks in a machine of his own contrivance which paid for itself several times over before it came to a spectacular end on a hairpin curve. Evenings, instead of going into society, he was studying higher mathematics and other absurdities. His nickname was not undeserved.

Of course, there had to be some one to whom Buzzy could talk. This some one was a small young person named Eudora Waring, who lived with her grandfather and a couple of antiquated servants in a big, old, lonely house out on the river road. The two had youth and good breeding in common; but, otherwise, were about as different as possible. In spite—or perhaps because—of this, they understood each other very well indeed. Dorā never called her chum by his nickname, which seemed to her profane; instead she called him King, which appealed to her benighted taste as more appropriate.

IT IS possible that Eudora understood more of the young man's plans and dreams than he intended she should. Buzzy was very proud, and poor as he was proud, and much ashamed of himself on all counts for daring to think of—well, for daring to think. He quite understood her Grandfather's wishes for the good of his estate, and his consequent desire that Eudora should marry money and finance much-needed repairs, just as he understood and admired the girl's private and quite successful efforts to make both ends meet in the meantime by baking little cakes and selling them *sub rosa* to the woman's exchange in town. Except that he had perfect faith in his work, Buzzy was inclined to accept the world's attitude toward himself as justified by the facts in the case, and the girl's admiring friendship as nothing less than a major miracle.

He had just recently returned from a hair-raising escapade in the North, and was established in a corru-

gated iron hut on an island in the middle of the old battleswamp to the west of the city. It was, he explained to Miss Waring, to whom he appeared one morning laden with coils of wire and various impedimenta, "just like home out there," quiet and secluded, and no one to interrupt, and everything just as he had left it in the fall. Miss Waring, of course, was glad that this was so—

"But what," said she, "is all this wire and stuff for?" (She pronounced it "fo", but it seems discourteous to misspell a lady.)

"Oh, this," Buzzy explained, with a casual wave of his hand, "is a phone outfit. I'm going to run a private line to the shop."

"What's the matter with Mr. Bell's long distance? Isn't it working?"

"Not out my way," he grinned; "besides, this will be private, like I said."

"Grandad isn't going to want the house all pecked full of holes, just for a private line, Mr. King Randolph! There are holes enough in it now, and some to spare. I reckon long-distance is private enough."

"It may be," Buzzy granted, "for you. But I have secrets that I don't just care about disclosin' to a heartless world—not yet. There isn't any regular line to the shop, and I don't mean to have one."

"Sweet, retiring nature!" gibed Eudora. "I'm right anxious to have you explain why you want one to River Pines, then."

The boy looked embarrassed. "Well, you wrote me about your Grandfather's having that—that shock, you know," he explained awkwardly, "and I thought possibly there might be something—some way I could—"

"King, you're a dear!" Eudora gave him both her hands impulsively. "You're just a dear," she repeated. "Come along—I'll show you a place in the back offices where Grandad won't know anything about it!"

LATER on she sat perched on a step-ladder watching him contentedly working away at the instrument, and asking him numerous searching questions about his housekeeping arrangements.

"Where do you board?" it occurred to her to ask.

"Board myself. What could be a better ad. for my cooking than I am?"—squinting down admiringly at his chubby person. "I've gained five pounds out there, already. Maybe you don't think that's an improvement?" he suggested. This was Eudora's cue to giggle; his avoidpoups was recognized as a perfectly legitimate joking matter. But for some reason, this joke fell flat.

"King," said Eudora, with a tiny catch in her voice, "I think you are just the bravest—"

"The what?" cried Buzzy, scandalized.

"Goose!" snapped Eudora.

"That sounds a lot more natural. Say, I was up last night—did I tell you?"

"Of course you didn't—you don't really mean—?"

"Uh—huh—three hundred feet or so. That was only in the little chap, too. Wait till I get the engine in the bi-plane again!"

"How soon—?"

"Maybe to-morrow night. You might keep an eye out. I'll hang a red light for you."

"Why don't you go by daylight now?" she asked anxiously; "it would be ever so much safer."

"I haven't all my patents yet, and I don't want folks gettin' too inquisitive. Guess I'll go to Washington next week and see about them."



EVEN GRANDFATHER BEGAN TO FIND
HIS GUEST A LITTLE TRYING

anyhow. Then I'm thinkin' of kidnapping the Governor."

"Why, Kingdon Randolph! Why, the Governor is my third cousin!"

"He's kin to me, too, when it comes to that. It's the only thing makes me hesitate, to tell the truth, Dora—might cause feelin' in the family, you know."

"There must be some other way."

"I can't seem to think of any. Got to do something. Capital's more than shy of a proposition like mine. And then I've such a jolly reputation for reliability and all that, you know—I don't blame 'em for holding on to their wads. Come over and see how high you want this transmitter, honey."

"Promise me you'll leave the Governor for a last resort," Eudora begged, standing up to be measured. "Something is bound to turn up."

"Hope so. A trifle higher, eh?"

THE trip to Washington came so near to finishing the young man's resources that it looked as though he would have to take a job again and earn more money before going on with his invention. He had tried it out thoroughly—had even been up once with a passenger (Grandfather being sound asleep at the time). But he was discovering that while building a machine on new lines and flying in it yourself—with a passenger—is one thing, financing your undertaking in your own conservative neighborhood is quite another. People who have always regarded you as half fool and all black-sheep do not tumble over themselves to risk cool thousands on your success.

Kingdon had always been such a big man in Eudora's estimation that, till now, it had merely amused her when no one else saw him in the same light. Some day they would. But now when his pockets were empty, and he was at a standstill, with his glorious, great, soaring bird idle in its hangar, a perfectly good and carefully patented machine, ready for any kind of try-out you might suggest, the matter no longer seemed so amusing. Eudora longed to help him; and,

"Then what?"

"Looks like I'd have to advertise for capital."

"But—but you haven't any capital to advertise with!"

"As I may have remarked before," said Buzzy, "you have a good head for business. There are ways of advertising without money, though."

"By getting into the papers," she admitted, dubiously.

"Exactly. A flying-machine that will fly is bound to do that, more or less,

being a devout little Southerner, it is quite probable that she prayed for some means of doing so.

Whether she prayed or not—and it is none of our business, anyway—Mr. Galen was the answer, and, it seemed at first, a negative one. Mr. Galen was a middle-aged New Yorker who, desiring to emulate the delightful example of various of his friends, had come south of Mason and Dixon's line to look for a wife. The city had made him welcome on his merits, which were sufficient—a full complement of grandfathers, plenty of money, and all the other requisites. Old Waring met him at the club, and later invited him out to River Pines to spend a week—it was early spring, and the dogwood just budding.

"It's a right sweet old place," his city hostess told him, "though of co'se not like it was befo' the war."

"And there's a mighty pretty granddaughter out there, too," added his host.

So Mr. Galen accepted the invitation.

Eudora considered it rather a joke. "Let him come, 'if Grandad wants him," she laughed to Mammy, as they were packing a basket of goodies for Uncle 'Lympus to take into town with him that afternoon. "Poor man'll be terribly bored out here in the country."

"Sho 'nuff!" Mammy wrinkled her forehead and glanced sidelong at her young mistress; "and who's goin' to bo' him—huh?"

"I am," Eudora boasted, with a toss of her head; "you've no idea what a bore I can be when I try, Mammy!"

"Well, did ah ever!" But there was skepticism mingled with the old woman's polite surprise. "Den—when he's all bo'd—what you-all goin' do next?"

"Nothing, of course. He will be called away, or something—men don't like being bored."

The girl's vaunted powers were not destined to be put to immediate test, for another idea came, and made her quite forget her laudable intentions. Here was King's chance! Northern



A SMALL YOUNG PERSON NAMED
EUDORA WARING

capital—any amount of it—right in a net! She rushed to the private line and rang up the island. It was some time before Buzzy understood the situation; and, when he did, it was not altogether pleasing to him. He had heard of Mr. Galen's matrimonial ambitions, and was, like Mammy, skeptical of Eudora's success as a promotor of ennui. He did not for a minute think she would be influenced by her Grandfather's wishes



"AH THOUGHT YOU-ALL WAS LAVIN'
TO BO' HIM!"

in the matter; but it was a trying situation for the girl. All he said was that of course he would come over that night, and—if she wanted him to—he'd bring the models of his machine. It wouldn't do any harm, but he didn't expect any good of it, either. No, it was too rainy to take out the Fly-by-Night. With that he rang off, and left Eudora to wonder what she had done to offend him. But she ran up-stairs to her room to make herself as winsome as possible, which was winsome enough for any taste, with all sorts of happy notions cuddled snugly in her heart.

At first, things went well enough. Mr. Galen, soothed by Mammy's quite superlative supper, showed an intelligent interest in the special features of the invention—the pivot seat, fin-like brakes, and other matters which were sure to make the Fly-by-Night a winner. But—an intelligent interest was all it amounted to. Mr. Galen admitted himself old-fashioned, in a manner that intimated he considered it a most pious virtue; but he really saw no use in flying and breaking your neck. He had yet to see it demonstrated that a plane could do anything which might not be done more easily, safely, and cheaply in some other already-discovered way. In warfare, to be sure—but, unfortunately, Mr. Galen was an earnest member of the Peace Society.

Afterward, Eudora went out into the hall with Buzzy, and stood watching miserably while Uncle 'Lympus helped him on with his raincoat.

"The weather's—right sympathetic," she observed, as the sound of splashing rain and mourning wind reached them. "I'm terribly sorry I fetched you out here for nothing, King."

"You couldn't do that, if you tried," said Buzzy. He finished buttoning the raincoat about his portly person, then tucked his hands deep into the pockets for safekeeping, and leaned back against the door jamb. "I wanted to come, anyhow, to see what he looked like. Look here, Ted, you're not to let him bother you, you hear? If he does—well, you let me know, that's all." There was a grim



"WOULD YO' PLEASE COME OUT CHEER A MINUTE, MISS 'DORY?"



WHAT THE FASHION NOTES CALL
"INCLINED TO EMBONPOINT"

look about his chin which pleased the girl immensely, though she pretended not to see it.

"I reckon he won't trouble me any," she assured him. "I'm just going to bore him to death."

Buzzy snorted, and turned to 'Lympus with a glance which that worthy knew quite well how to interpret; then, with a careless good-night to the one person in the world toward whom he did not feel careless, he betook

himself forth into the storm like a true hero of melodrama.

Next day, it was still raining. All the forenoon Mr. Galen spent with his host, who took him over the big house. They discussed its merits and possibilities, things which must be done, and which might be done, if—well, if. After luncheon, it being then "evenin'", according to local chronology, the guest claimed Miss Eudora's company in the chill state of the long parlor. She sewed and let



MR. GALEN HAD COME SOUTH TO
LOOK FOR A WIFE

him talk, which he did, mostly about himself. Outside, the light turned from tints to shades of wet, clammy gray. Mr. Waring had retired for his afternoon nap. As the shadows fell, Mr. Galen grew gently intimate—told of his lonely life, his orphan state, his longings for a home. Eudora was dreadfully bored, but Mr. Galen was not. When she left him to see about dinner, he promptly telephoned in town for dozens of the longest stems available, to be delivered the first thing next morning. Mammy heard the order being given, and reported the matter to her young mistress.

"Ah thought you-all was layin' to bo' him?" she scoffed. "I don' b'lieve yo' know the first thing about bo'in' anybody!"

"I'm learning, though," Eudora protested. "All you have to do is to talk about yourself. It's quite simple!"

Next morning, it was raining again—or, perhaps, still raining would be more accurate, though a repetition. The roses ordered out from town did not arrive. Mr. Galen grew fretful as the day advanced. Eudora's presence soothed him, he said; and he sought her company openly. Mammy chuckled. Grandfather withdrew for his forenoon nap. If it hadn't been for Uncle 'Lympus, matters might have become difficult; the old man hadn't forgotten the message conveyed by that parting glance of Marse King's the night before. "Miss 'Dory, tha's a fone fo' you!" "Miss Dory, does you-all know where you put the 'count book?" "Would yo' please come out cheer a minute, Miss 'Dory?" He did the best he could, and Eudora was grateful. Mr. Galen said things under his breath about Southern servants, which luckily no one heard.

After luncheon, Mr. Galen began to grow sentimental. It was all Eudora could do to avert a declaration before dinner was announced. A call to the telephone saved her at the critical moment; the florist called up to say that, owing to the condition of the roads, he would be unable to

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THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

CHAPTER XVIII

A SERIAL STORY

By EUNICE TIETJENS

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

THE foot-path to which the stout landlady pointed was broad and flat, at first, like an overgrown cow-trail. To her intense surprise, David drove his car calmly up it toward the hills. When he reached their foot, he stopped the car and dismounted. Then he started up the path with a thrill of hope in his heart.

But as he mounted the first rise that marked the ascent, he grew grave again. He had never been in these mountains before, but he could already see that they were quite wild and uninhabited. A light fall of snow lay over the tops of them, which gleamed in the pale sunlight. On the lower reaches, a few evergreens still dreamed of the summer season; but, for the most part, the bare trunks and black skeletons of underbrush seemed almost to add to the nudity of the cold rocks, and made them seem strangely austere and forbidding.

As David breasted the ascent, the task of finding Patricia in this wilderness of rocks and crannies loomed suddenly gigantic. The path seemed to him like the entrance to a labyrinth where he might wander for a lifetime in a vain search for his lost love.

But he put this thought quickly out of his mind, and went forward at a brisk walk, stopping every little while to call her name.

The stillness in this wild place was intense. Every footfall sounded portentous.

"Patricia!" he called; and the mocking echoes sent back the name from the neighboring hills. But no answer came with it.

Soon, however, only a short distance from the beginning of the ascent, he came to a place where the path curved sharply to the left, encircling a jutting mass of rock. As he climbed toward it, he thought, with a curious catch at his heart, that he heard a sound, as of something moving behind it. But when he rounded the corner, there was no living thing in sight.

Still he called again; and he could not keep a new eagerness from creeping into his voice.

"Patricia!" he cried. "Patricia!"

But the sound only seemed to deepen the vast silence.

Then, suddenly, a great wave of joy rushed over David, more keen than anything he had ever felt in his life before, a wave of joy that stamped this lonely rock-strewn spot on his memory forever.

For, out of the silence, a tired little voice spoke suddenly, quite close to him. "Thank God!" it said.

FOR an instant David was too happy to move. Then, as the voice seemed to come from above, he looked up quickly. A little way from the path there was a horizontal fissure in the rock which made a sort of natural cave. It was too low to stand in, but anyone sitting under the shelter of the jutting roof could watch the path below with very little danger of being seen.

Patricia had evidently been sitting there, watching; but now she had risen to her knees on the ledge. And she was holding out her arms to David.

She made a very pathetic figure, kneeling in her disheveled evening clothes, hatless, and with great shadows of weariness under her eyes. But to David she was more beautiful in that instant than he had thought it possible for mortal woman to be.

If he had had wings, he could scarcely have been beside her any sooner.

"Patricia!" he cried again, breathlessly this time. Then, in an odd, choked voice: "I thought I had lost you!"

She said nothing. She couldn't. Her lips were beginning to tremble now, and the tears in her eyes blinded her, as her gaze clung to his in appeal and thanksgiving. With a sob like a frightened

child, she crept into his arms, and, with unthinking surrender, laid her proud little head on his shoulder.

Even in the rush of tenderness which was almost choking him, David was conscious that he must not turn this blind desire for comfort and protection into a caress. So he held back the passionate words of love that rose to his lips—but no power on earth could hold back the song in his heart.

She was crying, now, in great weary sobs that shook the slender figure in his arms as a leaf is shaken in a storm.

David leaned over and touched the shining hair lightly with his lips. But he said no word.

At last, the storm passed. The tearing sobs grew fewer and fewer, and there were long spaces of delicious silence between them when she lay quiescent in his arms. It seemed to him, too, that the warm body grew heavier.

Cautiously he moved a little, so that he could look at her face. She was asleep, still sobbing, as she slept, like a weary child. David smiled a little mistily, and drew her cloak more closely about her.

TWO hours later, when Patricia opened her eyes, he was still sitting in the same position, looking down at her. At sight of him, an adorable little smile trembled on her lips. Then she remembered, and sat up hastily.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly, "I've been asleep. I've slept a long time! And you've sat there all the while, on that rough rock!" The quick color flooded her face. "I can never, never thank you for all you've done for me!" she finished lamely.

David didn't answer. He was cautiously moving his legs, and sharp, stinging pains were shooting through him.

Patricia looked down at her dress. "Oh, dear! These ridiculous clothes!" she exclaimed. "How I must look!" Her hand flew to her hair.

"If you will come down to my car at the foot of the hill, you can fix that," said David. "I have a suitcase there with street clothes for you. Your maid at the National gave them to me."

"And you thought of that, too!" said Patricia slowly.

David saw that her eyes were filling with tears again, though he did not know why. But he spoke quickly. "Let me help you down, and we can go right away. It's warm in the car."

But when he tried to move, his legs felt very queer and wobbly, and it was Patricia who helped him down. The touch of her hand steadying his arm was very sweet.

"Now," said David, when they had reached the automobile, "you'll be fairly comfortable here. No one has passed this way for hours. And with your permission I shall go up a little way, and have a smoke."

It was sometime later, that David, sitting on a rock up the path, heard a shy voice calling him. "Mr. Harwich!"

David rose quickly. At sight of the trim, tailored figure before him, the little sable toque set jauntily on her shining head, and the long lines of her dark blue walking-suit looking the acme of formality, he felt suddenly a thousand miles removed from the clinging girl he had held in his arms a few moments before.

"I—I hope you found everything," he said, stricken suddenly into awkwardness.

"Oh, yes, thank you; everything was there," she answered, in the same tone of hopeless formality. "It was very kind indeed of you to think of it."

There was a pause. Then David looked suddenly down into her eyes. The color deepened in her cheeks, and she dropped her eyes quickly and began to stammer a little.

"Th—they—the countess—" she began breathlessly.

David had completely forgotten the revolutionists. Now, he remembered them with a little shock which left him perfectly at his ease again.

"Sit down here, and tell me all about it!" he commanded.

So Patricia told—at first, in a voice full of suppressed rage, and afterward in frightened little whispers—what had happened since David had seen her.

As she talked, one slender hand lay on the rock between them, and presently David quietly took possession of it. Her voice caught for an instant at this, but in a moment she had recovered her composure, and went on quickly.

When she told of Brunoff's death, her eyes grew dark with terror. The little hand in his clung appealingly.

"So I ran down as far as this," she finished, "meaning to go to the little inn. But when I got here, I was afraid to go on. I couldn't go into the village in that costume in the daytime; and I was afraid they would stop me and ask what had become of him!" She shuddered and glanced fearfully up the path.

There was a long silence which was filled by the pressure of David's hand on hers. At last he spoke.

"But why did you stop just then, when it would have been safer to go on? And why were you waiting there in that cave?"

Patricia rose unsteadily to her feet, and turned half away from him. But she did not withdraw her hand from his.

"Well, you see," she said, in a breathless little voice, "I—I thought of you. I knew you would come for me. And I was afraid they would kill you. So I came down and waited—to warn you. But oh, my dear, you were so long in coming!"

David looked at her suddenly, an almost incredulous joy shining in his eyes. "You did it for me! You risked your life to save mine?" There was still awe in his voice.

Suddenly he caught her other hand, and drew her toward him. His heart seemed to be beating in his throat.

"And you knew," he whispered, "you knew I would come for you? That I would come, if need be, to the ends of the world?"

She nestled a little closer to him, but her face was still turned away. "I knew!" she said softly.

He released one hand, and turned her face slowly to his. Their lips were very close together now. They were both trembling a little. But Patricia's eyes were closed.

"Tell me," whispered David, "tell me that you wanted me to come—that you called me!"

The gray eyes opened slowly.

"Yes, O miraculous genie, I called," she said, "and I am calling now!"

It was nearly six o'clock that evening when David drove his car up to the entrance of the Hotel National. As they went in, the clerk at the desk handed Patricia several letters and a calling-card.

"The gentleman called this afternoon, Mademoiselle."

Patricia glanced at the card, read it slowly, then handed it to David with a question in her eyes. On it he read:

BORIS GEORGOVITCH

and written below in English: "I shall give myself the honor of calling again this evening."

David held the card in his hand for a long time. He was thinking that, only twenty-four hours before, he had received such a card, and made nothing of it. And now—

Yet, after all, what more did he know now of the real man than he had known yesterday? In the background of his own affairs, Boris had passed like a tragic



SHE WAS CRYING, NOW, IN GREAT WEARY SOFS

shadow, appearing and disappearing in a strange puppet dance. To-night, perhaps, they might learn to know this man who was the innocent cause of all their adventures.

He turned, at last, to Patricia.

"Shall we tell him about the—about Brunoff?"

She considered a moment.

"I don't know, yet. Wait until I have a chance to think." Then, in a matter-of-fact tone, she added: "We shall both want freshening up a bit, so probably you'd better not stay for dinner to-night. But, oh, do come early."

When David returned at eight o'clock, Patricia came down to him in the palm-filled drawing-room. She wore the same blue and green gown in which he had first seen her, and it seemed to him now, as it had seemed then, that the lights grew brighter and the room more vivid when she entered.

"But your hair?" he said presently. "You still have it done the Russian way."

"That," said Patricia, "is not for you, even if I am engaged to you! It is for the Grand Duke."

She laughed a little from the sheer pleasure of being with him.

"Fred and Connie Walton are coming back to-morrow," she announced irrelevantly.

David started. "I had completely forgotten them. Do you suppose you can reconcile them to the new addition to your party?"

"I'm a trifle doubtful, myself, sir, as to just the place of a genie in an ordinary tourist party," she said demurely, "but I'll see what I can do."

A few minutes later the Grand Duke was ushered in to them.

He was dressed in simple evening clothes, and he wore no insignia of rank whatever. Only, on his finger gleamed a seal.

Patricia was sitting partly screened from him, behind potted palms; so that he came up with his eyes on David, and the two shook hands before Boris saw her. When he did, she had risen and stood facing him silently.

As he looked, the conventional word of greeting died on his lips. He caught his breath in a great gasp, and the color receded slowly from his face, leaving him ashen gray. His open hands groped unconsciously toward her.

A great wave of pity came over Patricia. She held out her hand quickly, and spoke.

GOOD evening, Boris Georgovitch," she said. "It is very kind of you to come."

At the sound of her voice, Boris had started a little, and he seemed to be collecting himself. He took her proffered hand and raised it ceremoniously to his lips. As they touched the back of her hand, Patricia was conscious that they were trembling. But he straightened himself and spoke; and his voice, at least, was well under control.

"You must pardon me, Mademoiselle. I thought I had prepared myself; but I see I had overestimated my strength. She whom you resemble was the light of life to me; and it is difficult for me to realize that my light has gone out."

He spoke in a low, even voice that yet gave an impression of deadness, as though all vibration were gone from it.

David and Patricia unconsciously moved a little nearer one another, and their hands touched. This was holy ground.

It was Boris who broke the silence at last. He motioned Patricia to a chair. Then he sat down himself, and said in a more natural voice:

"I have come, Mademoiselle, to ask you if you will be so kind as to tell me what you know, or Mr. Harwich knows, of the last hours of Sophie Dogiel. I understand that you, Monsieur, saw her on the day she died."

David bowed his head. But, before he could begin his story, the Grand Duke interrupted.

"In return for this—since I feel sure you would like to hear the beginning of this mystery in which you have both become entangled—I will tell you my own and Sophie's part in it. And, as my part of the story antedates yours, with your permission I shall speak first."

When they had thanked him, he began, speaking slowly at first and with evident effort.

"When you saw Mlle. Dogiel, she was ill, and her beauty, perhaps, was eclipsed. But if you had seen her as I first saw her, on my return from the University at Heidelberg; if you had seen her among the ladies-in-waiting of the Empress, young, beautiful, radiant, surpassing the fair women of the court as the moon surpasses the stars—you would understand why I loved her."

"I know, I understand!" said David with deep conviction.

The Grand Duke glanced at him suddenly, but his eyes were on Patricia and a great light shone in them. A spasm of pain crossed Boris' face, but he said quietly:

"Pardon me, Monsieur, you do know."

There was a little pause. Then he took up the tale once more.

"She was the Empress' favorite lady-in-waiting, beloved of every one who knew her; she was like a spring of water in a dry place; but she was not of our blood, she was not, they said, a fit match for me. God knows I would have renounced my title for her; but she would not hear of it. She was more royal in heart than I, and her love would have saved me from itself. I had always hoped, however, that some day all would be well, some day the Czar— But it is no matter; that hope is ended, now, like all the rest.

HER father was a crusty, fierce old man of the old, reactionary party whose intolerance is so deplored by all the thinking youth of Russia. His name was Michael Dogiel, and he was the chief of police of the city of St. Petersburg.

"But Sophie, young, idealistic, full of pity for the weak, and anger against the useless cruelty of the strong—Sophie was a radical. With such a father, it was inevitable."

"In some way, I never quite knew how, she became acquainted with several of the leaders of this band of revolutionists. The man Brunoff, who has succeeded to the place of leader, was at that time a new member, and perfectly insignificant. Sophie, I think, never knew him."

"She threw herself into this dangerous game of liberalizing Russia with all the pent-up passion which she dared not give to me. And it was her dearest hope that I, too, should come to believe as she did, and work for the cause of liberty."

"Much that she said, much that she believed, was true—though I think their methods of remedy are wrong—and I became genuinely interested with her. In my own person, it would have been impossible for me to obtain admission to their councils; so I went incognito. I gave my name as Dmitri Pushkin, and my occupation as a printer; and I learned some of their minor secrets."

"At last, the plot they were hatching, a wide-spread conspiracy which included several assassinations and numerous lesser crimes, was coming to fruition. They called a mass-meeting, and the exact details were communicated for the first time to the outer members of the Brotherhood, to whom I belonged."

Boris paused a moment. Then he went on softly:

"It was on the twenty-third of June. Sophie and I stood together in a garden of roses, with the scent of life and spring in our nostrils, and spoke in somber whispers of intrigues, and treachery, and death."

WE spoke, too, of our love. We said that love was greater than life, and that though life might force us to betray the trust others had in us for the ultimate good of the cause of liberty, yet in our love we could still be true and high and pure!"

The Grand Duke's voice was unsteady, now, and he waited a moment before he spoke again.

"Sophie could not go to the meeting that evening, for the Empress had commanded her presence at a grand ball at the palace, to be given in honor of a visiting potentate. But I was to go, and send her word."

"This night was to be a trial night for me. I had not been able to decide, yet, whether I fully believed with the revolutionists or not. I had told Sophie of my feeling, and we had made an agreement. It was this:

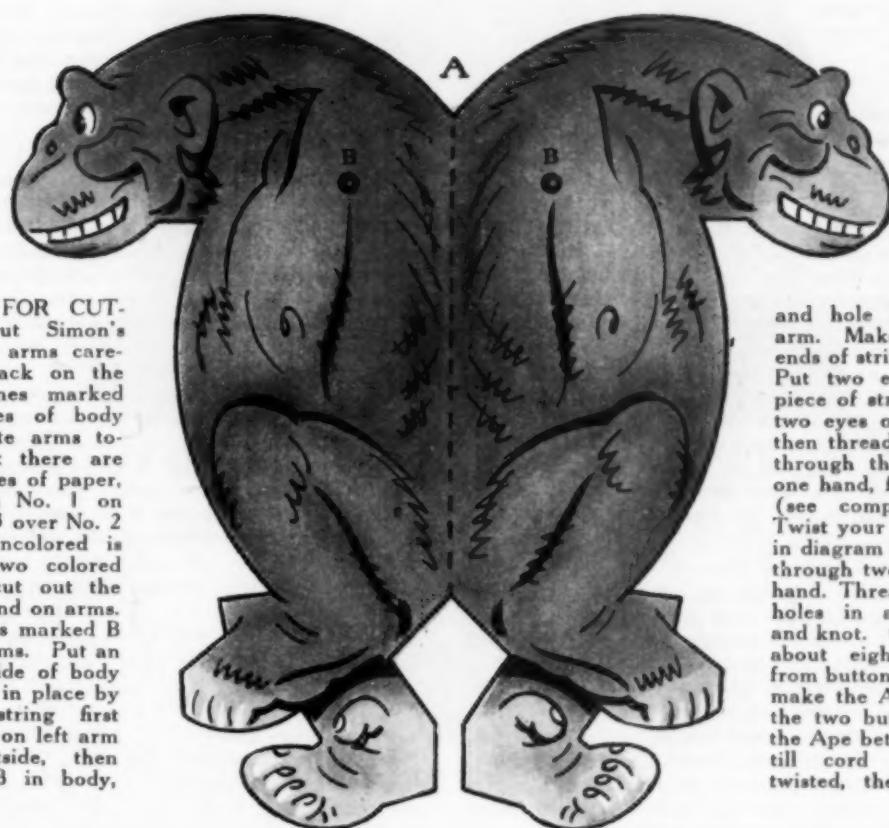
"If, after hearing the full details of the plot, I was convinced that they were real patriots, working for Russia and for liberty according to their honest beliefs, I was to join the cause. Even for her I could not join actively, with all the power of the Grand Duke Boris; but in my character as David Pushkin, as an individual, I would do my share. If, however, I found them mere trouble-makers, working for their own advancement, I warned Sophie that it would be my duty to deliver them up to justice."

[Continued on page 84]



The Completed Cut-Out

This is the way Simon will look when you have pasted him carefully together and given him a string to swing on. He will kick up his heels for you and perform back somersaults at a most surprising rate of speed.



DIRECTIONS FOR CUT-OUT.—Cut out Simon's body and two arms carefully. Fold back on the five dotted lines marked A. Paste sides of body together. Paste arms together so that there are three thicknesses of paper, pasting section No. 1 on No. 2 and No. 3 over No. 2 so that the uncolored is between the two colored ones. Then cut out the black background on arms. Pierce the holes marked B on body and arms. Put an arm on each side of body and keep them in place by threading a string first through hole B on left arm from the outside, then through hole B in body,

and hole B in the right arm. Make a knot in both ends of string to hold arms. Put two ends of another piece of string through the two eyes of a flat button; then thread same two ends through the two holes in one hand, from the outside (see completed cut-out). Twist your string as shown in diagram X, and pass out through two holes in other hand. Thread through two holes in another button, and knot. Cords should be about eight inches long from button to button. To make the Ape swing, seize the two buttons and whirl the Ape between the hands till cord is wound or twisted, then pull gently.

SIMON, THE RUNAWAY APE

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by A. Z. BAKER

WHAT MOTHER WANTS

A FEW MORE LETTERS FOR DAUGHTER TO READ

ECHOES OF OUR PRIZE CONTEST

A New Family Motto

WHAT do I want? Briefly, to be let alone. I want to be considered as an individual, without any regard to my age. As I am sound, mentally and physically, I want the entire responsibility of my own actions. I want to go where

I please, when I please, with no protest raised. I also want to eat what I please; and if I choose to sit up till midnight to read an interesting book, I do not want any over-officious person to say, 'Mother, you know you ought to be in bed!'

"There are a few things offered to my years to which I do not object. I like to have a young girl offer me a seat in a crowded car; it is a little courtesy which pleases me, even when I don't mind standing. I want advice concerning my wardrobe—but not criticism. I do not expect to agree with my girls in all things: I belong to a different generation, and the spirit of a past age cannot be resurrected. I have respect for their ideas, and I want the same respect given to mine.

"I want to meet their friends, and be made a part of their social circle. I want them to forget that I am an old lady—and I want to go to a baseball game!

"In short, I want to be considered as an individual, without regard to my age. My motto is: 'Affectionate consideration but no supervision'.
R. L. E."

A Little Money of Her Own

IT seems ungrateful to want anything, so many things are lovingly provided for me. But what I do really want is money of my own, to do as I please with.

"I want to stand in front of the counter, as I see other women do, with a crisp fresh bill in my hand, and buy the new, bright, smelly things that every woman longs for. My clothing is comfortable, of good enough quality; but it is usually something some one else has worn, and because Mother seldom goes out it can be fixed up for her.

"But I glory in the newness of things, just as much as I ever did; and none of my family will ever guess the heartache Mother has successfully hidden all these years. It is not always pleasant to have everything chosen for you. A woman of fifty feels just as competent to choose her own apparel as she did when she was twenty. I do not feel that I am alone in this, but that I voice the sentiment of many mothers.
M. E."

Going on a Strike

I AM thankful for the love and care of my children. But I, too, am a suppressed mother. I have six children, three boys and three girls, and I know I was happier when I used to

wonder where the money was coming from to pay my eldest daughter's music lessons, than I am now, with all the luxuries and idleness; for I believe it is the over-carefulness of my children that has caused my old friends to cease their visits. They seemed to think that the excitement was bad for Mother, when chats with my old cronies gave me new life. But they have fought hardships and poverty with me. I know their faults and virtues, and they mine. There is a bond of sympathy between us.

"After an active life, and an independent one, it is so galling to be laid on the shelf. As I visit with first

one child, and then another, I am watched and tended to distraction. In the old days, I was considered an interesting talker; but, now, if I venture a word before company, some one says in a smooth voice, 'But, Mother, that was long ago', or, 'Mother, Ella is not interested'.

"I long to go to clubs, and I will confess I'd like a moving-picture show, if I am sixty-four! My heart is not old.

"I always loved a windy day; but if I venture out, a grandchild is sent to guide me home, and the first words I hear when we arrive are, 'Oh, Mother, how imprudent!'

"I might be useful, happy, and contented; but, instead, I am listless, irritated—just an old woman who is not understood. But, dear Editor, if the other old ladies go on a strike, I shall, too.
M. N."

What Shall Grandmother Do?

I AM a widow residing with my only daughter. I have a son for whom I kept house a number of years; but I was nearly always

alone, so went to live with my married daughter. She has two little girls; one, seven years; the other, ten months.

"I love the children and would delight to have them with me; but I have my own rooms, and they are not allowed to come into them—Emily, my daughter, is so afraid they will annoy me. Then, too, she thinks I do not know how to care for them. She has forgotten I reared her to healthful womanhood, but I have noticed when something goes wrong with one of the children, she immediately comes for my advice.

"Emily does not like to have me help her with the housework. I wish she would let me; it would give me something to think about. She does not have time to wait upon me—for which I am thankful—so I go and come as I wish, and often have a good deal done in some remote part of the house or garden, before she is aware of it. I do love to keep busy. I cannot do much heavy work, and am thankful Emily is kind enough not to ask me to; but, still, I wish I had something to keep my mind occupied.

"When little Edna is able to walk, I think she will stay with Grandma a good deal. I shall be overjoyed if she does.

"I really have nothing to complain about; all are kind to me, and when I go to my rooms I am as much alone as though living alone. But I would love to plan a dinner, or get a luncheon, or just make a batch of bread. I would feel like myself again, but I presume I must be satisfied that I have a good home in my old age.
C. R. F."

Too Much Attention

I FEEL that I am the victim of too much kindness. I live with my only daughter, who is so attentive and means so well, that my conscience troubles me as I write.

"I am over seventy and I suppose I should be contented, and never cease being thankful for having such a pleasant home. I am thankful, but even if I am on the road to eighty, I am well and strong—much stronger physically than my daughter—and I do rebel within myself at being treated like a decrepit old woman.

"I try to down this rebellious spirit and accept all this kindness in the spirit in which it is meant, and I succeed in a way; but one morning, recently, after months of pent-up resistance, I gave forth my declaration of independence!

[Concluded on page 65]

THE SMART SILK SAILORS

Lessons in Home Millinery—Number XX

By EVELYN TOBEY

THIS month I want to teach you how to cut a pattern and construct a frame for the popular sailor shape, and then how to trim it in four such different ways that its common origin could never be suspected. The sailor shape, with a constantly shrinking brim, is still so popular that little else is sold. Heavy satin, taffeta, velvet, and materials like broadcloth and duvetyne, are best liked for covering the hats.

To make the shape itself, it is better first to test with paper both your fingers and your face. For the pattern of brim, cut a square of paper twelve by twelve inches. With a ruler draw the diameters and diagonals (Fig. 7). From the center of this square, where all these lines cross, measure for an oval headsize which shall be eight and one-half inches by six and one-half inches. To do this, measure four and one-quarter inches from center toward the front, the same distance toward the back, and from center towards each side, three and one-quarter inches. Connect the dots with a slightly curving line; then from this oval toward the outside of the square, measure one and one-half inches on all the lines. Connect these dots, also, with a curving line. Cut on these two curving lines, and you will have an oval ring one and one-half inches wide, the pattern of the sailor brim.

The tip, or top, of crown is an oval, nine and one-half inches from front to back, and eight and one-half inches from side to side. Cut a ten-inch square of paper, draw in the diameters and diagonals and measure from center (Fig. 8). Make dots, connect with a curving line, and cut on line.

The pattern of the side crown measures twenty-four and one-half inches at base, twenty-three and one-half at top; and it is three and one-half inches wide. Cut a strip of paper three and one-half inches wide and twenty-four and one-half inches long (Fig. 5). Fold it once in the middle of its length, and then fold it again so as to divide it into four equal lengths. Cut on these folded lines almost their entire length, leaving only about one-quarter inch to hold parts together. Lap these slashes one-quarter inch, and pin. There will be three equi-distant lappings which will take out three-quarters of an inch from the length of one long

edge of side crown. We must take out an inch, however, so, in order to do this, clip off another quarter-inch on one end, slanting the line so that at the base nothing is cut away. You may find that the dimensions given are not suitable for you, and that you may have to widen the brim or shorten the crown, but, in any case, the method of drafting the pattern is the same, the number of inches merely changing.

Lay the patterns of brim and side crown on buckram, pin, and draw all around them. Take away patterns, and cut on the outside edge of brim, but allow one extra inch around inside or headsize line. Slash this inch to headsize line, and bend these slashes up to form a head band. When they are bent up, there will be triangular spaces between them (see Fig. 6). Cut out side crown on the buckram, allowing one extra inch for joining. Cut no frame for the top of the crown; it is made of the material alone.

Sew wire on the edge and headsize lines of the brim, and around top and bottom of side crown. Use tight buttonhole stitches, taken one-half inch apart, and make them only deep enough to hold the wire. If they are deeper, the wire will not be held firm but will slip back and forth.

Your frame is now ready for any trimming you choose to put upon it. A covering of taffeta, with either black or white patent leather bows, is very smart-looking

(Fig. 1). Cut a bias strip of taffeta five inches wide and about forty inches long. Join the ends of strip, and with long thread shirr both edges. Lay one gathered edge on headsize line, on top side of brim, distribute fullness evenly, and sew in place. Draw the taffeta over brim, and pin second edge inside headsize on under side of brim, and sew.

Lay the oval pattern of top of crown on the taffeta, and cut, allowing one-half inch all around. Gather on edge, distributing gathers evenly, pin them over top of side-crown frame, and sew them in place. Let this oval top be drawn almost straight over the space on top of crown (Fig. 4). Cover side crown with a bias strip, four and one-half inches wide and about twenty-six inches long. Turn back about one-half inch along each edge,

[Continued on page 83]



FIG. 1—A SHIRRED BRIM FRAMES THE FACE ATTRACTIVELY

FIG. 2—A CHIC EFFECT IN WHITE VELVETEEN

FIG. 3—BLACK ON WHITE MAKES A STRIKING COMBINATION

FIG. 4—APPLIQUED FLOWERS SIMULATE EMBROIDERY

THE RIGHT OF THE LIVING

A DEPARTMENT FOR SOCIAL BETTERMENT

Conducted by

ZONA GALE

I HAVE received a letter which interests me very much, and which falls naturally into Group Two in the classification I made last month of the letters which come in to this department. In Class Two, you will remember, I placed the letters from the towns which have a Cemetery Improvement Association—and yet, perhaps, do not feel really satisfied with what it is doing. Here is the letter:

We have formed an association known as the Cemetery Association, for the purpose of improving, watering, and beautifying the cemetery. The big problem is to raise money to get water for the cemetery, as our little town has no water-works. I will be very grateful if you will offer some suggestions that will help us solve this problem.

I am wondering if its writer saw the first numbers of our Friendship Village talks in McCALL'S. In the beginning, the Friendship Village Improvement Society, you may remember, was a Cemetery Improvement Society, too. And then its members decided there were so many things that needed to be done in Friendship Village for the health, and beauty, and welfare of the place and the people, that they would change into a real "Friendship Society", and work for these things.

Why would it not be possible to extend this other Cemetery Association to be a Town Improvement Association; with just one of its standing committees, and one of its several departments of work, devoted to Cemetery Improvement?

Every town ought, obviously, to care for its cemetery. In many towns, the need and the wish to do this is the first stirring of civic pride that the town has ever manifested—other, I mean, than the pride which makes a family keep its grass watered and cut, its flower beds tended, and trees set out. But that is, after all, not so much civic pride as individual pride. And the first stirring of civic pride, of pride in the appearance of the town, often comes in the getting together of a little group that becomes keenly ashamed of the appearance of its cemetery, and sets to work to improve it.

BUT, naturally, no group can stop just there, can it? It must grow, and its aims must grow, if it is to live at all. And a logical step in growth is to extend the work for the dead and let it also include work for the living, whose lives can still be influenced by our activities.

For example, the growth of a green and watered spot, well fenced, and well shaded, and attractively planted, dedicate to the dead, must suggest to us that no town should be without a little place of quiet and green and trees, dedicate to the living. Why is it that the cemetery is a favorite place for the folk of a little town, who have no close friends buried there, to walk on Sunday afternoons? It is because it is almost a park. And every little town should have its little park.

The building of a sidewalk to the cemetery, often undertaken before the rest of the town has graduated from boardwalks, must suggest to the workers for it that the ways leading to the homes of the living should be no less smooth and safe.

The tending of the graves of children, with which the cemetery of every little town is dotted, must in-



fallibly bring home to one the need to which the whole country now is pulsing—that the death rate of children be lowered, the rate of the needless deaths which take place every year. What is your town doing to prevent these deaths?

What can it do? It can do a dozen things.

It can safeguard the milk supply of the town, and make sure that the death and disease and dirt which milk carries is not being given to the children for food. These are not just in city milk. They are likely

to be in your town's milk. If you doubt this, send to any bookseller for *The Common Sense of the Milk Question*.

Your town can safeguard the meat and vegetable supply, somewhat, by seeing that these are not exposed to flies and street dust in the shops, and that the slaughter houses and back rooms of meat-markets are not in the unspeakable condition in which they are often found—not just in cities, but very likely in your own town as well.

YOUR town can begin an anti-tuberculosis campaign, to prevent the deaths which feed the cemetery. Write to the State Board of Health at the capital of your own state, and find out exactly how to do this with an exciting stamp campaign in which the children will like to share. At the end of this, one-half of what you have raised will come back to your town to be used for sanitary purposes.

Introduce medical inspection into your public schools. Have the doctors and dentists and oculists in your town give an hour or so a week to the work, and have every child systematically sent to them to have eyes, ears, nose, and throat examined. Blindness, deafness, adenoids, and tuberculosis may be prevented, if taken in time. And often death can be prevented.

Unightly holes filled with green water, open cess-pools, limitless flies and mosquitoes, impure water supply—all these things contribute to ill-health, and disease, and death. All these help to fill the cemetery. Doesn't the work of caring for the cemetery lead, logically, to the work which shall keep folk healthy and normal? Isn't it more important to care for the living than to do any other possible work?

There is one sentence in this letter which I want to repeat and to set by itself. This is it:

The big problem is to raise money to get water for the cemetery, as our little town has no water-works.

You see already how effort in any one restricted line is bound to start the wider movement.

If your dead need the water for the beautifying of their resting-places, what about the need of the living for pure water to drink?

Well-water, if analyzed, is very often found to be contaminated, and filled with surface water. Sometimes water from wells in common use, if sent to the university of a state to be analyzed (your health officer can have this done for you free of cost), will be reported to be polluted and unfit for drinking purposes. Yet, in towns which have no water-works, this is the risk which the

[Concluded on page 63]

A LITTLE FROM EVERYWHERE

Some French Points that Fascinates the Onlooker

OUR LETTER FROM PARIS

MA CHÉRIE:—
No wonder you have thought the month long while waiting for a few notes from me. How well I realize that just the touch to give true distinction to your costume can come from no other garden of fashion than dear old Paris!

There is one note that no one seems conscious of—it is the changed tendencies of the blouse or bodice, such as I illustrate. Every one has cried the new line of the skirt, its flare, its shortness, its garlanded draperies, but they have ignored the waist, other than to predict tight long basque effects that would prove the influence of the East is dead and the dominating influence of France again to the fore!



But, behold! Subtle as the stealthy Arab, who arrives and disappears unseen and swiftly, we have the East again with us, invading the unprotected point—the short suit coat and the over-biouse. The beautiful stamped linens and silks are inspired by the East. India first, and now Persia, have impressed upon us the colors of the Orient, while the draped girdle and wide binding sash are all inspired by the vivid garments worn for centuries in the Garden of Allah.

It has been a tradition that "the woman who dresses well, dresses soberly"; and yet, out of ten women who dress in dark colors, three do so by choice, two by suitability, and the other five from timidity, from laziness, or from the spirit of economy.

A dark blue or black dress demands but little effort of the imagination, while the proof of good taste lies in the application of colors. To produce

THE ARAB JACKET AND THE LONG PERSIAN COAT ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SIMPLICITY OF THESE MODIFICATIONS

a good effect, colors must be well selected and well worn. A bizarre, incongruous style in black can be worn without embarrassment; but the same audacious design, when made in colors, requires courage or an exquisite taste to dare reveal so clearly its imperfections. It is in the application and in the wearing of colors that the artist seeks the flower—the source of exquisite shades, of irreproachable combinations, of tints unrivaled and of crude colors that do not offend!

Likewise, this is the key to correct gowning. It is like flowers that we women should desire to be dressed, to be as fragrant as they with dewy freshness, and as sweet with delicate perfume. The flowers in the garden are an inspiration that is never old, never uncertain, never less beautiful one day than another. Not unlike flowers are the gay ribbons seen everywhere this season on hat and gown. Everything is beribboned; and we see everywhere those long and supple twistings of silk that have been identified with the shifting, changing sentiments of the true feminine heart. So, little one, let your gay little heart fly like a flag in the flutter of your ribbons—that is, if you wish to be like the butterflies and the flowers—but not forgetting

Votre amie fidèle.

Paris, France.

Christine D.





THE DIVERGENCE OF THE MODE

Braid-Bound, Pleated, or Cut in Circular Form, the New Gowns Are Smart in the Extreme

For other views and descriptions see page 33

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

By THE FASHION EDITOR

NEXT only to Christmas in importance is the planning for the opening days of school. Children surfeited with vacation freedom are anxious to renew old friendships and compare notes on vacation pleasures, while Mother pulls together the tattered remains of the summer wardrobe and begins to plan for the necessary additions of serviceable dresses for fall and winter.

"What does Tommy need most?" and "How can Mary's old dress be made over to do for little Sallie's winter school dress?" are questions which pass fitfully across Mother's mind as she bakes her bread and plans her meals. If there is one thing every mother wishes, it is that her children shall make the best appearance possible, and the majority of us want to accomplish this at the smallest expenditure.

Really to save time and labor, first plan just what each child needs. Tommy, as a boy, is usually the most difficult to clothe, unless you feel that you can take him to a store and buy his clothes ready-made. Mothers can make clothes for their small daughters much more easily than for sons. He is so demanding in wanting things not to look home-made, for fear the "fellows" might laugh.

Well, Tommy needs shoes. Is there ever a time that he does not need shoes before anything else? A couple of pair of calf-skin shoes, one brown and one black, ought to see him through the winter. Corduroy suits for school are unequaled, as they stand any amount of wear and tear, and can be washed. Serge or a mixed

tweed will do very nicely for Sunday-best. An overcoat of a heavy mixed wool material made after the stunning Balmacaan model is both mannish enough to please the young man and serviceable enough to suit his practical mother. The blouses he wears with the suits should be of percale or madras, or, for the colder weather, of gray or brown flannel.

Now, for Mary's clothes. As Mary is almost eleven, she is beginning to spindle out, and her clothes must be made accordingly. The one-piece frock with a seven- or eight-inch hem will admit of a great deal of growing, as there is no waistline other than that marked by the separate belt, which falls into place.

Combinations of fabrics and colors are particularly noticeable features of the fall styles, and are a great aid to those who are making over old into new. If Mary's school dress is to be new this year, serge and homespun will be found serviceable and among Dame Fashion's chosen fabrics for the school-girl.

Nearly all little dresses are worn with linen or piqué collars and cuffs, either plain or hemstitched. This is an unusually good style for the winter frocks, as the addition of a fresh collar and crisp cuffs gives an immaculate touch to the little woolen dress.

For the best dress, a frock of challis, made in a simple manner and trimmed only with a wide velvet belt or sash of ribbon is both attractive and practical.

A heavy, warm coat of chinchilla cloth, pebbled cheviot, or other warm and closely woven wool fabric which will stand hard wear is, of course, a necessity in a northern climate. It should button snugly up to the chin, and be made warm with a cotton, flannel, or wool interlining. This last can be bought by the yard, and is especially good. Of course, a sweater is indispensable. The school hat may be made of a piece of the cloth of the coat and trimmed with a neat tailored bow, or a cluster of small fruits or flowers.

FOR six-year-old Sallie, whether her school dresses are of cotton or wool, there should be bloomers to match of the same material. The simple little kimono or peasant cut dresses are the best suited to her small girlishness.

For Sallie's little coat there is no prettier model than the one with cape to match, which buttons on at the back and may be left on or not, according to the dictates of the barometer.

Long leggings which are made like drawers, but button snugly around the legs and hips, should be added to Sallie's winter outfit. These should match the coat, and may be made of the same material, or of Jersey to match in color. A little hat, also of the same material as the coat, will make the outdoor costume complete enough to suit the most particular of mothers.

With these all-important things go a thousand and one little accessories that add the indefinite something called style—belts and sashes, ties, hair-ribbons, muffs and gloves—the number only limited by your pocket-book. Sashes are no longer to be tied, but are made and hooked securely in place, and every child needs a good leather belt three or four inches wide.

The fashion of bobbing the hair is not quite as popular as it was, although for a really practical and becoming way of wearing the hair short it is unrivaled. The small girl now wears her hair long, whether it is straight or curly, and tied with a big ribbon bow at the back of the head. Such a bow takes a yard and a quarter of six-inch taffeta ribbon.





THE FULL FLARE FASHION DICTATES

Approved Manners of Attaining the Narrow Underskirt and Wide Effect Overskirt

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

DOMINATING STYLES

Whether Cloth or Silk, Striped or Plain, the New Fabrics Are
Used to Accent the Lines of the Chosen Model

NO. 6067, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Two diverse but charming developments of this design are shown—one, red serge with braid binding; the other, satin, plain and striped. The pattern, in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust, requires size thirty-six, six yards forty-four-inch serge or three and a quarter yards plain and four yards striped forty-inch satin. At hem, two-piece skirt measures one and a half yards.

No. 6101, LADIES' CAPE COAT (15 cents).—That circular capes have come to stay is assured by the latest model, which appears above a vest with long sleeves, a warm fall fashion. The model pictured is gray broadcloth, featuring the fad of contrasting lining, which cleverly matches the lower skirt. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes two and three-quarter yards fifty-four-inch goods.

No. 6071, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut on the lines of the garb of a gay Russian peasant, the latest skirt for milady appears. Gray broadcloth and red satin combine in its development. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six waist. The costume illustrated requires, medium size, five and three-quarter yards fifty-four-inch broadcloth and three yards forty-inch satin. The skirt's one-piece lower section is one and three-quarter yards wide.

No. 6073, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Knowing the beauty of blending shades, fashion's foremost couturiers are cutting the waists of the smartest costumes on lines which carry two or more fabrics. A waist of this type, on the opposite page, shows a graceful design combining light red satin with deep red faille silk. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Of one material, size thirty-six requires two and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6061, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—A deft touch of difference, so hard to obtain, is given the popular godet flounce by a graceful scoop upward at direct center-front. Light red satin, of pliant quality, is used for the skirt with the flounce of soft silk faille of deep hue. High lustre broadcloth, serge or faille de laine are equally suitable. The pattern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist. The costume illustrated requires, medium size, three and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch satin and two yards forty-inch silk. The skirt's width is one and five-eighth yards and requires of one material only three yards forty-four-inch goods for the size twenty-six-inch waist.

No. 6081, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—For afternoon calling, informal evening functions, club meetings or on Sunday to wear to church, a blouse of a dressy costume is shown in heavy charmeuse with lace vest-collar and cuffs. Among other suitable fabrics are serge, broadcloth and satin. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six bust. The thirty-six size takes two and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6059, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—A broad straight panel at the center-front, breaking the line of the long flare tunic, gives added length and beauty, too, in the design of the charmeuse skirt. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two waist. As illustrated the costume requires medium size, four and seven-eighth yards forty-inch material. At hem, the skirt is one and three-quarter yards wide.

No. 6083, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—For late summer and early fall, the separate blouse continues to show the raglan yoke line, low V-neck and soft collar, so becoming. Batiste, organdy, and crêpe are the fabrics now used for waists of this type. Machine hemstitching or French seam beading makes a most attractive finish. The pattern is made in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6091, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—One of the approved lines that tailored skirts take is the yoke with pleated section below, shown on the opposite page in plain and striped gabardine. The pattern cuts in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist. Any size requires one and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch striped and three and three-eighth yards plain gabardine. The two-piece lower section is one and one-half yards wide.

A glimpse of the shops' fall display proves well worth while, this season, for fabrics expensive and fabrics cheap are beautiful beyond compare. Gracing the isles in grand array are high lustre broadcloths, whip-cords, faille de laines, and maçons, the new ripple woolen, for street-costumes and suits. Dressy frocks come in for their share, too, among pliant satins, heavy charmeuses and faille silks, plain colors and striped. For tailored trimming, silk braid or binding is first favorite with buttons, military fashion, to match. White organdy collars and cuffs are still popular, while for costumes, sheer laces, Chantilly, metal and silk run are used together with the sheerest fabrics.



6081-6059



6073-6061

6067



6101-6071



6083-6091

FOR THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S OUTFIT

Flounces and Tunics in Various Depths and in Diverse Fabrics
to Accord with the Latest Mode

FALL is upon us, the time of the year, when every girl's wardrobe needs replenishing, remodeling and touching up generally—with styles, we are all familiar, capes, tunics, and ruffles, so we pass them by for fabrics, trimmings and touches new, that go to prove them beautiful. First are the silks, for they are most gorgeous, plain colors and tempting stripes that blend with them, in filet weave for dressy costumes. There are satins and broadcloths, too, for the same type of frock, and for trimming the organdy collar. Capes call for variety among velours, plushy and pliable, corduroys and velvets, tweeds, serges and whipcords. Here the one smart finish is the binding of braid. The vogue of laces fills the demand of the party frock. All net weaves are fashionable. Chiffons and other sheer fabrics are not forgotten, oft-times they combine with the filmy laces. For color, silk sashes and flowers to match, poppies they call them, tucked in the belt are added.

No. 6082, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—In the land of children's fashions, where all things are simple and sweet, a dainty frock has come to the fore marked as stylish by overblouse and double skirt. The design is pictured in allover embroidery, flouncing and plain batiste. The pattern comes in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. Size eight requires one and an eighth yards twenty-inch wide embroidery, three yards nine-inch flouncing, and one and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch batiste.

No. 6068, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—New lines and graces are stealthily stealing into the frocks young girls wear. For instance, the model of striped silk and plain satin has a collar in cape effect, most surprising. The pattern in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years, requires size sixteen, three and an eighth yards plain forty-four-inch and one and a half yards striped fifty-inch goods. At hem, the skirt's one-piece lower section measures one and three-eighths yards.



6032

No. 6066, MISSES' CAPE (15 cents).—For the coming season, the smartest suit of all flaunts the beauty of a flowing cape, and the nicest cape, the season produces, is the model belted close in front, shown on the opposite page in broadcloth with satin collar and braid bindings. The pattern is in two sizes; small fourteen to sixteen, large eighteen to twenty years. Large size takes one yard and five-eighths for full length, four yards and a quarter fifty-four-inch goods.

No. 6032, MISSES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Chic style and faultless fabric combine in this design, on page 35—the popular three-tiered pleated skirt in high lustre broadcloth bound with braid. A pattern for the style is made in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years. As illustrated the suit will require, in size sixteen, four and an eighth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide. At hem, the skirt measures two and five-eighths yards in size sixteen.

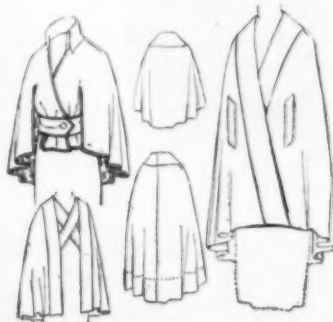
No. 6086, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Modes for the dance, the party or school entertainment, alike show the ruffles, tier upon tier. The frock of the illustration is made of Chantilly flouncing, with guimpe of fine net. The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires nine and three-quarter yards eleven-inch and two yards twelve-inch flouncing, with one and seven-eighths yards forty-five inch net. The width of the skirt is two yards around the lower edge of the hem.

No. 6088, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Giving the graceful effect of the basque, a broad sash, high in front and low in back, finishes this dainty model. Chiffon and shadow lace combine in the development. The pattern may be obtained in four sizes from fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, three and a quarter yards forty-inch chiffon, two yards thirteen-inch and two yards eight-inch flouncing. The skirt's width is one and three-eighths yards wide.



6068

6032



6066



6086

6088



McCall Patterns

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

ESSENTIAL COSTUMES
FOR THE COLLEGE GIRL



McCall Patterns

TUNICS AND FLOUNCES ON FORMAL FROCKS
For other views and descriptions see opposite page

GOWNS FOR FORMAL OCCASIONS

Varied Effects Conforming to Diverse Figures and Easily Developed from McCall Patterns



6077

NO. 6085, LADIES' WAIST, WITH OR WITHOUT OVERWAIST (15 cents).—Overwaist with cape-like back over a guimpe of silk or lace is especially suited to the late summer dress. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust measure. Size thirty-six requires three-fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material for the overwaist and one and seven-eighth yards of same width fabric for the guimpe.



6085-6063

NO. 6063, LADIES' DOUBLE OR SINGLE TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. The one-piece lower section's width is one and seven-eighth yards. As illustrated the costume requires, in the medium size, one and three-quarter yards for skirt, two and three-eighth yards for tunics and overwaist, and one and one-half yards all over lace for guimpe, each of forty-inch goods.



6089-6096

NO. 6006, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. For the costume as illustrated, in the medium size, four yards and one-half of forty-five-inch fabric are required for flounces and waist, three-fourths yard thirty-six-inch satin for girdle and two and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch satin for foundation around the lower edge, the skirt measures one and a half yards.



6065-6069

NO. 6065, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Fashion favors the overwaist on the bodice of the formal costume. On the opposite page it is shown in lace over crêpe de Chine. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one and an eighth yards forty-inch crêpe de Chine, with three and three-quarter yards of twenty-one-inch lace.

NO. 6069, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern may be had in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires three and seven-eighth yards forty-two-inch material. Around the lower edge the one-piece lower section measures two and an eighth yards.

NO. 6077.—LADIES' DRESS WITH ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four and three-quarter yards only of fifty-inch material. The skirt's width is one and five-eighth yards.



6077

THE LENGTHENING OF THE COAT

THE rage of the long tunic has lead to pastures new, for the long tunic and the short coat produce the new smart redingote effect of this season. Now, milady's separate skirt, her dressy frock or day costume may have a double, a triple, or pleated tunic, or, if she prefers, the single circular overskirt, diversified by an odd closing, clustered pleats or the open paneled front. Nor does variety stop merely with the Russian tunic. Its first cousin has lately appeared, the graceful polonaise dress with semi-fitted basque-like waist and full section below, and similar in silhouette. Coats, not to be outdone by dresses, take on new and slender lines with just a suggestion of fitting at the waist, a widening effect at the bottom, large collars and flaring cuffs, similar to a coat of a passed day, "the redingote," a twin style to "the polonaise."

No. 6093, LADIES' COAT IN REDINGOTE STYLE (15 cents).—Following in the wake of smart basque dresses, coats take on a closer line, long, graceful and becoming. A striking example of this new mode is pictured in gray broadcloth with wide collar and flaring cuffs of satin and all-edges bound with braid. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires five yards forty-four-inch goods.



6093



6095



6063



6093-6063

No. 6063, LADIES' DOUBLE OR SINGLE TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—The flare tunic in its latest form flaunts new wiles and graces, redingote style, in front leaving a broad unbroken space which gives height to any figure. Under the coat the model is shown in satin. The pattern comes in six sizes twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six takes three yards of fifty-four-inch goods. At hem, the skirt measures one and seven-eighths yards.

No. 6095, LADIES' POLONAISE DRESS (15 cents).—With long basque and graceful line it is small wonder the polonaise is popular. Black satin and flowered silk are used with hem scalloped after Transfer Design No. 438 and bound. The pattern, in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust, requires size thirty-six, four and five-eighths yards satin and two and three-eighths yards silk, thirty-six inches wide. The skirt's width is one and a half yards. Transfer, 10 cents.

No. 6053, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—An unusually attractive design is shown in plain and striped agarie with batiste collar and cuffs daintily embroidered after Transfer Design No. 620. The pattern in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust, requires size thirty-six, one and three-quarter yards striped and five yards plain forty-two-inch goods. The one-piece lower section measures one and a half yards. Transfer, 10 cents.

No. 6097, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The charm of the Russian tunic is well defined in this model diversified by an odd closing which matches the waist. Serge is used for the waist and tunic and satin for the lower skirt. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two and a quarter yards fifty-four-inch serge and one and three-quarter yards forty-inch satin. The one-piece lower section measures one and one-half yards.

(For description of No. 6057, see page 47)



6097



6053



THE GREAT VOGUE OF THE SEASON

Basque Waists and the Paletot Effects Reign Supreme

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

AN OUTFIT OF TASTE

The Latest Models Combined in Most Serviceable
Style as Applied by McCall Patterns



5875-6057, Hat

NO. 5875, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—For the jaunty frock of velour, the pattern cuts in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires five yards of forty-four-inch material. The one-piece lower skirt is one and a half yards wide.

NO. 6094, LADIES' AND MISSES' RAGLAN COAT (15 cents).—Pictured on the opposite page is the new cape coat of homespun, for which the pattern is made in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size takes four and five-eighths yards fifty-four-inch 'goods.



6094

NO. 6091, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern may be had in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist. For size twenty-six, three and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch goods are needed. At hem, the skirt measures three and three-eighths yards around.



6091

NO. 6087, LADIES' BASQUE OVER- WAIST (15 cents).—Chic is the basque in satin, plain and striped. The pattern, in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust requires, size thirty-six, one and seven-eighths yards plain and two and a quarter yards striped thirty-six-inch goods.

(For description of No. 6057, see page 47)



6079-6075

NO. 6031, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume illustrated requires medium size, three and a quarter yards striped and four yards plain forty-two-inch material. Skirt's width one and seven-eighths yards.

NO. 6079, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires one and a half yards thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 6075, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two bust. The costume illustrated requires, medium size, five yards of forty-inch material. At hem, the skirt measures one and a half yards.



6079-6075



6087-6031



6094-6091

6087-6031

6079-6075

THREE POPULAR MODELS

With the Return of the Cape, the Small Bolero, and the Flaring Flounce

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

CORRECT FROCKS FOR GIRLS

The Line May Be Long and Simple and Straight but the Proper
Placing of the Fulness Is the Important Feature



6038

6028

NO. 6038, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Modified to suit the lithe lines of a girlish figure, the present mode is displayed at its best in the striped worsted model with raglan yoke and chic collar of piqué. The pattern cuts in five sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires three and one-eighth yards forty-four-inch goods. The skirt's width, one- or two-piece, is one and three-eighths yards.

No. 6028, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—For rough school-room wear a frock is pictured of stylish cut, but serviceable quality. Wool éponge is used in its development, showing to good effect in raglan blouse and tiered skirt. The pattern comes in five sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen takes five and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods. The one- or two-piece skirt's width is one and three-eighths yards.

No. 6062, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Charming, indeed, is the fair co-ed in her redingote tunic dress of plain and striped agarie. For a dressier model silk might be used, while for every-day wear soft homespun or fine flannel are suitable. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. The sixteen-year size requires two and three-eighths yards striped and two and a half yards plain forty-two-inch goods. The skirt's width is one and a half yards.

No. 5732, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—If selected with care, the light-weight frock for the early fall will serve for party wear throughout the winter. An unusually pretty model with surplice waist and flounced skirt is shown in voile. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. For size sixteen, six and three-eighths yards thirty-six-inch goods are needed. At hem, the two-piece skirt measures one and a quarter yards.

No. 6078, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The flare tunic, proclaimed by widespread popularity the foremost fashion, appears in its smartest application on the opposite page—a serge tunic on a dress of serge and satin. The pattern may be had in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires one and a half yards thirty-six-inch satin and three and three-eighths yards forty-four-inch serge. The skirt's one-piece lower section measures one and three-quarter yards.

No. 6092, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Behold the charming polonaise, the innovation of the present season! Welcome is the sweet simplicity and graceful cut of the garment—a true young girl fashion. Taffeta is featured in its development, although there are high luster satins, broadcloths and serges also suitable. In the small views further possibilities of the same design are shown. The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires five and five-eighths yards thirty-six-inch goods. The one-piece lower section measures one and a half yards.



6038



6028



6062



5732



6078



6092



6062

5732

6092

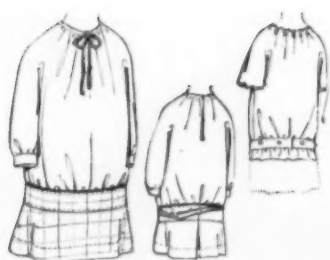
6078

FASHION'S mills, slowly grinding out the styles from year to year, slip so gradually from one mode to another that oftentimes we fail to note the passing. Ruffles are greeted as old friends. In reality, they appeared of late but followed the same tilt as the short tunic, widening until the long tunic appeared. Following the evolution further, a closing is made at the side, the waist's closing comes over to match and then it is the polonaise steps to the fore, well depicted in the model, No. 6092, with waist slightly fitted, basque fashion, above a full tunic.

(For other views and description see opposite page)

SMART FALL DRESSES

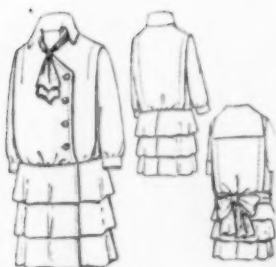
Plaids, Figures, Stripes
Applied cleverly in



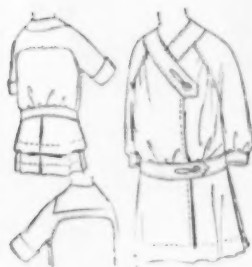
5938



6056



6084



6072

5938
Transfer
Design
No. 318

6056

WHO has not seen pictures of bygone days when children were fettered by long and stately robes of brocaded satin and silk, made up in elaborate stilted styles just like their fathers' and mothers'? Quite the reverse is the method of dressing the modern child. Now, simplicity reigns. A small boy or girl is dressed in the clothes which will give him the greatest amount of physical and mental freedom. The simpler the clothes, the better the style. For school dresses, gingham in plaid and plain, galatea, chambray, percale and kindergarten cloth or one of the many ratine or crêpe fabrics will make frocks for the little daughter that are serviceable, tubable and fashionable. A good pattern, the material required, and a little patience will make a frock that will be a joy each time it is worn; while a simple bit of hand embroidery will give it a distinguishing touch obtainable in no other way.

No. 6084, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—A charming application of the prevailing mode is pictured below in a new school frock, with three-flounced skirt and Gibson tucked blouse. Buff colored serge is used in the development, with bias bindings and sash of buff silk, green striped. Other woollens of medium weight, as well as wash fabrics are suitable. The pattern, in five sizes, six to fourteen years, requires size eight, three and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, or in goods forty-four inches wide, it requires only two and three-quarter yards.



6072

6084

No. 5938, CHILD'S KATE GREENAWAY DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern, cut in four sizes, two to eight years, requires for size six, one and an eighth yards tan striped, and one and three-quarter yards cream-colored cashmere, thirty-six inches wide. Transfer No. 318 used, 10 cents.

No. 6056, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Rough plaid woolen, blue, green and black, duvetyne trimmings, dull blue, and tie of black, display the chic line of raglan sleeve, revers, collar and kilted skirt. The pattern comes in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight takes three and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6072, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Fashioned in soft velour, wine color, with white trimmings, the latest frock of the season well proves the dainty grace of the double skirt. The pattern is obtainable in five sizes, six to fourteen years. For size eight, three and three-eighth yards of material thirty-six inches wide are needed.

FOR YOUNGER SISTERS

and Solid Color Effects
Frocks for the Small Girl

THE belts of children's dresses, which descended until they could go no further, are now slowly ascending. Mother's dresses have tunics, so double skirts are placed on daughter's little frocks, and naturally two skirts will not allow the belt so low as one. If belts are set in at a low waistline they are very wide and are often of the wide eyelet embroidery which is having a renewed vogue. Every little girl should have a patent leather belt and one or two dainty colored sashes, with hair ribbons to match, to wear with her little party frock of lawn or silk. Capes for school are just the thing this year and are made in many striking combinations. The one illustrated, in hunter's red and green, is especially smart. No matter what the material, the lining of these stylish little capes plays an important part. Note the straps which hold the cape in exactly the same way that Mother's cape is held!

No. 6074, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Double skirt and gathered blouse add quaint charm to the frock that Betty dons for Sunday. The model is shown in corn-colored crêpe with revers, collar and pointed cuffs white. There are also voiles, dainty dimities, organdies and batistes woven especially for frocks of this type. The pattern may be had in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight of this model will require three yards of thirty-six-inch material.



6074

6064



5884



6070



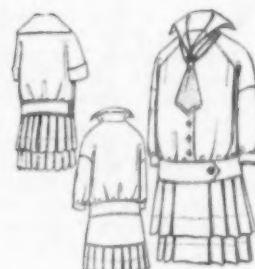
6070



5884



6074



6064

No. 6064, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Featuring the skirt of flounces, the model stands an up-to-date development of serge. The pattern comes in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight requires seven-eighth yard plain forty-five-inch and one and three-quarter yards checked forty-inch goods.

No. 5884, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Inexpensive and dressy and stylish, too, is the frock of flouncing pictured with its raglan sleeve and graceful dropped waistline. The pattern, in five sizes, six to fourteen years, requires size eight, two and an eighth yards for the skirt and raglan sleeves of fifteen-inch flouncing with one and one-eighth yards forty-inch batiste.

No. 6070, GIRL'S CAPE (10 cents).—No sleeves to crush her Sunday best frock, if Mistress Mary wears the cape, flary, full and fashionable. Velour, corduroy, velvet, broadcloth or serge may be used in making the model. The pattern comes in three sizes, small; medium and large. The medium size requires two and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch goods.

SIMPLICITY FOR CHILDREN

Some Needs for the Growing Family
Supplied by McCall Patterns



NO. 6100, CHILD'S COAT WITH CAPE (10 cents). Strikingly new is the little cape coat illustrated with rippling little cape in a thick, warm chinchilla cloth, for general wear. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six months to four years. Size two requires one and three-fourth yards of fifty-four-inch material.

NO. 6080, CHILD'S RAGLAN DRESS (10 cents).—Scalloped from Transfer Design No. 607 (10 cents). This little frock of nainsook is practical and serviceable. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six months to four years. The two-year-old size requires one and three-eighth yards of forty-inch nainsook.

NO. 6076, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Smart, indeed, is this little model well suited to worsted school frocks. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight requires two yards and one-half of forty-four-inch material for the dress.

NO. 6058, BOY'S SUIT (15 cents).—The vogue for these little suits in chambray and percale is unquestionable. With the cunning tucked blouse of white and boyish little trousers of Dutch blue or dark brown they are much more suited for the little man than the rompers and much more satisfactory for the street. The pattern may be obtained in four sizes, two to eight years. Size four requires, for the suit as illustrated, seven-eighths of a yard for the trousers of thirty-six-inch material and one and one-half yards of the same width material for the blouse.

NO. 6054, BOY'S BALMAACAN COAT (15 cents).—The accepted coat for the small boy is the conservative but extremely smart coat with raglan sleeves. The model is made with a cape, which may be used or not, as preferred. The pattern may be obtained in seven sizes, two to fourteen years. Size six requires, to make the coat without cape, as illustrated, one yard and three-fourths of fifty-four-inch material.



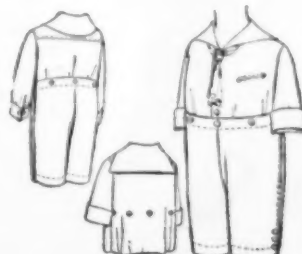
6080



6076



6100



6058



6054

ESSENTIAL ODDS AND ENDS

McCall Patterns Aid the Woman in the Small Things That Make for Comfort



6099



6055

NO. 6085, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—For the blouse of satin the pattern comes in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

NO. 6102, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRDLES (15 cents).—Satin, silk, or fabric the same as the dress may be used in the making of the new girdle. The pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Any sizes requires, wide or narrow bias girdle, one and a quarter yards, and medium girdle, seven-eighth yard thirty-six-inch goods, and sash, three and a half yards sixteen-inch fabric.

NO. 6098, LADIES' TUNICS (15 cents).—Three styles are offered, box-pleated, plain circular and open-front redingote, suitable for silk, satin, or woolens. The pattern, in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist, requires, size twenty-six, long pleated tunic, four and a half yards; circular, three and an eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

NO. 6057, LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—Any woman can easily make a hat in velvet, satin, or velour with this pattern, which comes in two sizes, ladies' and misses'. The draped shape requires three-quarter yard; pointed, one and a quarter yards; wide sailor, one and an eighth yards; narrow sailor, seven-eighth yard, and turban, one yard of twenty-seven-inch goods.

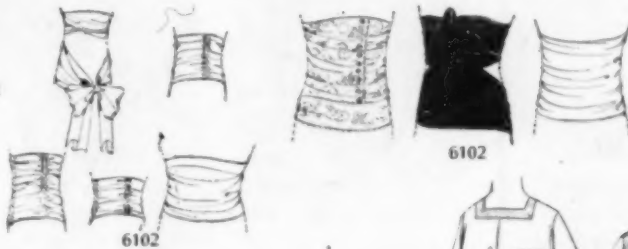


6099
Transfer
Design
No. 572



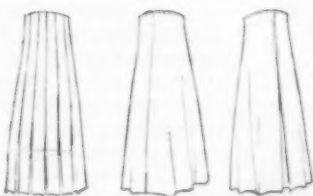
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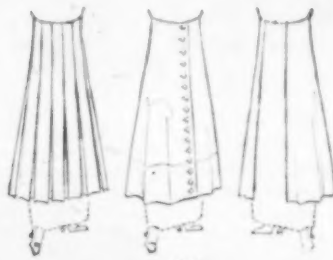


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6102



6098



6098



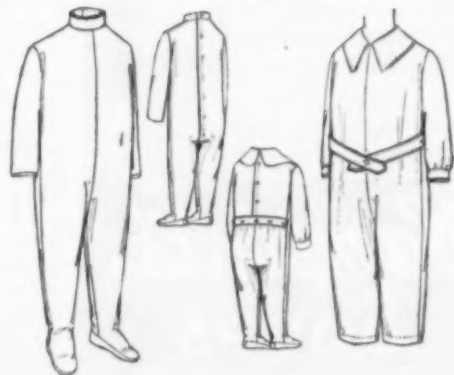
6090

NO. 6099, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMPIRE NIGHTGOWN (15 cents).—The pattern for this design comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires three and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods. Transfer Design No. 572 used, 10 cents.

NO. 6055, LADIES' WRAPPER (15 cents).—For the wrapper of crepe the pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes four and a half yards forty-inch goods. Around the lower edge it measures two and a quarter yards.

NO. 6090, CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS (10 cents).—A comfortable, loose-cut model is pictured suitable alike for flannel or muslin. The pattern may be had in six sizes, one to ten years. Size four will require two and an eighth yards of thirty-six-inch goods.

NO. 6060, CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS (10 cents).—Night-drawers that any mother can easily make in muslin or flannel are shown. The pattern comes in six sizes, from one to ten years. For size four, two and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch goods are needed.



6060



"Tempting"

Yes, decidedly tempting, any way you look at it. A delicious foretaste—as you might say—of pleasing domesticity, exemplified in a delicious foretaste of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Could there be a happier suggestion of prospective home-comfort and good cheer?

Fragrant, appetizing, satisfying; with a combined richness and delicacy which bespeaks the utmost care in its preparation; yet all achieved without household labor or concern.

Experienced housewife though you may be, isn't there yet a useful hint for you in the artfulartlessness of this dainty maid.

Think it over—today.

21 kinds 10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY FOR MANY USES

By HELEN THOMAS

A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any design on this page or page 91, for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York City. Not supplied stamped on material. Miss Thomas will be glad to answer any questions on embroidery.

McCall's Book of Embroidery gives directions for embroidery stitches, and illustrates transfer designs. Price, in United States, with one free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.



621—DETAIL OF ROSE MOTIF



620—DETAIL OF BANDING

620—Costume Banding. This pattern contains four yards of banding design one and a quarter inches wide, and four corners. An effective trimming for dresses or collars. Medium-weight mercerized cotton or embroidery silk may be used. This banding matches Rose Motif Design No. 621. Leaves are worked solid in green, leaves and stems outlined in black, and the latter filled with darning stitches in green.



LADIES' WAIST 5749 AND LADIES' SKIRT 5971, 15 CENTS EACH; TRANSFER DESIGNS 620 AND 621, 10 CENTS EACH

621—Rose Motif Design. There are four large and five small roses with leaves in this pattern. These motifs developed in color make an exceedingly pretty trimming for dresses, waists, scarfs, and pillows. Use heavy mercerized cotton or embroidery silk. These motifs match Banding Design No. 620. The roses are worked solid in lavender, outlined in black, with French-knot centers in rose; the leaves are worked solid in green and outlined in black. Full-length figure shows Rose Motif and Banding applied to Ladies' Waist 5749, and Skirt 5971.



622—DETAIL OF FLOWERS ON TABLE-RUNNER, PAGE 91

618—Twenty-three-inch Centerpiece in Venetian Ladder Work and Eyelets. Very effective. This attractive design is suitably applied to towel-ends, table-runners, dresser-scarfs, pillows. The scalloped edge is padded and buttonholed. The scrolls and leaves are in the ladder work, and the berries are eyelets. The work may be done in all white or any color of embroidery cotton preferred. Delft blue or a pale pink would be attractive.

[Con. on page 64]



NEW IDEAS IN NEEDLEWORK

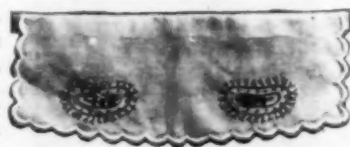
By GENEVIEVE STERLING



10418—Embroidered Towel for the young mother. Decorated with three storks. Stamped on cotton huck, $15\frac{1}{2} \times 24$ inches, 25 cents; on pure linen huck, $14\frac{1}{2} \times 24$ inches, 50 cents, or free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Cotton for working, 15 cents extra. All the work is done in outlining stitch except the buttonholed edge. Storks and ground are in Delft blue; baby and stork's feet are pink; edge and cloth in which baby is held are in white.

10417—Collar and Cuffs. Stamped on white or tan linen, 35 cents; cotton for working, 15 cents extra; all free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Ovals are blue, with touches of red; the flowers red, dots red, leaves green, scallops white. The latter are well padded to give firmness to the edges. The decoration is light and open, and most effective in color, the bright attractive combination being particularly well suited for the young girl. Design is novel and easily worked.

10421—Cross-stitch Towel-end. Alice-in-Wonderland design. Stamped on cotton huck $15\frac{1}{2} \times 24$ inches, 25 cents; on linen huck $14\frac{1}{2} \times 24$ inches, 50 cents; cotton for working, 15 cents extra. Bunnies are worked in cream; blue coats adorn the two end figures; a gorgeous red jacket with white ruff, yellow



trumpet and scroll make the brave Trumpeter quite gay. These designs are suitable for many things, such as a bib, carriage-robe, border for a curtain, or Welsh rarebit set.

10419—Embroidered Waist. Stamped on white lawn, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 75 cents, or free for three 50-cent subscriptions; on imported French blue crêpe, \$1.50, or free for six 50-cent subscriptions. Blue or white embroidery floss (state which) for working, 10 cents extra. Material for collar, cuffs, and vest, 25 cents extra. No material furnished for girdle. McCall pattern for Ladies' Waist No. 5873, 15 cents extra. This design is very smart developed in blue floss.

10415—Pillow-Top. Stamped on Aberdeen crash, 17×21 inches; including back, and floss for working, 50 cents; or free for two 50-cent subscriptions. One yard of fringe, 15 cents extra. The leaves are simply outlined in green; each petal is just one long stitch; centers are in French knots. Central flowers in a dark shade of red, with a lighter shade for French-knot centers of the flowers. Reverse the order for the side clusters; this will vary the effect of the coloring pleasantly. Fringe adds greatly to the pillow, applied to the ends only.

[Con. on p. 91]



Building the Panama Canal

In the construction of the "big ditch" hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of Packages of Grape-Nuts food were purchased and sent to the Isthmus for army officers, engineers, clerks and laborers.

A pretty good endorsement of this famous food, don't you think?

Great things are accomplished when brain and muscle are well-fed—well-trained.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

has become a sturdy factor in many an enterprise that requires creation and up-building.

"There's a Reason"

Most every grocer sells Grape-Nuts—a food for muscle, brain and nerve.

15c the package—ready baked—ready to eat—crisp and appetizing—everywhere.



Your Baby May Get Consumption From Cow's Milk!

The British Royal Commission spent ten years studying this thing, and has warned the world that babies can get consumption from the milk of a tubercular cow.

In one state alone, where the laws are strict, there is such a cow for nearly every baby in the state.

Perhaps you can tell whether your baby's milk comes from a Clean Dairy. You simply cannot tell whether the cow that gave it was free from the germs of consumption.

There is a safe way. If you cannot nurse your baby, give him the best and safest substitute—the one that does not need the addition of cow's milk—

Nestlé's Food

Pure cow's milk is its basis, but cow's milk so changed that it is as safe as mother's milk itself.

From cows that have passed every rigid test for health, the milk is taken fresh and unhandled.

All that part of cow's milk that is meant for the calf's four stomachs is modified. All the special baby needs are added.

And there you have "NESTLÉ'S" in the airtight box—"NESTLÉ'S" that has brought joy to mothers in every land, for forty-five years. You add water, boil and give your baby a Food so light, so clean, so pure that the little one must grow fat and strong

Send the Coupon for the box of twelve feedings and the Specialist's Book on the Care of Babies—both free. Send the Coupon. It will bring health to your baby, and ease of mind to you.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY,
231 Broadway, New York.

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name

Address.....

Serving-Trays You Can Duplicate

By BELLE BROLASKI

THOUGH we may frankly covet such a treasure, we are not all so fortunate as to possess an heirloom handed down from a grandmother in the way of a tea- or serving-tray, either an old mahogany tea-board, or an elaborate salver of silver or Sheffield plate; but we can make trays that, perhaps, will be more nearly related to our own homes, and that will have as undeniable a charm and beauty.

By calling in the services of a picture-framer, if your garret will not yield a discarded frame of suitable dimensions, you can secure for yourself a tray or two which will vie with anything grandmother possessed, both in decorative quality and simple utility. A piece of embroidery, drawn work, or hand-made lace may be appropriately used for such a tray; or a creamy canvas on which you have worked, in silk or cotton floss, a basket of flowers in cross-stitch in natural colors.

The decorative value of peacock feathers has completely overruled the old superstition about the bad luck supposed to follow in their train, and they are now utilized for many things other than the humble purpose they once served so generally—that of fly-brush for the family table. Their long quills, delicate, lacy flues, brilliant coloring, and exquisite iridescence give them great charm, and they lend themselves exceptionally well to mounting, so may be framed with most pleasing results for a serving- or tea-tray. Choose a bronze-gold mat-board from the

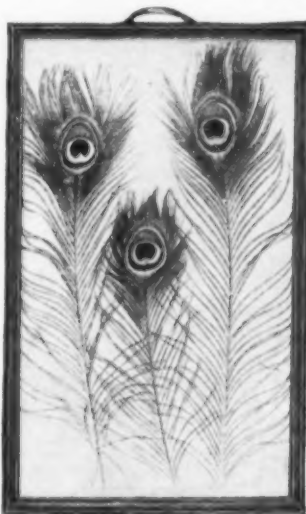
framers, or a plain old-gold taffeta, for a mount; either of these will give a good background. Attach the feathers with a bit of glue under the eyes, and along the stems, leaving the flues quite free, so that they fall into graceful position. Three feathers are enough for a tray 12x19 inches, and they can usually be purchased for as little as twenty-five cents apiece. A bronze frame is very effective, as it carries out the tones in mat and feathers, but mahogany or walnut is also suitable. Handles may be selected to match, which can be purchased for five or ten cents each.

The old art of the lace-maker may be displayed and preserved to advantage by framing under

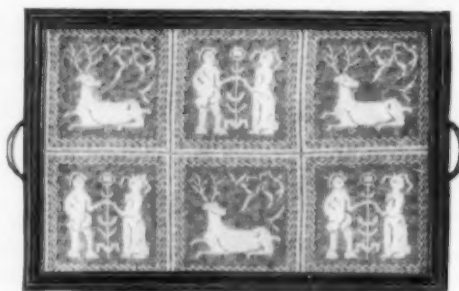
glass for an attractive tray. Filet is especially suitable, its pictorial designs being most effective. It can be framed between two pieces of glass or may have a background. Machine-made filet lace may be had at eighty-five cents a yard, and

a third of a yard is enough for a tray. The frame may be mahogany or white enamel, with gilt or silver handles.

A tray that will appeal to those who have any fondness for things Japanese is made by framing a Japanese stencil. This is cut in mulberry paper because of its toughness, but you will like it on account of its soft, rich brown hue. Very pretty ones may be had for as little as twenty-five cents each. The designs are brought out by placing a sheet of white paper beneath them. A mahogany or dull walnut frame is most suitable for such a tray.



PEACOCK FEATHERS ON A
GOLD BACKGROUND



THE LACE IN THIS TRAY COST JUST
TWENTY-NINE CENTS



A NUT-BROWN JAPANESE
STENCIL

THE RAMBLER ROSE

Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 10

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

WITH the renewed life and inspiration of the bright autumn days, and with Christmas beginning faintly to suggest itself, our interest in our embroidery lessons should wax correspondingly keen and enthusiastic.

For our embroidery lesson this month, let us learn to make the attractive little rambler roses which are so effective on dainty things for the baby, diaphanous blouses for the grown-ups, or as a decoration on pillows, pincushions, runners, or other household articles.



DETAIL OF RAMBLER ROSE

A very useful article to be placed at the head of your Christmas list is a fancy apron embroidered in a rambler-rose design. It is convenient for chafing-dish parties, afternoon teas, or when the girls drop in for an afternoon with their embroidery.

Choose a sheer lawn or batiste or fine handkerchief linen for your material, and plan to embroider it in pretty pastel shades. You can use material already stamped with the design for embroidering or you can buy a perforated pattern yourself (which includes scalloped edge, giving shape of apron), and use it on any material you may happen to have in the house. The apron takes less than three-quarters of a yard of material. It is very easy to use a perforated pattern. It is pinned to the material to prevent slipping, with the smooth side of the perforations up; and the pouncet or pad, which has been slightly moistened with benzine or kerosene, is then rubbed on the cake of stamping material and passed firmly and evenly over the perforated lines of the design. It will be left clearly outlined on your material.

FOR such an apron as we have in mind, Perforated Pattern 10420 will prove effective, and can be very quickly worked. (See illustration on page 49.) Along the bottom of the apron, graceful sprays of rambler roses, daisies, and clover blossoms branch off from a central cluster of the flowers.

To start the embroidery on the apron, first work the stems in the outline stitch in green and the tendrils in just a single stitch each, giving the idea of broken feather-stitching.

There are two or three ways to work the rambler rose. Let me tell you about the most serviceable. First pad the rose carefully with darning stitches, starting from the center of the rose. Use close darning stitches in doing this work. The beauty of the embroidery very often depends on the evenness of the padding.

After your padding is completed, start working the rose by taking three little stitches close together to form a dot in the center of the flower. These stitches may either be satin stitches or buttonhole stitches. The advantage of the buttonhole stitches is that they raise the center of the rose higher than the satin stitches.

After so much of the rose is done, the rest is simple outlining. Work in rather coarse outline stitch—about one-quarter-inch stitches—around and around the center dot, until the rose design is completely covered. This style of rose washes beautifully, and never gets out of shape with handling. Some people work the rose in this way without the padding, but it makes a flat, uninteresting flower.

AFTER the rambler roses are completed, work, next, the daisies. Use pale blue for this, and fill the centers with yellow French knots. The daisies are very simply made, one long stitch forming each petal.

The clover blossoms are done in French knots in lavender; and the whole



10420.—DETAIL OF CENTRAL CLUSTER ON APRON

apron, except the buttonholed scallop, which is in white, can be embroidered in an hour's time.

The apron comes stamped with the scallop; but if you prefer a lace edging, cut off the scallop, neatly whip on lace insertion and a lace edge, and run ribbon through the insertion, ending in a little rosette at each side. The apron strings may be of the material or of ribbon.

For use in planning not only simple Christmas gifts but practical and dainty things for your own delectation, you will find this pattern most convenient and attractive. It is especially dainty for any of the accessories of a girl's bedroom.

Editor's Note.—Any questions in regard to embroidering the apron in rambler-rose design shown on page 49, or any other of the articles illustrated on that page, will be gladly answered by Miss Sterling. A stamped, addressed envelope should accompany each inquiry.



Unblinded—

One discovers that coffee drinking is often the cause of needless ills and aches.

It has been the experience of thousands, that headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, heart disturbance, biliousness and numerous other symptoms of disease vanish when one quits coffee with its drug, *caffeine*, and uses a pure food-drink such as

POSTUM

The change is easy and pleasant—nothing missed except the symptoms of *caffeine* poisoning. The change from ill health to comfort is the simple result of replacing the drug-bearing drink, coffee, with the wholesome, nourishing, health beverage, *Postum*.

Then Nature can start her marvelous rebuilding, and with returning health there comes a sense of vigor and comfort that is unmistakable.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular *Postum*—must be well boiled to bring out its flavour and food-value. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant *Postum*—a soluble powder—is made in the cup *instantly* with hot water. 30c and 50c tins.

Grocers everywhere sell both kinds, and the cost per cup is about the same.

**“There's a Reason”
for
POSTUM**



HERE'S something interesting about KABO

"THE LIVE MODEL CORSET"

The new styles in back lace and front lace corsets demand more skill in making, more care in style, better materials, better everything than was formerly demanded.

Kabo corsets have always been leaders in such things, and when we solved the new problems by our system of using live models for building to the natural lines of the body, women at once saw the advantages.

We make corsets (Le Révo) to sell as high as \$25; we make children's hose supporters, men's garters; we make Kabo Brassieres in a variety of attractive styles and materials to fit all figures; and into all of them we put one idea, "give the best value and get the best reputation."

Be sure to get the new Fashion Book C. Ask your dealer or send to us direct. It's free.

Kabo Corset Co.

Chicago

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MONEY FROM MAGAZINES

By AN UNTRAINED WOMAN

Department of Home Money-Making Methods

WHEN I began to feel the need of earning pin money, the first thing I did was to take an inventory of my capabilities. I am, I believe, an average woman with average ability. I can cook, and sew, and do all manner of hand-work, but none of these seemed to offer possibilities in our town. My strongest point, however, is the social instinct. I like meeting people, and am a ready talker. This, I thought, ought to stand me in good stead for salesmanship, but I could not accept a position that would take me from the home. While still pondering the question, an advertisement in a magazine caught my eye, and impressed me so favorably that I wrote at once not only to one, but to several magazines, feeling that I had found a solution to my problem—I would inaugurate a home magazine agency.

Soon, letters from the publishers began to come, and I studied them carefully. I found that for each magazine subscription I secured, I would receive a cash commission of from fifteen cents up, depending upon the subscription price of the magazine; and that if I could obtain ten or more subscriptions in a month for any one magazine, my commission on each such subscription would be increased. I had pondered whether I should divide my efforts among a number of magazines, but this feature of increased commissions showed me that the best results and most money would be secured by concentrating my efforts on one magazine, for ten subscriptions for one magazine brought me extra payment, while ten subscriptions divided among several magazines did not.

Further, if I should happen to be lucky enough or industrious enough to be among those agents who sent in the largest lists of subscriptions for any one month, I found I would receive an additional payment in the form of an attractive cash prize.

You may be sure I studied the magazines carefully, deciding on which one I would concentrate my efforts. I weighed the advantages of each; and, on such careful examination as I gave them, they all seemed so attractive that I wondered

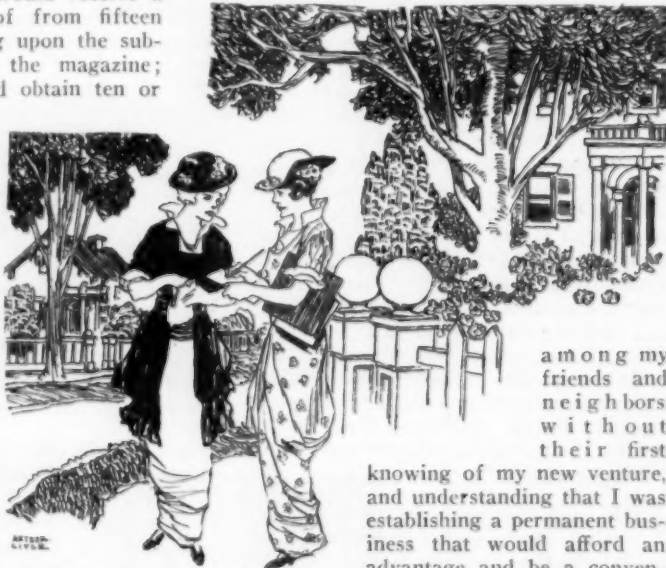
how anybody could say "no" to a subscription offer. Needless to say, I found later that "no" is one of the easiest words in the English language.

I finally decided to make my campaign with a fifty-cent magazine, reasoning that it was easier to get a fifty-cent promise than a dollar-and-a-half one, and that the price was so small I should be able easily to get the monthly number of subscriptions which would raise my commission.

HOWEVER, I was wise enough to make an agent's arrangement with all the popular magazines, for I wanted to be ready to meet every taste and need.

I found that, as agent, I would be furnished with subscription blanks, sample magazines, and credentials; and that as I secured a subscription I was to deduct the agreed commission and remit balance, with subscription order, to the publisher.

I felt somewhat diffident about starting out on an active subscription canvass



among my friends and neighbors without their first

knowing of my new venture, and understanding that I was establishing a permanent business that would afford an advantage and be a convenience to them. So I wrote out the following notice, a

number of which my son typed for me, and mailed it to fifty persons in our town:

Dear Mrs. Blank:

I have just established a home magazine agency. May I not look after your renewals or take new subscriptions for any of the magazines? I shall be able to duplicate the club offer made by any responsible agency or publisher, and shall greatly appreciate your patronage.

Some time within the week I shall call and show you sample copies of the various magazines; but in the meantime if you wish to call me by telephone after 5:30 P. M., any day, I shall be glad to give you a rate on any combination.

Sincerely yours,

I was really surprised when some of the people addressed called me up by

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MONEY FROM MAGAZINES

[Continued from page 52]

phone, and, after talking over subscription rates, subscribed for some "Christmas combinations". Just at first, I found myself a little uncertain as to prices, but after the first 'phone call, which found me unprepared to answer without consulting my note-book, I was careful to memorize the prices of various combinations. And I never lost an opportunity to call special attention to the one magazine which I had decided to feature. This resulted in an extra number of subscriptions that swelled my list for a prize.

As soon as my announcements had been mailed, I screwed up my courage to the sticking point and followed in their trail. The addresses in remote parts of the city I visited on the fine days, saving the near-by ones for bad weather.

I had studied my fifty-cent magazine until I knew every feature thoroughly. For a woman with a growing family of young daughters, and who had the responsibility of most of the family sewing, I made a special point of the fashion section, its excellent illustrations, clear descriptions, good designs. For the progressive housekeeper, I called attention to the numerous helpful household articles and departments; and, for all, I dilated on the bright, clean fiction offered, the interesting discussions on widely debated subjects, the personality articles, and educational features of the magazine.

ONE feature which proved a potent argument with most women was the value of the department aid offered—the privilege a subscriber had of writing to the magazine for information on any subject; from finding out where to purchase some novelty she had been unable to find in the shops at home, to securing advice as to the smartest dress materials for the season, how to take out spots from her Sunday-go-to-meeting gown, or what to feed the baby.

My venture into business has proven a success. The first month my earnings amounted to \$35, which was made up of commissions, \$21.60, bonus \$12.50, and cash prize \$2.50. I felt aglow with my success, and perhaps, too, with my walks in the open air and relief from worry; for I had found the thing I could do well and enjoy, that would enable me to earn

the money I needed, and yet leave ample time for home duties and recreation.

Another month's work represented \$40.70 in commissions, and I secured, besides, a cash prize of \$5. This seemed to me phenomenal success. My only expense was for stationery and postage, the first notices costing only \$1.25.

I average three afternoons a week, from two until five o'clock, and occasionally an hour in the morning, making calls, and often secure subscriptions while attending meetings of various kinds, such as a teacher's convention, the ladies' aid societies, or the women's clubs, or even when meeting an acquaintance on the street and stopping for a little chat.

The woman who is not well acquainted may ask her pastor or physician for names, and thus go to homes with a sort of introduction, if she prefers not to canvass from house to house without discrimination or acquaintance. With perseverance, one can earn not only pin money but a fair living by obtaining subscriptions for the magazines.

It requires tact and judgment to read aright so many different people, and to recognize just what particular features of the publication will appeal to each one, but I have succeeded. I am careful not to talk too much or be urgent with some people, but merely to explain the principal features of the magazine in as few words

as possible; in other instances, I go into detail as to the merits of a magazine.

I am particular as to my personal appearance, so that I always look well dressed even in a



A TYPEWRITTEN ANNOUNCEMENT BRINGS RETURNS

plain, simple gown; and this, I am sure, aids me in approaching people to whom I am not known, who, perhaps, otherwise might be less inclined to receive me. I have been treated with courtesy with one exception, so find the work pleasant. It offers possibilities to the shut-in, as it may be conducted successfully by correspondence or telephone.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.



"I did not accept this suit until they proved it was lined with Skinner's Satin by showing me the name in the selvage."

If all women would take this precaution, they would have less trouble with the linings of their suits, cloaks and furs. Many a woman thinks she has

Skinner's Satin

until it begins to go to pieces and then she finds her mistake.

Don't be satisfied merely with being told a garment is lined with Skinner's Satin. Ask the store to show you the *name woven in the selvage*—it will take but an instant to turn back a few inches at the seam, and the sales clerk will gladly do this for you.

Skinner's Satin is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not, send the garment to any of our stores and we will relino it free of expense.

Write for Samples to Dept. K

Wm. Skinner & Sons

Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.



"Look for the Name in the Selvage"



About Wrinkles

If the skin be kept soft and smooth, wrinkles may be staved off almost indefinitely. But the question is—How is it possible to achieve this?

*The Natural Way of
Preventing Wrinkles
is to use*

Pears' Soap

The soap that was invented 125 years ago for this special purpose, and has never been equalled for its exquisite emollient and skin-vivifying properties.

Its action is at once protective and preservative, maintaining the skin in a healthy condition and retaining its youthful freshness.

**Matchless for the
Complexion**

*The Great English
Complexion Soap*

A LEAVE-TAKING PARTY

By ELEANOR OTIS

IN September comes glorious Indian summer, when all outdoors is wonderful, and the city heart goes straying to the old home in the country. Even though you may not go straying after, you can bring a touch of rural beauty within your own doors. Of course, you have some friend who is going off to school, and before the farewells you want to honor her with a jolly gathering. Let us make it suggestive of the green woods.

A leaf makes a pretty invitation, and a trip to the woods will furnish the real ones. Paste them on pasteboard, and cut around edges; on the back of each leaf paste a tiny envelope containing this note:

Dear Mary:

As you know, Eloise Baker is leaving for school—her first year away from home—and I am asking a few friends for a "leaf-taking party." Please come Friday evening at eight o'clock, and bring a letter for Eloise to open September tenth; just a jolly letter to cheer her those first few weeks away from home.

Cordially yours,

Of course, when making out your list you will be careful to arrange your dates so that there will be a letter for Eloise to open every day for a fortnight or more after she reaches school. You can imagine what a joy these friendly letters will be to one away at school, and separated from home and friends for the first time.

The woods may be raided for decorations, also. Make the living-room a mass of wild flowers and leaves. By the door, have a rural mail-box of green pasteboard, and let each guest drop in her letter as she arrives. In a corner of the room, an old-fashioned well can be made by surrounding a small barrel with moss-covered bricks and setting up a miniature well-sweep which any clever boy can construct. A young girl arrayed in gingham dress and sunbonnet should ladle out lemonade from "the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well." If you can procure a gourd for her to use, the lemonade will taste more delicious, I assure you.

At first, things are apt to move slowly; so have a lively game to start the ball

rolling. Have leaves scattered over floor, tables, and chairs, and many candy acorns hidden among them. Upon the mantle or against the wall arrange a huge branch in full foliage, on which have been hung little baskets made by pinning leaves together with twigs, each suspending cord bearing the name of a guest.

A TRAY should be brought in bearing a pile of table knives, each with a name-card tied to its handle. This should be placed on a little table, and the guests directed to pick out their knives as quickly as possible, and make a search for the hidden acorns. The task set for them, as the hostess should explain, is to carry the acorns, one by one, as found, on their

knife-blades from one end of the room to the other, and place them in the little baskets, being sure that each person's acorn goes into her own basket. If an acorn is dropped on the way, back it must go to the starting-point, and begin its journey again. The quick and lucky person whose basket first holds ten should receive an appropriate prize, such as a book-rack with a burnt-wood design of leaves and acorns. A second prize for skill, and a consolation prize might also be provided.

The game of Needle in the Haystack may now be played. The guests should

be divided into two sides, taking places facing each other at a long table, on each side of which should be placed a row of small stacks of

excelsior or real hay, one for each guest. A few wild flowers scattered over them make them prettier. Now, one side should take a large needle threaded with a long red thread, and with its point thrust into a bit of wax, so that no one will be hurt by it. One man on the other side must close his eyes and count ten, and while he does this, his opponents hide the needle in one of their haystacks. The opposing player then opens his eyes and tries to guess where the needle is. If he succeeds, he takes it and

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AN ACORN! AN ACORN! MY KINGDOM FOR AN ACORN!

A LEAVE-TAKING PARTY

[Continued from page 54]

the haystack, and his side scores five. His side may then hide the needle. If he fails to guess correctly, the other side gets the needle and hides it again, gaining the five points for its score. One hundred points is the game, but if one side secures all the haystacks belonging to the other side, it must be credited with twenty-five points, and then return the haystacks.

A return to long-forgotten primer days is made in the game of Human Anagrams. For this, divide your guests in two companies and give each company ten leaves, cut from paper for tallies. The guests should sit in two lines, facing each other, and the leader on one side calls for a sentence of any number of words up to six. Those on the other side must

arrange themselves in order, so that the first letters of their surnames will serve as first letters for the words of the sentence. For example, if the leader calls for a sentence of four letters,

Harry

Thomas, John Chadwick, Susan Wentworth, and Sallie Baker will seat themselves in the order mentioned, representing the sentence, "The Cat Went Back." When there are six words and the time is limited to three minutes, there has to be some quick thinking and rearranging of seats. Every time a side fails to arrange its sentence in the given time, it must forfeit a leaf to the other side, and at the end of fifteen minutes the side that has the greatest number of tallies is counted the winner. Every sentence that "makes sense" is accepted.

ROUND off the evening with this interesting botanical contest: Match partners by passing the girls a tray of flowers, preferably wild ones, of as many kinds as there are girls, and the boys a tray of leaves, one from each of the flower stalks given to the girls. The boys will find their partners by matching the leaves to the flowers to which they belong. For instance, the young man who gets the violet leaf must seek her with this modest little blossom. Of course, at least one leaf must be left on all the flower stalks, otherwise it might prove

too difficult a task in botany for every one to match leaf to flower. When all are matched, give each couple a booklet of leaf-shaped strips of paper tied with red and green. Inside must be written the following sentences, with blanks to fill:

MY BOTANICAL HERO
He is straight as a —
He is tall as a —
He is strong as —
He is tough as —

MY BOTANICAL HEROINE
She is modest as a —
She is fair as a —
She is sweet as a —
She is pink as a —

These will afford great fun for all the guests, for in the blank spaces must be drawn pictures of the trees and

flowers represented by the omitted words; the girls taking the hero, and the boys the heroine. At the end of fifteen minutes, the papers are collected. When the sheets are examined, the two who have made the



A BOX OF ANTIDOTES FOR LONELINESS

cleverest pictures and answered all correctly should receive rewards: Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolboy* for the man, and a leaf hat-pin for the girl.

Refreshments at this informal fête should be on the order of the old-fashioned school lunch; dill pickles and ham sandwiches may be handed around; doughnuts and apples brought in, and the maiden at the well must keep the glasses replenished with her cooling drink. At leave-taking time, the rural mail box, with its contents, must be presented to the guest of honor, and she will leave for school with the comforting consciousness that she carries with her several dozen antidotes for loneliness during her first few weeks of absence.

Editor's Note.—Words to fill blanks in "My Botanical Hero" will be sent upon request. All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of party, luncheon, or dinner, or other form of entertainment you could possibly want. She will gladly offer suggestions by mail if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Your ten fingers and PACKER'S TAR SOAP

make about
the best
combination
in the care
of the hair.



They clean and loosen your scalp. They quicken its circulation.

They bring "Packer's" cleansing and invigorating lather to the hair roots.

Try a shampoo with "Packer's!" The refreshing and tonic effect that follows at once will delight you. And you will find Packer's Tar Soap is of the greatest aid in improving scalp conditions and the health, lustre and beauty of the hair.

Packer's CAKE or LIQUID Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pine)

To help you get the full benefit from Packer's Tar Soap, we have printed an indexed manual on the proper care of the hair and scalp. Sent postpaid on request.

Send 10c for sample of Packer's Tar Soap. State whether you wish cake or liquid.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
Suite 86-D, 81 Fulton St., New York

Your Faded Summer Clothes Can Be Made Like New



Light Blue Organdie
Re-dyed Blue

Your light colored summer gowns or suits fade easily. Renew them at practically no cost, and with little effort. **DIAMOND DYES** will give them permanent, fresh, new colors.

Miss Constance Pickens, of Brooklyn, New York, writes:

*"I have an organdie party dress which was very light blue. I dyed it a slightly darker blue with **DIAMOND DYES**. It is now prettier than originally. I was about to discard it when I read one of your advertisements, and thought I would try **DIAMOND DYES**. To make old clothes new, is so easy, that I regret that I have not used **DIAMOND DYES** before."*

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water

Miss May Greeley, of Portland, Maine, writes in part:

*"My last summer's suit was old rose. It faded quite badly and looked so unattractive that I refused to wear it. My sister told me to dye it, but I thought I couldn't accomplish it successfully. But sister bought the **DIAMOND DYES** for me, and I dyed it myself. It was very easy, and the suit looks splendid, now that it is dyed black. I trimmed it with taffeta ruffles and made it up to date. **DIAMOND DYES** are going to be my 'fashion helpers' from now on."*



Old Rose
Dyed Black

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two kinds of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are Animal Fibre Fabrics. Cotton and Linen are Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely, Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to cover Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c Per Package
Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.
AND 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, CANADA

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

A Department That Believes in Fairies

Conducted by JOSEPHINE GREGORY

HERE is a dream from a maid who wants to get more out of life. As it happens, she is teaching school; but her letter is very like others which come to me from girls in other occupations. Her work does not satisfy her. She loves the children, she tells me, and likes her work, but she wants to do something different—to play or sing. Singing and playing are really out of the question, however, since she is not very musical, and has neither time nor money for long training. She has not thought of anything definite, but just hopes there is something different that she can do, and so writes to the department that believes in fairies, with an apology for such a vague dream.

It is vague, I admit; but we can all sympathize with this young teacher, for her dream has its root in a longing that is hidden in many a breast. What Lois really wants is some means of self-expression, so that she need not be mute when she longs to be bright and entertaining. A good wish, and a natural

ever before that there is more in this naive art than was dreamed of in my philosophy. I heard a young woman tell a story of two Chinese children and the genii, a stupid little story that would have wearied me to read; but from first to last she re-created it, forced back the dull details, brought out by magical power the fine moments in the tale, and made it of the most absorbing interest from beginning to end.

YOU and Lois may do the same. If you can take the short one-year course in story-telling offered by the universities, why, all the better; if not, do not be discouraged, for you can teach yourself the art at home. The learning of it, I am told by an adept, is full of interest.

First, commit to memory a short story, one of your favorites; then gather in a small audience of children. Begin with two or three children, and see if you can hold their attention throughout the story. That is the first great aim in story-telling—to hold interest; and you will be surprised to find that it is not so much in the story as the manner of telling it that interest lies.

I know a young woman who tells stories in a



LOIS' DREAM CARRIES HER BEYOND THE
LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE

one, and I know it can be attained. Lois may easily study the oldest of all arts, that of story-telling, which is just now having a tremendous revival. Ages ago Homer sang stories to the Greeks, and Virgil indited his deathless "Arms and the man". Later, trouvère and troubadour entertained lord and lady with tales of love and adventure, and to-day simple story-telling is again popular. Well done, it never fails to please, so why does not Lois cultivate this graceful accomplishment?

OF COURSE, there are born story-tellers just as there are born musicians, but for most of us it is an accomplishment gained only by practise and study. Recently, I attended the story-telling class at one of our large universities, and I realized more strongly than

city library to three hundred children at a time—three hundred, mind you!—and interest never flags. A trained storyteller told a simple, almost childish tale to a thousand old men in one of the city institutions the other day. It was an untrained audience, one that had grown restless and heedless before many brilliant speakers; yet these men listened as one man to this simple story, laughed where she wished them to laugh, were grave when she wanted them to be. It was all in the art of the story-teller.

As you gain experience, enlarge your audiences, have a story-hour once a

[Concluded on page 58]

Philipsborn's Low Prices Give American Women Smart Clothes at a Big Saving!

Get your share of these big
savings—send a postal for

NEW STYLE BOOK

Just Out and Free, Postpaid

Fashions for Fall are delightfully new and lovelier than ever. You will see them all, mirrored in the 226 fascinating pages of PHILIPSBORN'S Style and Shopping Guide for Fall and Winter—yours FREE, POSTPAID, for a postal!

Save Money on Your New Fall Outfit

The New PHILIPSBORN Style Book offers everything in Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel—Smart, Exclusive Styles, at Exceptionally Low Prices.

Ladies' Coats 3.75 to 29.98

Suits 4.98 to 29.98

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Equal Values in Boys' Clothing, Ladies' Shoes, Girls' and Children's Dresses, Maternity and Sanitary Articles, Corsets, Muslins, Aprons, Gloves, Hair Goods, Scarfs, Veils, Dolls, etc., etc.



X. B. 163—SILK CREPE DE CHINE
WAIST: \$4 VALUE FOR \$1.98. With Gladstone collar and turned back cuffs of white Swiss voile. Black moire neck ribbon run through gilt slide buckle. Kimono sleeves. COLORS: Black, white, navy, peach. SIZES: Bust 32-44. PRICE PREPAID \$1.98.



C. X. 8205—FRENCH MODEL VELVET HAT
FOR \$2.98. HANDSOME BLACK VELVET HAT with BEAUTIFUL WHITE OSTRICH TRIMMING with Tip End. Stunning Royal Blue rosette bow, clusters of forget-me-nots, cornucopia and foliage in natural shades arranged on Ostrich band. PRICE PREPAID \$2.98.

Don't
Delay—
Send
Your
Request
This
Very
Minute



Another Sensation! —NEW BARGAIN ANNEX

This startling innovation affords wonderful money-saving opportunities. Here every penny does wonders! Here, for instance, are a few specials: A Pure Linen Waist for 97c—3 Girls' Dresses for 97c—A Cover-All Apron for 37c—A Ladies' Fur Set \$2.98—6 Monogram Linen Handkerchiefs for 37c—A Ladies' Street Dress \$1.98—A New Model Corset 69c—A Child's Coat for \$1.49—Stylish Velvet Shoes \$1.75—Corset Cover 19c—and about 75 other Bargains.

Philipsborn's Famous "Money-Back" Plan

All goods are sent on approval, all express or postage prepaid, if you are not delighted you can send them back at our expense, and we will refund your money.

Send a Postal—Save \$5.00 to \$10.00 or More

The low prices offered in this big, beautiful book will absolutely amaze you. It's FREE, POSTPAID, by return mail.

We Prepay all Express and Postage

\$15 Value for \$7.50
XA161. Russian Tunic
Yaketa Silk Dress.
Colors: Black, Navy or green. Sizes: Bust 32-44. Skirt length: 38-41. PRICE PREPAID \$7.50

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Cape Suit with
Russian Tunic. Col-
ors: Black, Navy or
Purple. All sizes to
44. Prepaid \$15.



The new treatment for tender skins

Many people with tender skins have been misled by the superstition that washing the face with soap and water is bad for the complexion.

Dr. Pusey in his book on the care of the skin says, "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a poor substitute for a clean, clear skin and is a constant invitation to various disorders."

The following treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap is just what a tender skin needs to keep it attractive and resistant.

See what a difference it will make in your skin

Just before retiring, dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's, and dip your cloth up and down in it till your cloth is "fluffy" with soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are opened and thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face lightly with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days and your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's brings to a tender, sensitive skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 15-F, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN CANADA, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 15-F, Perth, Ontario.



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Now Shipped On Full Fair
Free Trial in your own home.

Try it in your own home. Entertain your family and your friends. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. A few dollars a month now pays for a genuine Edison at **Rock-Bottom Prices** and without even interest on monthly payments. Send for free book. Put your name and address on a postal but send it at once.

Free Edison Catalog
F. K. Bok co. Edison Phonograph Dist., 2066 Edison Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

[Continued from page 56]

week, and allow all the children who wish to attend. You will have a motley crowd, and your skill in holding interest will develop proportionately. The secret of holding attention lies in forgetting yourself and your audience, and absorbing yourself in the story. As long as the story is holding your own interest, it will hold that of others.

Always guard against attracting the least attention to your own personality by unnecessary gestures and artificial inflections. As long as listeners are thinking about you, they are not thinking about the story. Slight gestures that simplify explanations, and inflections that intensify situations are desirable and will come naturally when you sink yourself into the story. Self-confidence will grow with experience, and once you know that you can hold an audience, they are yours. When you cease to be afraid or even conscious of your audience, you will learn to play upon their emotions. When reading a story for the first time, study its intention. Perhaps it is a tale of adventure, designed to thrill, in which case you must



MANY OF THE SCHOOLS EMPLOY PROFESSIONAL STORY-TELLERS

merely hold interest; perhaps a comical story, and then you and the story have failed unless you can make your audience laugh. If it is pathetic, you must make them sad, by the telling it; if gruesome, a shudder must run through the listeners.

THE prettiest stories for children, be they old or new, fairy-tales or animal stories, convey some beautiful lesson that points to added love for God, man, or nature. If you can see this hidden moral value in a tale and impress it on the minds of your young people, without once letting them suspect you of preaching, then you have made your story-telling a noble and inspiring, as well as pleasing, accomplishment.

Of kinds of stories to choose from, there is no limit. Folk-lore and nature stories, fairy-tales and modern realism offer beautiful examples, and you should choose those which make the strongest appeal to you. Without confining yourself to one class, it is well to specialize to some extent, so that you

may become an authority along certain lines. One girl I know has chosen Chinese stories. The Arthurian legends and the sagas of Iceland and Greenland provide thrills for boys; the negro folklore is distinctly American—every one loves *Br'er Rabbit*—and there are, also, our legends of the Indians.

STUDY the costumes and viewpoint of the race whose stories you are telling, for not until you know them can you do justice to the tales.

Any one who thinks will see the esthetic value of training oneself in story-telling. It is an accomplishment which enables one to entertain delightfully, and gives conversational ability and social charm. But it also has a practical value and offers opportunities as yet but half-realized. The field is broad and inviting.

Many of the schools employ professional story-tellers, teachers of history and language having found it of incalculable value in their work. If your school does

not employ a story-teller, write to the school board and explain why they should do so. Kindergartens are beginning to

emphasize story-telling, women's clubs offer a good field, and among settlement workers the story-teller is finding her place. Many of the play-ground associations employ story-tellers, and the normal schools are introducing story-telling.

As for salary, one girl that I know of—and she had trained herself by the methods suggested above—began work in the public schools at sixty-five dollars a month, and has since had a comfortable increase. Story-telling is a dream-ship that any earnest girl can bring to port, and she will find it helps her in all social activities and opens opportunities for earning money in a most delightful way.

Editor's Note.—Josephine Gregory believes that every wholesome desire for self-expression should be helped into perfect realization, and if you are one of the dreamers waiting for a shadowy ship to come in, you will find her the friendliest and most understanding of pilots. She will answer by mail every letter which incloses a stamped envelope for the reply.

What this book contains

FOR WOMEN, MISSES AND GIRLS—175 pages of dresses, waists, coats, suits, sweaters, furs, corsets, neckwear, hats, feathers, veils, scarfs, shawls, gloves, handbags, hosiery, underwear, jewelry, shoes, hair goods and handkerchiefs.

FOR CHILDREN—40 pages of dresses, suits, blouses, waists, shoes, underclothes, hats, fur sets, stockings, play suits and leggings.

FOR THE BABY—10 pages of layettes, clothing, shoes, carriage robes, blankets and caps.

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The Varenka The Charles William Stores Dress Special. The Russian No. 24A 1601 tunic, recently introduced in Paris, was immediately adopted throughout Europe and soon became the style most decidedly in evidence here. We have selected the best example for our opening announcement. For it, the leading material for Fall was selected—a lovely Wool Crepe. The trimming is a striking Roman-Striped Corded Silk—the dominant note in all modish gowns today. Fashionable set-in kimono sleeves; smartly designed cuffs; vest of rich effective lace over net. Navy blue or golden brown; sizes 34 to 44 bust. Also misses (small women), 14, 16, 18 years. State size and color. \$5 dress, Prepaid, \$3.98

The Waldorf This fine white voile waist is lavishly trimmed, both front No. 24A 1300 and back, with richly embroidered bands, alternated with creamy Shadow Lace. The collar is of Organdy—one of the most sought-after of all materials. The three-quarter sleeves are finished with a becoming frill of the Shadow Lace. White only. Sizes 32 to 46 bust. Give bust measure. \$2 waist, Prepaid, \$1.00

The Broadway Made of a charming Brocaded No. 24A 1301 washable Cotton Crepe with trimmings of Pique. The Pique collar is in great demand abroad. Notice the collar; the use of French veining at seams; Pique buttons; deep pointed cuffs. White only. Sizes 32 to 46 inches. Give bust measurement. \$2 waist, Prepaid, \$1.00

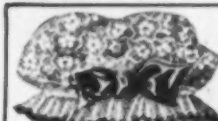
The Manhattan This waist shows an unusually desirable combination No. 24A 1302 of the latest style and the most fashionable material—Embroidered Organdy. The collar is the new semi-roll style. The front panel is joined to the waist by means of fine beading. Love-

ly crocheted buttons. The new deep cuff is of Lawn. Remarkably well made throughout and a marvelous value. In white only. Sizes 32 to 46 bust. \$2 waist, Prepaid, \$1.00

The Romany Belle On Fifth Avenue, where the best dressed women of New York are seen, the most costly costumes show Roman striped effects. This soft Seco Silk has a lovely deep blue background with stripes of red, green, yellow and black. Three-quarter kimono sleeves finished with band of Embroidered Organdy, which also makes the collar and vestee. Pearl ball buttons. Brown or blue ground with Roman stripes. Sizes 32 to 46 bust. \$2 waist, Prepaid, \$1.00

The Barbara This charming wash dress at an astonishing low figure. Of extra fine Galatea. The collar and yoke are trimmed with red and white embroidery. The buttons and piping are red also. Notice the poplin, the latest New York style. A practical point is the full-length back closing. Tan or blue, with same jaunty red trimming. Sizes 6 to 14 years. State color as well as age. \$1.50 dress, Prepaid, \$1.00

The Tom Sawyer An excellent model of No. 4A 599 fine twill, all wool, fast color Blue Serge, or a twill Cheviot in a Gray or Tan Mixture. The coat is the Norfolk model with yoke and box pleats and full number of pockets. The fact that each suit has two pairs of trousers really doubles the wear. Sizes 6 to 16 years. No. 4A 599, Blue Serge (trousers lined), No. 4A 591, Tan Twill Cheviot, (trousers unlined), No. 4A 590, Gray, \$5 suit, \$3.98 Prepaid.



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A FAIR WHITE THROAT

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

WITH the vogue for the uncovered throat, which still reigns after its long period of popularity, it is not possible to confine our beauty ministrations to face and hands. If we are not "all face", like the Indian, the area of skin which must be treated as if it were face has appreciably increased.

There is a perverseness about throats. We can excuse them for the yellow marks they show which have been inflicted by high collars in the past; but when we have treated them kindly, neither bound nor constricted them, there seems to be no reason why they should not naturally be as white and fair as the face itself. The fact remains that, after twenty-five, they exhibit a decided tendency toward yellowing, either as a whole or in patches. Yet it is not difficult, nor does it take more time than ordinary personal daintiness demands of us, to keep the throat soft, smooth, and white, if it is already so, or after we have once succeeded in putting it in perfect condition.

Since most of us, on inspection, will be sure to disclose imperfections of color or texture of throat, it is to the imperfect ones we will give our first attention.

As a preliminary to any whitening treatment for the throat, which, of course, should be applied at night, the throat must first be scrubbed thoroughly with a complexion brush and hot, soapy water. Lift the chin when scrubbing the front of the throat, and be sure to use the brush on shoulders, front and back, as well. Do not include the bust in this cleansing process. It demands gentler methods.

After the throat has been thoroughly rinsed, dry and apply simple bleach prepared after the following formula:

EGYPTIAN NECK BLEACH

Strained honey.....1 ounce
Lemon-juice.....1 teaspoonful
Oil of bitter almonds.....6 drops
Whites of 2 eggs and enough fine oatmeal to make a paste.

Oil of bitter almonds is a poison, and must not be swallowed or left within reach

of children. After mixing, this should be spread thickly on a strip of cotton cloth three inches wide, and tied about the throat, sticky side next the skin.

In the morning, remove the pack and wash thoroughly, rinsing first in warm water, then in tepid water to which the juice of two lemons has been added. One such treatment twice a week for two or

three weeks will put your throat in perfect condition, and it is then a mere matter of keeping a watchful eye—and watchful fingers—upon it.

Probably you give your face an informal massage—just a rubbing with cold cream—at night. In the future, include your throat in such ministrations.

Pay particular attention to the throat just below the chin to prevent folds or creases from appearing. Put cold cream in the palms of your hands and rub together until thoroughly anointed. Then, slipping them beneath the chin, fingers resting on ears, massage beneath the jaw back toward the ears. This, of course, pushes the flesh back from the curve of chin.

If you have little "salt-cellars" at the base of your throat, almost fill these with cold cream, and massage them until all the cold cream is absorbed.

If you are inclined to a pillow of flesh just below the nape of the neck, exercise will help you to dispose of this and give a better line to your shoulders. Of course, massage is an equally effective agent; but this particular spot on your anatomy you cannot easily massage yourself, so exercise must be your way of salvation. You do not need to set aside any special time for this, nor make an elaborate ceremony of it. You can practise it when you rise in the morning, or in any odd moments during the day, while sitting still or standing.

Drop head backwards as far as it will go; then, without consciously lifting it, bring it around in a circle till it hangs over the chest, continuing till it is again in the middle of the back. Keep this up for three or four minutes, stopping to rest if you begin to feel in the least dizzy.

[Concluded on page 61]



APPLYING
AN ASTRINGENT



A BLACK VELVET BAND FOR
A GIRLISH THROAT



EXERCISE FOR FLESH
AT NAPE OF NECK

A FAIR WHITE THROAT

[Continued from page 60]

If your flesh is inclined to be a little flabby, spray it with an astringent lotion.

ASTRINGENT LOTION

Rosewater	3 ounces
Almond milk (thick)	24 grams
Alum	30 grains

Keep a cut lemon on your toilet-table, and when you are dressing for the afternoon or evening, examine your throat carefully and touch up any patches which seem a little less than white. Keep the lemon cut side down, and cut off a slice each time to expose a fresh surface. A small bottle of peroxide is also desirable to have at hand. It can be used instead of the lemon. Don't form the peroxide habit, however, and get to using it for an entire face bleach. It tends to coarsen the skin, so you would merely be jumping from one frying-pan into another.

YOU can accentuate the whiteness of throat by a narrow bit of black velvet ribbon, fastened with a jeweled clasp or pin. It is very effective, and adds a touch of girlishness. For the latter reason, it should not be used by any woman whose throat does not retain the lines of youth.

The nape of the neck, when the hair grows properly, should give the throat its prettiest line. Be careful to keep your hair brushed well up from the neck, whatever your style of hair dressing. If it is inclined to grow down, paste it up a night with a tiny brush dipped in mucilage or quince-seed lotion, being sure to wash this off carefully in the morning.

Where there is an extended growth of the hair on the neck, the woman who can afford it should resort to the electric needle, for a smooth, fair, hairless neck is well worth gaining. The French treatment for superfluous hair is almost as effective as the electric needle, but, of course, requires time and perseverance.

Watch the curve of your shoulders, and practise holding them low. Square shoulders are all right for the links or tennis court, but are not pretty in an evening gown. If you are interested enough to spend a few minutes a day in some shoulder exercises, let me know and I will outline a few for you.

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses the possibilities of attraction. Beauty often lies merely in clear eyes, well-cared-for skin, nicely manicured nails, soft and luxuriant hair, and an attractive figure. It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.

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are the best popular-priced corsets. If you have never worn W. B. Nuform Corsets, TRY THEM. You will obtain the utmost in a corset—Style—Grace—Comfort—Wear—and a superbly-fitting gown.

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A Roundelay of Stuffed Vegetables

By LITTA L. VOELCHERT

THE housekeeper is often confronted with the question of how to prepare vegetables in an appetizing and individual way. She would like to break away from the ordinary method and present the common garden vegetables in some new and tempting guise.



There is a way of preparing them which is too little understood by the American housewife, although her German sister appreciates it highly, and this is "stuffing", or filling, the vegetables. It allows for the display of much ingenuity on the part of the cook, and a great array of delectable dishes, among which are the following:

STUFFED POTATOES.—Select large potatoes and bake them; while still hot, cut off a small piece from the end of each potato. Scoop out the inside, and mix with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and grated bread. Chop some cold roast beef very fine, and mix with a beaten egg. Fill each potato to skin and tie on the slice that was cut off. Replace in oven, and heat again. The meat may be omitted, and the skins filled only with the mashed and seasoned potatoes, if desired.

STUFFED SWEET POTATOES.—Bake the potatoes; cut off one end of each, and scoop out the contents. Mash smooth, and season with butter, pepper, salt, and a little sugar. Fill into the skins, replace in oven and heat well. This is an excellent luncheon-dish.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select large, ripe tomatoes, and cut them in halves. Remove most of the pulp, and pass it through a sieve. Make a dressing of chopped mushrooms, grated stale wheat bread, creamed butter, salt, and pepper; or else finely chopped mutton, roast meat gravy, two eggs, grated bread, and fine herbs. Fill the halves with this mixture, and bake in butter for about fifteen minutes. Sprinkle with lemon-juice, and serve with toast as an entrée.

STUFFED WHITE CABBAGE.—Take a sound head of cabbage weighing about three pounds; cut lengthwise and cook for ten minutes. Drain, and remove half the leaves and fill the space between the remaining ones with forcemeat made of finely chopped toast, grated wheat bread, eggs, finely chopped onion, pepper, salt, and nutmeg. When the leaves have been filled, layer upon layer, tie them together in a napkin to resemble the original head. Bake the cabbage in a tight casserole with the slightly salted water in which it was originally boiled. Test with a fork; when done, take the cabbage out of the napkin, and put it carefully on a dish. Make a sauce of butter browned with flour and stirred in with some of the cabbage broth; season with extract of beef, mace, and lemon-peel, and stir into it the yolk of an egg. Pour this over the cab-

bage, and garnish with bits of parsley.

STUFFED SAVOY.—Select a two-pound head of cabbage; cut into halves, parboil in salted water, and drain. Prepare forcemeat of one pound of pork, an egg, one ounce of bread-crumbs, salt, and pepper. Form into little balls. Place two outer leaves on a clean cloth; some little ones on them, and on these put a forcemeat ball. Encircle with the leaves, then press the cloth firmly over on

all sides, so that it keeps together. Remove the cloth and place the stuffed cabbage in a stew-pan lined with strips of bacon. Repeat this process until all the balls and leaves have been used. Stew gently for about three-quarters of an hour with sauce made by slightly browning two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and adding one and a half pints of stock.

STUFFED KOHLRABI.—Select nice round heads, peel and cook in weak salt water until partly done. Cut a slice from the

[Continued on page 65]



EVERY HOUSEWIFE LIKES TO PRESENT THE
COMMON VEGETABLES IN NEW GUISE



THE RIGHT OF THE LIVING

[Continued from page 28]

people are running; this is the danger to which they are exposing the children who know no better. Often and often, the little towns never do get water-works until an epidemic of typhoid arouses everyone, and then it is too late to save some. If the Cemetery Improvement Association of this little town, because of need of water to beautify the cemetery, can wake the people to the pressing need to provide pure water for the living, it will have begun a great work, which it can foster as it will.

For all these reasons, it is wise to let the work of Cemetery Improvement take its place as one department of a much wider work, which might not have been started so soon if the first effort of the Cemetery Improvement Association had not prompted it.

And then there is another reason for letting this work be one department of a wider work. When we consider it, why, in any town, should there be one group working for the cemetery, and another group carrying on the "charities", and another the good-roads movement, and another the band concerts, and another the library? Why divide? Isn't it almost time that we realized that these things are not the concern of little special groups, but that they are the common concern of all of us?

How, in short, is it possible that we have gone along so far without calling frequent town meetings to discuss these things which are of common concern?

A Neighborhood Association, made up of the entire membership of the community, meeting in some public building to talk over its common business, is a logical step in anybody's dream of being of use to her town through any branch of activity whatever.

And the glory of it is; that in any town, however small, where there is one woman who cares enough, the Neighborhood Association may come alive. Jane Addams began her social work in a town of three hundred!

The woman who wrote the letter which heads our department this month, may be instrumental—can be instrumental—in stirring up her town to big and beautiful deeds, and in keeping it stirred. And the acquirement of water-works will be no distant achievement if she once succeeds in getting all the townspeople, men and women, to meet and talk things over, offer suggestions, and decide on plans.

Editor's Note.—Miss Gale will be glad to offer suggestions and advice as to the problems of your home town, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry. Address your letter, The Friendship Village Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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Tiny bubbles of corn—flaky, toasted, thin—result from this explosion. The flavor is bewitching. You lovers of corn will be surprised and delighted by these airy, toasted drops.



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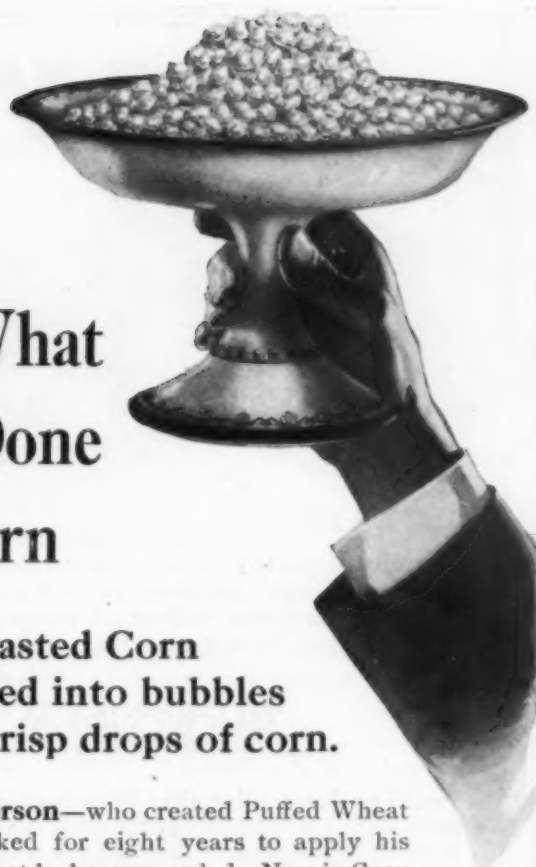
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(655)





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The Prophylactic
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your smile improves

EMBROIDERY FOR MANY USES

[Continued from page 48]

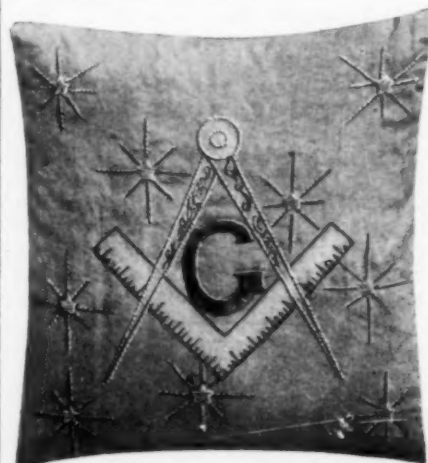
619—Towel-End in Crocheted Roses. Roses are crocheted in a rich shade of pink, then sewed in place; background scroll design is outlined in green. Pattern contains directions for making roses.



622—Linen Table-Runner. Flowers are crocheted in two shades of yellow; leaves are embroidered solid in two shades of green, lighter shade toward tip of leaf. The crocheted chrysanthemums are effective on table-covers, scarfs, or bags. Directions for making flowers included.



617—Masonic Pillow. Design on tan linen. The "G" is in satin-stitch in dark blue, the compass outlined in gold, square in black. Deep yellow is used for stars, with satin-stitch centers.



For prices on above designs, see page 48

A ROUNDELAY OF STUFFED VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 62]

end of each and hollow out in cup form. Make forcemeat of roasted veal, a little boiled ham, bread-crumbs, two eggs, salt, pepper, and, if desired, the grated rind of a lemon. Mix well, fill into the kohlrabi cups, and close by tying on the slices cut from the ends. Put them into a low kettle with the covered ends to the top, add boiling meat broth, a good-sized piece of butter, and cook until done. When serving, place them on a dish with care, cut the threads which bind the covers, stir some corn-starch into the broth, and pour as a sauce over the kohlrabi.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Select large Madeira or Spanish onions, peel, and boil until half done. From each onion, cut off one end to be used as a cover; hollow out half the contents and fill with forcemeat. Put on the cover and fasten with a toothpick, or tie with thread. Cook in meat broth until thoroughly soft.



GETTING THE EGGPLANT READY FOR BAKING

STUFFED EGGPLANT.—Cut the eggplant in two, and scoop out the contents with a silver spoon. Boil until tender, and then mix with one-third as much bread-crumbs as eggplant. Season with salt, pepper, melted butter, and a little parsley. Refill the shells and brown.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.—Select strong cucumbers, only, and peel. Cut in halves lengthwise, remove the seeds, sprinkle with pepper, salt, and vinegar, and let stand one hour in a covered dish. Then parboil carefully. Fill the cucumbers with forcemeat made of finely chopped pork, bread-crumbs, one egg, and a little salt. Tie the halves together and stew until they are tender, in one and a half pints of stock, together with the juice that has come from them while standing. Melt a little butter in a saucepan, and brown it with flour and a little sugar. Add the cucumber stock and boil well. Then put in the cucumbers and simmer for ten minutes longer.

STUFFED ARTICHOKEs.—Put the artichokes in water and boil until half done. Strip off the middle leaves and hollow out to the bottom until only the outer leaves remain. Then fill with a forcemeat

[Concluded on page 67]



Convince Yourself

ITS very appearance tells a story of purity. It is creamy white and just stiff enough to round up nicely on the spoon.

Then see if it has an odor. You will find none but a delicate aroma, indicative of its purity. Crisco remains the same in hot weather without refrigeration.

Next taste it. You will find a neutral taste; that is, practically no flavor—not greasy or "lardy." It resembles cold, unsalted butter.

Then try it. First fry potatoes, and note the wholesome potato flavor. You may never have known the *potato* flavor before because the taste of the fat you have been using has predominated. Crisco allows the true flavor of the food to assert itself.

Next make some biscuits. See how light they are. Break one open and you will be delighted with its appetizing odor. This is a severe test for a shortening.

Next make a white cake and learn how delicate and rich your cake will be without butter and with few eggs.

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Just two years old is he;
He can't eat cake, but he calls for his bowl,
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As a result of its unquestioned cleanliness and purity more infants are fed on Borden's Milk today than on any other food, mothers' milk alone excepted. Our free "Baby Book" will tell you more about it.

**Borden's Condensed
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Butterfly design No. 23 handsomely tinted on Tan Crash, size 17x22, with material for back (good quality), working instructions so explicit that any beginner can easily embroider the pillow, all given free with a purchase of six skeins of Brainerd & Armstrong "Asiatic Dye" Roman Floss Silk, costing, including postage, 30c. Offer good anywhere in the U. S. This is one of many pretty "R. & A." pillow outfits which any dealer can supply. Ask to see them.



Outfit sent on approval if you agree to remit in 3 days. Beautiful booklet "Lessons in Embroidery" all stitches illustrated and with many Colored Plates and Crocheted Articles, also latest catalogue of new Art Needlework designs, both mailed for 6c in stamps. Christmas will soon be here. Send 30c for outfit No. 23 or 36c for outfit and books today. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Brainerd & Armstrong Co., Dept. 16, 1027 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT MOTHER WANTS

[Continued from page 26]

The result was I was put to bed, and for weeks I was given double attention.

"The following monologue will give an idea of how devoted my daughter is, and of the time when I spoke out and issued my ultimatum.

"Just stay in bed, Mother, until your room gets warmer. No, indeed, no trouble at all to send your breakfast up—you're my pet boarder! Now, I'll tuck the cover in and—No, no! I don't want you to help with the breakfast dishes. You have done your share of that, my dear. Now, you must take life easy.

"Why, Mother! Down already? And you dressed yourself? You should have waited until I could have helped you. Let me button your shoes after this, it makes you dizzy to stoop. Now, come here and sit by the radiator. I'll get a cushion for your back. Oh, Mother! that straight-backed chair isn't comfortable, and you'll surely feel the draft from the window.

"Go over to Nellie's this morning? Oh, Mother! the air is so damp, and Helen is not here just now to go along. Go alone? Do you think we'd let you go alone? No, indeed, you are too precious to run a risk like that. You went alone to the post-office? Yes, I remember; and I couldn't sleep that night from just thinking what might have happened. Nothing did? No, you were fortunate that time, I'll admit; but, dear, never give us another such a fright. You know one of us will gladly go along whenever the weather is pleasant.

"Now I have a little work to do in the kitchen. Are you quite comfortable? Help? No, bless your dear heart! You've done nothing but help all your life; now, you must let others help you. You'd like to try your hand at bread-making? Why, Mother! Now you just fold your hands and be a lady of leisure. No, no; you musn't think of darning the stockings. Saturday is darning day here; and that reminds me, it will be your birthday. Now, dear, think of what you want more than anything else in the world. You know, but you don't like to tell? Come, do tell me. I'll see that you get it, if possible. Don't hesitate, Mother. We want you to be happy. What do you most want?

"What, Mother! You'd like—to—have that little—toolhouse at the corner—of—the lot fitted up—for you—to live in! Try your—hand at—cooking—baking—keeping—house! Oh, Mother, Mother! I know you are not feeling well. Is it your head? Does it pain? Is it hot? Come, lie down, quick. Annie, Annie, phone for Andrew to come home at once. Tell him there is something wrong with Mother!"

OVER SEVENTY."



More Leisure

for pastime and pleasure is the contribution the Bissell sweeper makes to housewives who use it. The Bissell is the handy, inexpensive sweeping device for every day use and furnishes the maximum of usefulness at a small cost.

BISSELL'S

"Cyclo" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

is light, makes sweeping easy and confines the dust. Greater convenience is secured by having a second sweeper to keep upstairs as a step saver. Let your dealer send you one. Prices \$2.75 to \$5.75 at all the best stores. Ask for booklet "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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There is no greater pleasure than ability to play the piano well; to entertain friends, family and self with sweet sounds of good music; nor is there a more pleasant, profitable, independent profession for ambitious, thoroughly trained young men and women than teaching music. You can easily, quickly and inexpensively realize your musical ambitions for pleasure or professional success by taking Sherwood's weekly home-study Piano Lessons with their personal individual examination papers. Courses for Beginners, Advanced Students and Teachers. Sherwood was a pupil, in Europe, of the famous Liszt. His lessons are highly endorsed by the great Paderewski and many other authorities. Thousands of students and teachers are taking these lessons with remarkable success. Get our valuable free Art Catalog which contains a musical dictionary, sample lessons and full details of this splendid course of Piano Lessons; also particulars of our Violin, Cornet, Harmony, Organ, Public School Music, Singing, Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo, by great American and European Teachers. A partial Scholarship given to every applicant who writes at once. State age, course in which interested and musical ambition. Don't put it off, but write today.

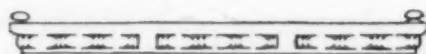
Siegel-Myers Correspondence School of Music
501 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.



AGENTS

Give a \$1.50 4-qt. Aluminum Kettle free with every sale to introduce new goods. Every woman wants aluminum. Big money. Sell like wildfire. Sworn proof of \$7.70 profit in 3 hours. Write quick for agency and free samples to workers.

THOMAS ALUMINUM CO.
6802 Home St. Dayton, Ohio



A ROUNDELAY OF STUFFED VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 65]

made of cooked sweetbreads, a few mushrooms, chopped onion, hard-boiled eggs, and several sardines. Tie the leaves crosswise. Place strips of bacon and ham in the bottom of a saucepan and put the artichokes next to this; cover with strong veal stock. When thoroughly cooked, lift out carefully, place in a deep dish, and serve with the stock to which the yolk of an egg may be added.

STUFFED BEETS.—Boil half a cupful of rice in water, and drain. Chop a cupful of pecan-meats, mix with the rice; add a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Scoop the centers from cooked beets and fill them with the rice mixture; stand them in a pan and bake for twenty minutes. Serve with cream sauce, to which add the beet centers, chopped very fine.



STUFFED PEPPERS ARE MOST APPETIZING

STUFFED PEPPERS.—Wash six sweet peppers, cut off the tops, and remove the seeds. Fill them with forcemeat made from finely chopped beef, onion, and parsley, seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper. Cover the tops with bread-crumbs and butter. Stand the peppers in a buttered baking-dish, and pour around them a cupful of boiling water. Bake until tender, basting occasionally.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS.—In order to be stuffed, the mushrooms must be on their stalks. After carefully peeling mushrooms and stalks, wash and let them dry. Prepare forcemeat of finely chopped veal, a rusk which has been soaked in cold water and well pressed, a small piece of fresh butter, a whipped egg, nutmeg, and salt. Press the forcemeat on every stalk as far as the head so that it will adhere tightly. Then cook the mushrooms in plenty of melted butter until tender, and serve with sauce.

Editor's Note.—Questions in regard to preparing any of the dishes mentioned in this issue of the magazine will be cheerfully answered through the mail by our Cooking Editor, Mrs. Armstead, who will be glad, also, to supply advice as to any cookery problems which may confront our readers, if a stamped addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.

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Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



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With school-time comes the time for Quaker Oats—the finest form of Nature's choicest food.

It abounds in the elements which active brains require. One large dish supplies the energy for five or six hours of study.

As a food for growth, as a vim-producer, nothing else compares with Quaker Oats.

Don't serve as a dainty only—in little dishes, just to start the meal. Children need an abundance. Begin every school day with a liberal dish. It will better the day.

Quaker Oats

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Quaker is made of just the big, plump grains. They have the greatest food value, the most luscious flavor. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

This extra quality means a delightful dish. It means rare aroma and taste. You can have it every morning at no extra price if you simply order Quaker.

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We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

**10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South**

SIMON, THE RUNAWAY APE

[Continued from page 68]

"No, I won't leave you alone with that horrid monkey," Betty answered bravely. After that, they tried slipping away gradually; but no matter how unobserving the ape seemed, he always pulled Jinks back.

"I don't think he'd hurt me, anyway," Jinks declared, beginning to be proud of the experience now that there seemed to be no real danger. Tentatively, he put his hand on the ape's head and patted it gingerly. The ape remained perfectly still.

"Perhaps he's a trick monkey," Betty exclaimed.

"Wouldn't that be great if he was? We might start a circus with him."

Betty nodded gravely. Now that she was sure that Jinks and Robin Hood were not going to be eaten up, this was much more fun than school.

"Let's see! What tricks could we make him do that would be funny enough?"

Jinks looked around for an inspiration. "Here, Mike, turn a somersault. Perhaps the monkey'll do it, too." But the ape looked stoically on while Mike performed.

Robin Hood, however, jealous at the attention given to Mike, sneezed; and, immediately after, the ape sneezed, too, very clumsily and with great difficulty, yet a real sneeze.

"Let's see if he'll shake hands like Robin Hood," exclaimed Jinks.

Robin Hood shook hands, first with Betty and then with Jinks; and then Jinks took hold of the ape's arm and shook it, but there was no response. Then, all at once, after Robin Hood had repeated his performance twice, the ape apparently understood what was expected of him, and grabbing Jinks' hand waved it up and down vigorously.

Jinks' eyes shone with excitement. Here was a chance to show the boys around here what he could do. None of them, he just bet, had ever had a real live monkey.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said to Betty. "You know there's going to be that meeting in the school-house to-night. Well, let's give an exhibition there, and then we'll go into the business. This'll be sort of an advertisement."

"But, Mother'll be scared if we stay away so long," protested Betty.

Jinks thought this new fact over. "Here, give me your book." He took Betty's new reader, and while she looked on somewhat uneasily, tore out the fly-leaf and wrote:

Dear Folks:
Look for us at the school-house to-night.
Big show!
Mike, Simon, Robin Hood, and Jinks.

"That's what we'll call the monkey—Simon," Jinks finished with satisfaction.

"Now, you go back to school and write in big letters on the black-board about the show to-night. Then you take this letter home, and don't you tell where I am. Cross your heart!"

Betty crossed her heart, and "hoped to die".

"I'll stay here and get Simon well

trained, and then you meet me in Indian Field right away after supper."

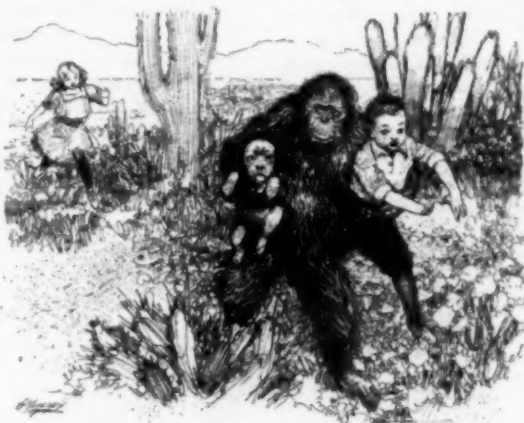
Betty went off reluctantly. She had a hard time with her mother and Jinks' mother, who insisted on knowing where Jinks was. Of course, she didn't tell, but it wasn't very pleasant. After supper, with great difficulty, she managed to slip away to Indian Field.

Jinks greeted her jubilantly. "We're all ready," he announced; "Jinks Patterson, with his performing ape, Simon, and his two trick dogs!"

Betty danced in glee. "Oh, Jinks, that's great!"

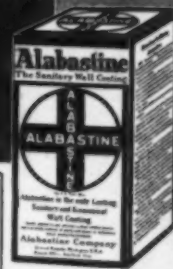
They waited outside the school-house in the darkness until the room was full. "We want to wait until everyone gets there," Jinks whispered, when Betty grew impatient. Simon was keeping beautifully quiet, although he still had tight hold of both Jinks and Robin Hood. Finally, Jinks announced it was time to go in. Betty led the procession; then came Mike, and, after him, Simon with his two prisoners.

As they marched slowly up the aisle to the platform, every one was so astonished that there was not a sound. And then Jinks' mother screamed! Startled, Simon turned his head, and catching sight of a man just entering the door, released Robin Hood and Jinks, but caught up Betty, and, leaping to the bell-rope,



JINKS WAS FORCED TO RUN, TOO. HE REALLY WAS BADLY SCARED

This Wall Tint Does Not Rub off, Flake nor Peel



For this fall's decorating, do not forget that you can have durable and sanitary, as well as beautiful walls. Alabastine will not rub off, chip nor peel when applied according to directions on package.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

Sold by dealers everywhere. Don't take a substitute. Alabastine is *not* kalsomine. A dry powder, in 5 lb. packages. Easily mixed with cold or warm water and applied with regular wall brush. Large variety of colors. By intermixing, every tint is possible.

ALABASCO, our flat washable wall paint, for bathroom, lower walls of dining room, etc., that you wish to wash.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF 40 COLOR PLANS OF ROOMS. We also will prepare special color plans for your own home, church, etc. Write for particulars.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
290 Grandville Rd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

[Concluded on page 71]

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**Five Times
the Service
Trifle More Cost**

That's why it is economy to buy Onyx Enamel Ware. It will not chip, crack, scale, bend, dent, rust or corrode with ordinary use. Triple coated, speckled white and brown.

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When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

THE SILENCE-ROOM

By FAYE N. MERRIMAN

DO YOU never punish your children?" asked Mrs. Mackay, wonderingly.

Her friend frowned. "I do not like that word 'punish,'" she said. "What am I, to punish my son and daughter? They know that I am just as full of faults as they, so why should I do the punishing just because I am larger and older, and precedent allows me to?"

"Why, Charlotte Burton!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackay, with a face that was actually shocked. "Where did you get such outrageous ideas about child-rearing? I never admit my faults to my children, or let them know that I have any."

Mrs. Burton laughed dryly. "Perhaps I retain some ideas from my own childhood," she remarked. "Don't you remember thoughts that used to pass through your little brain when you were being whipped?"

Her friend colored. "Yes, I do," she admitted; "but you don't suppose that Dorothy and Evelyn—"

"Think the same little insurgent thoughts? You may be very sure that they do."

"I never thought about that," said Mrs. Mackay. "But how are we to control them if we do not punish them sometimes?"

"Oh, 'control'—that is a different word altogether," said her friend. "We may control a great river of water, and train it to usefulness, but we cannot beat it and punish it back to its source. If we try to do it, even though we are apparently successful for a time, we are likely eventually to be overwhelmed and swept away by the same tide that we have tried to throttle. So it is, I think, with naughtiness in children. We may press it down and down, and punish them, but when they get too old to punish, what then?"

"I know," nodded Mrs. Mackay. "When I was a child I knew a boy who, until he was eighteen, was beaten by his father. Then, one day, he turned, seized the stick from his father, and wielded it

himself. It marked the end of the beatings, but we thought him an awful boy."

"An awful father, I should say," answered Mrs. Burton spiritedly, "and a very natural son. If brute strength was to be the controlling element, it was only natural that, as soon as his own was established, he should use it. But, it seems to me that it was not so much father or son who was wrong as that old immemorial idea of punishment."

"But your children are so well behaved! How do you manage it?"

"I will show you my method of dealing with waywardness in all of us," smiled her hostess, seeing her friend's surprise.

"In all of you?"

"Yes; as I said before, I am often at fault, as well as the children, and they realize it. Every mother some-

times is, though she may not admit it. So, when any one of us does wrong, he or she is sentenced to a certain period of time in the silence-room."

"Silence-room! Pardon my curiosity, but what is a 'silence-room'?"

"Come with me and I will show you," said her friend, rising and leading the way up-stairs.

"We keep it locked and hang the key in the hall," she explained, as she reached for it upon a hook.

"I suppose it is a kind of a penance-room," said Mrs. Mac-

kay lightly, as her friend fitted the key into the door. "I am almost afraid to look."

"You needn't be," said Mrs. Burton.

"But the name suggests horrible things to me. It seems uncanny."

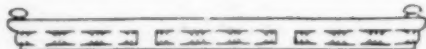
"I see you cannot yet cast off the old ideas about punishments," said the other, a little sadly, as she pushed open the door. A subdued exclamation answered her, as they stepped within the room.

It was a large square room with walls of a soft gray tone. The carpet was of the same delicate neutral shade, and the



IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM WAS A HUGE LEATHER-LINED CHAIR WITH WIDE ARMS

[Concluded on page 72]



SIMON, THE RUNAWAY APE

[Continued from page 69]

climbed rapidly up this with his feet and one hand. The noise of the bell, as he swung on the rope, added to the wild clamor.

Jinks started to run up on the platform, but the man whom Simon had seen was ahead of him. Under one arm he held a huge rag doll dressed like a boy, and in the other a small toy dog.

"Here, Dimples," he shouted, "come on down! Here's your doll and your dog." Simon looked long and searchingly at the doll the man held out; then, while the whole room held its breath, carefully deposited Betty on the floor, and took the doll under one arm and the dog under his other. The man put his arms gently upon the ape's shoulders.

"He wouldn't harm any one. He's as gentle as a kitten," he said; but as he led Dimples toward the door, everybody moved back quickly. "He just caught up the little girl, because, in the moving-picture company we're with, that's what he does in the play. Seeing me reminded him of it. Dimples wouldn't have hurt the little boy, or the dog, either. He always picks up boys and dogs when he can't find his own rag ones."

Jinks looked around quickly. He hoped that nobody had heard that. It rather spoiled his adventure. Then he caught his father's eye, and realized an explanation was due. Well, even though he did get punished, it didn't matter so much, if he had properly impressed the boys.

The Children's Editor Talks to Her Boys and Girls.—Just as the last word of "Simon, the Runaway Ape" was being put into type, my mail brought a big bunch of letters; and what do you suppose one of them, from a little girl out in Missouri, said? Just this: "I am going to give a few guesses what Robin Hood's next adventure will be. Shall it be where Robin Hood meets with some wild animal in the woods?" Wasn't that a pretty good guess? On page 25 you will find Simon, the ape, all ready to put together. The Cut-Out Man has made him so he will swing by his arms as he did on the tree outside the schoolhouse. Be sure to tell me how you like the story about Simon.

A HELPFUL HINT

By CARRIE BENTHALL

A THIN silk waist does not stand much wear and tear, but if you will line it across the back and arm-holes with net, it will last much longer. It prevents the waist from splitting, and gives it the very desirable softness not to be secured by the use of any other material.

Our New Fall Fashion Catalogue Is Now Ready!

We Have a FREE Copy for YOU!

This beautiful illustrated Book, containing pictures and descriptions of all the very latest New York styles in fashionable wearing apparel for the coming Fall and Winter, will be gladly sent to you FREE upon request. It is now ready. Your copy is waiting for you and you may have it for the asking. This book is conceded to be the leading fashion authority, and if you wish to dress in the latest style, or want to see what

well-dressed New York women are wearing, by all means send for our Catalogue. Ask for Catalogue No. 64 M. You incur no obligation whatever by sending for our Catalogue. We want you to have a copy, and a postal card mailed today will bring it to you by return mail. We guarantee perfect satisfaction on anything you order from us or refund your money immediately. Also we pay all Mail or Express Charges on anything you buy.



Stunning Advance Fall Styles at Bargain Prices

35M19—Russian Tunic Dress of All-wool serge. Waist has tuck effect around armholes and stitched panel front, trimmed with self-covered buttons, beneath which dress fastens. The long sleeves have cuffs of self-material trimmed with buttons, and finished with detachable tabs of white pique. The roll collar is also of white pique with fancy edge. The Russian tunic extends to well below the knee, hanging free over a lining. It has three loose box-plaits down the center of both front and back. A stylish feature is the crushable black patent leather belt with large bow in front. Colors: navy blue, Copenhagen blue, Russian green, black or brown. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, also to fit Misses and Small Women 32 to 38 bust measure. **Special Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$5.98**

6M17—Chic Close-fitting Paris Model Hat, hand-made of good quality Velvet. Crown slopes and is higher at left side. The crown is trimmed with three smart coque feather fascies, and the new dull shoe-black satin ribbon is used to hold each fancy in place. Lined with silk. Black with white or black trimming, also Russian green with white, or brown with white fancy. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$2.98**

1M20—Smart Tailored Suit, made of All-wool novelty Crepe Cheviot Eponge. Coats in pronounced cutaway effect, sloping to the back where the extreme length is 34 inches. Lapels and collar are of self-material, but there is an additional over-collar inlaid with Roman striped Velvet which is removable, and suit can be worn with plain lapels as shown in small illustration. Sleeves are finished with cuffs of Roman striped velvet to match. Coat fastens with ornamental buttons and has two pockets. Lined with guaranteed satin. Skirt is one of the new Russian tunic models; the tunic extending almost to the hem, falling free over a lining. Ladies' sizes 32 to 44 bust, 37 to 44 skirt length, also to fit Misses and Small Women, 32 to 38 bust, 37 to 40 skirt length. Colors: navy blue, brown, black or Russian green. **Special Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$10.98**

6M18—Stylish Dress Hat, hand-made, of good quality Velvet. Has sloping crown, higher at left side, and close-fitting mushroom brim turned up at side and held in place by a large triple bow of satin ribbon. Plaited satin ribbon encircles the crown, finished with ribbon bows, and at left side is a towering Göttrich fancy in triple plume effect. Colors: all black, black with green fancy, and the new French blue with blue fancy, or brown with brown fancy. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us, \$3.98**

**6M17
HAT
\$2.98**

**6M18
HAT
\$3.98**



**35M19
DRESS
\$5.98**

1M20 SUIT \$10.98

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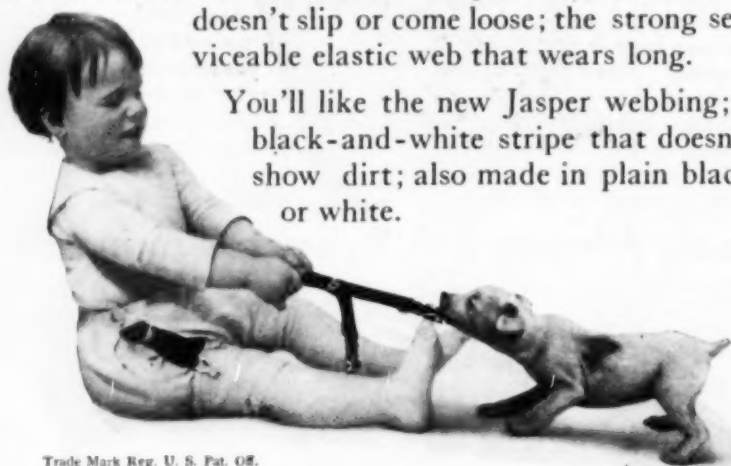
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For Boys and Girls of All Ages

You'll like the clasp that holds the stocking securely between Rubber and Rubber; the pin at the waist that doesn't slip or come loose; the strong serviceable elastic web that wears long.



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You'll like the new Jasper webbing; a black-and-white stripe that doesn't show dirt; also made in plain black or white.

You'll like the prices
15 to 25 cents, according to size.

At all dealers, or send 20 cents for
a trial pair. State age of child.

A. Stein & Company, Makers

321 Racine Avenue

Chicago

THE SILENCE-ROOM

[Continued from page 70]

curtains at the window were smoke-colored. In the center of the room was a huge leather-lined chair with wide arms, and directly in front of it, upon the wall, hung a single picture.

At first glance, Mrs. Mackay took it for a painting of the Madonna and Child, but closer inspection proved it to be merely a portrait of a mother with her baby. Upon the woman's face was a hauntingly tender, humanly brooding expression of love and tenderness.

"I don't understand," murmured Mrs. Mackay. "There is nothing here to serve as punishment. Why, I could sit here and look at that picture for hours."

"Could you look at it long with anger and ill will in your heart?"

"I don't believe I could," Mrs. Mackay said, her eyes filling with sudden tears.

"Wrong-doing is largely due to a condition of mind with all of us," explained the other mother, "and the old erroneous idea of punishment is simply to beat that attitude from the child-mind. But we all know it doesn't work; it may cause certain manifestations to cease, but it doesn't touch the root—the heart. And I think our silence-room does just that. When the children are naughty, I send them up



here, and they stay until a bell is rung for their return. Before they come, I explain to them the reason what they have done is wrong, and tell them to think it over in silence. No one else is allowed near the room while occupied. Each time, almost without exception, they come out with shining, peaceful little faces, asking forgiveness for their faults."

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed her friend. "I begin to believe if I had a room like this to slip away into, myself, I could have more patience with the children. Such a picture pulls at your heart-strings. I do not believe I could ever whip a child after I had looked at this for even a very few moments."

"Yes, the silence-room is for the whole household," smiled Mrs. Burton. "You see, our home watchword is 'love', not 'punishment'. A child needs only to be given a chance to think over its own little wrong-doings to see that they are not right, while corporal punishment sometimes fixes bad habits more firmly than ever by developing stubbornness."

"I believe you are right," Mrs. Mackay whispered, pressing her hand. "And I am going to have a 'silence room'."

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SEPTEMBER ROSES

[Continued from page 16]

the quiet building which sheltered Rossiter, she went out into the dewy morning.

September moonlight flooded the garden. Every bush had itself stamped in fairy lacework of shadow upon the ground beneath it.

Felicity walked slowly down to the seat beside the tinkling brook. In her hand was Rossiter's brief note. It had come that morning. She was still dazed with the unexpectedness of it.

She sat down upon the rustic seat and smoothed the letter open upon her knee. The moonlight fell full upon the page, but she had no need of it to read the scrawled message:

Thank God, Felicity! You will understand just why I am thankful. I could never bear to even think of that man. . . . I am coming to-night, dear one.

It has taken a hideously long time to find you. Perhaps the excitement induced by making love to an old maid aged thirty-seven will cause me to forget how hideously long the hours have been; and if I can persuade that old maid to lose herself somewhere in the Episcopal marriage service with an old bachelor of forty-three, very, oh, very soon, Felicity, I know I shall forget. . . . As for roses, they last but a day. Doesn't your garden boast any little flower called "everlasting"?

Felicity folded the note and slipped it into the folds of lace on her breast. She looked up at the quiet moon, shining above her, and sighed a little.

"I don't know," she said uncertainly. "Life is such a disappointing thing. Perhaps, when I see him, the joy will come back. Perhaps, when he sees me, he will be sorry. Oh, these things ought to come when one is young—young! Youth never doubts itself."

She rose and went slowly back toward the house. In the light from the doorway stood the two rose-bushes. One had faded, its blossom-time was over and the brown leaves were falling; the other—

Felicity Stanhope leaned closer. Her eyes were shining, a soft color bloomed in each oval cheek.

"Why, you dear thing!" cried Felicity, her white hands fluttering out to the delicate pink blossoms on the rose-bush; "Why, you blessed sign and miracle! You've bloomed!"

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By J. A. R.

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THE FLY-BY-NIGHT

[Continued from page 21]

deliver the roses, much to his regret. Deciding that the fates were against him, the New Yorker sank into silent gloom till after dinner, when he complained of a headache and retired early, with a flush on his massive countenance for which neither disappointment nor a too hearty dinner would wholly account.

There was no sign of clearing weather by morning, though it was not raining quite so hard. Eudora was eating her solitary breakfast when 'Lympus appeared, bearing important tidings. It seemed that Mr. Galen was indisposed. "Yas'm, and with spots on his face, too!"

"What kind of spots?"

"Red ones. And feelin' right mizzerble, yas'm."

Mammy went up to see the interesting patient, returning presently with a look of gloom upon her face. "If 'twas a baby, might be a teethin' rash," she said; "but, bein' a man, it might be most anythin'. That old fool of a 'Lympus hadn't ought to went and told the po' man 'bout the smallpox camp over on the flat—scared him nigh unto death. Co'se, there ain't any tellin'—Marse Galen cert'nly is right red, and there's cases in town—" It would do no harm to have a doctor, anyway; that is, if they could get one. Eudora went to telephone.

Mr. Galen's alarm increased as the day passed and no doctor came. His mirror bore witness

to the growing brilliancy and size of the spots, and other symptoms no less alarming began to appear. By dinner-time he had wholly lost that distinctive serenity which had once marked him as one apart. He must have a doctor, and have him at once—the delay was ridiculous. It had stopped raining—no possible reason why they couldn't get out to River Pines, he was sure.

Even long-suffering Grandfather began to find his guest a little trying. For the hundredth time that day, he explained about the condition of the road. The spring thaw had left it in bad shape, but till now there had been one of the three parallel tracks which could be navigated; the heavy rainfall of the past three days,

however, had converted the thoroughfare into a series of lakes, bogs, and running rivers. One or two of the doctors whom Eudora had called, had made a start, but had been forced to turn back. The rest had flatly refused to attempt the trip at all. Mr. Galen said things about the nerve of Southern doctors, not complimentary, and not under his breath. Fire flashed in Grandfather's dim old eyes. He besought Granddaughter, for the honor of Dixie, to do something, anything, that would get a doctor there for the traducing Northerner.

Eudora called up Buzzy on the private wire. "Have you tried to get Boswell?" No, Eudora hadn't thought of him, he was such a high-priced specialist. "Boswell's a good sport," said Buzzy; "and I understand Mr. Galen is paying the bills!"

Dr. Boswell, at the other end of one of Mr. Bell's lines, said he would start at once in his machine, which he had had especially built for heavy road work. They could depend on his getting there, somehow; but mustn't worry if he was slow about it.

An hour, and no doctor. Spots getting bigger and brighter. Another hour. The doctor could not be reached on the phone—had gone out in his car. Long after dark, though, he called up from a house on the outskirts of the city, reporting his machine hopelessly mired; the roads were impassable

for anything on wheels or off. He was very much chagrined at the failure of his car, and at his inability to keep his word; would spend the night there, and try again in the morning. No, he couldn't possibly diagnose the case without seeing the patient.

Mr. Galen was moaning and tossing in the great state bed where, fifty years before, a young Southern general had been laid to die. Downstairs, in the library, Grandfather, who had helped carry the hero up the long stairs, was working himself into a dangerous state of excitement over his guest's condition and the undefended honor of the doctors of Dixie. Eudora was afraid he would



"SMALLPOX NOTHING!" HE LAUGHED. "GERMAN MEASLES, MY DEAR SIR—GERMAN MEASLES!"

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THE FLY-BY-NIGHT

[Continued from page 74]

make himself sick with worry; but she could not quiet him. They were all as helpless there, in the old lonely house, as Buzzy in the middle of his swamp. The girl felt terrified as she realized that the situation was too big for her to cope with. Late as it was, she took down the receiver of her private line. Just the sound of King's voice would be a comfort.

When she had told him the newest details of tribulation, there was a lengthy silence. Then came a question, in a leisurely, indifferent voice.

"Where did you say the doctor was stalled—some place in Fair Park?"

"Yes, at the Burtons'—you know—the house with the cupola."

"Reckon I know the place all right." Another pause; then—"You might phone them to light up," Buzzy suggested casually; "and if it isn't too wet, 'Lympus might clear up your front lawn a bit.'"

"Oh, King!" Eudora gasped; but Buzzy didn't notice, and went on with his leisurely directions.

"The wind may have broken pieces off the trees, you know. And you might ask Mammy to put a big lamp in the garret window. Guess that's all. Maybe Boswell will do for an ad., as well as the Governor!" With that he rang off, and Eudora could not get him again.

There was nothing to do but find Grandfather and tell him that everything was coming out finely, the doctor was going to try again, and he must go straight up-stairs to bed. Then she called 'Lympus and Mammy, and helped them stealthily to get the place ready for the coming of Marse King. When everything had been done that she could think of, the girl wrapped herself in a big cloak and curled up in the deep embrasure of the upper hall-window to wait.

The minutes dragged like lifetimes. Outside it was dark with the intense blackness of the small hours, and still with the breathless hush of suspense. Supposing the doctor should refuse to come? It was so dark—and to trust his life to the town laughing-stock. And if they did start, the danger! Eudora shivered in her big cloak. She felt very small, and very much alone.

The clock in the hall below struck two, and half-past two. The house was quiet, waiting. Eudora presently forgot the fear of what might be, and sat dreaming happily of what had been, of that wild, wonderful ride they had had together through the dawn, when they had watched the sun rise over the edge of the flat dark earth so far below.

Surely it was time they came. The girl leaned out of the window, straining her eyes to peer into the darkness. Was

[Continued on page 76]

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THE FLY-BY-NIGHT

[Continued from page 75]

it just her imagining, or was there a tiny, tiny speck of red off there to the south? It couldn't be—yes, there it was again—clearer, too, and steady, and now quickly brighter . . . and the long, white finger of the searchlight, poking down among the trees, feeling for space to land.

The doctor had come!

'Lympus must have been watching, too, for as the Fly-by-Night touched earth, the hall-door opened wide, letting a stream of yellow lamp-light out across the lawn. There was a sound of voices, and two figures detached themselves from the machine and plodded across the muddy driveway, crossed the terrace, and disappeared within the big door below. "I knew all the time he would do it!" sang the proud little heart of Eudora to its owner, in the window-seat above.

The rest happened rather quickly. Now that he was here, after such a night of adventure, the specialist made very light of the cause of it all, which was rather humiliating for the poor rich man.

"Smallpox nothing!" he laughed, when Mr. Galen had voiced his fears. "German measles, my dear sir—German measles!"

What a blow! Never again could he hold up his head in the Southland. If those winsome belles had laughed before—and Mr. Galen faintly suspected that they had—what would they do when they heard of this? But still it was a relief not to have to die just yet. Better to live and be laughed at, than not to live at all, he decided.

Cheered by this thought, he began to wonder how the doctor had come, and presently found strength to ask.

"Came in the Fly-by-Night. Good name, that," chuckled the doctor, putting away his clinical thermometer.

"You came in the what?" Mr. Galen sat up in bed.

"Better lie down, hadn't you? In Buzzy Randolph's bi-plane. How else did you suppose I could make it? My car is over its hubs in mud, three miles from here. The roads are impassable."

"You came in a—in a flying-machine?" gasped the patient, limply.

"I did," the doctor assured him, his eyes lighting at the memory. "More than that, I've ordered the first machine produced by his factory. I shall need it in just such emergencies as this, when nothing on earth but wings will carry one."

"Well, well!" But, in spite of his astonishment, Mr. Galen's brain was working at New York speed, considering and reconsidering. The doctor laughed at his expression, and called for Buzzy to come in. It seemed he was talking in the hall outside with a young lady; and the physician hailed them in together.

[Concluded on page 77]

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THE FLY-BY-NIGHT

[Continued from page 76]

"Just telling Mr. Galen about that machine of yours, Randolph," he explained. "By George, I'm ten years younger than when I started! You rascal, I believe you've found the secret of eternal youth!" Then, turning to the millionaire; "My prescription for you, sir, is this: When the sun comes out warm, you inveigle my young friend here to take you up."

Fortunately, Buzzy's soul was proof against conceit; for the doctor certainly taxed it to the limit before letting him loose from the sick-room. By that time Mr. Galen had stopped thinking and come to a decision. Eudora's eyes when she looked at the preposterous young man at her side had helped him make it; after all, Mr. Galen was not a bad sort, nor yet too old to change his plans.

"You might come around in a couple of days, Mr. Randolph," he said gruffly. "Maybe we can talk business, after all."

When they had gone, he set himself to remembering that there were plenty of nice girls in the North, anyhow, if a man really wanted to marry. But Mr. Galen was no longer sure that he did.

Once outside his door, Eudora and Buzzy made a mad rush down the long flight of stairs, and executed a highland fling the whole length of the great hall. Buzzy was surprisingly light on his feet, considering, and they brought up at the farther door with a fine flourish of manners. Then they stopped, and stood for a long moment, just looking at each other. A flush, half light, half color, swept into their startled young faces.

"Why Dora! You—Now—" But he didn't finish, if he had indeed begun. Dora, her face fairly on fire, snatched away her hands, and scampered up-stairs as fast as her feet could carry her. Buzzy could only stand gazing after her, mutely.

The pale light of early morning filled the door when Buzzy and the doctor opened it, a little later. With laggard steps the young man crossed the old flagged terrace, wondering in his wretched soul if he should ever again be welcome there. He must have been mad, to let her see, at such a moment. But just then, a miracle happened. A flower, a single, early, half-opened blossom from the passion-vine above the doorway fell ever so softly upon the stones at his feet. Raising his head, he caught a glimpse, just the merest little glimpse, of a laughing, happy face, rose-red to the shining eyes of it, framed in the vine-clad sash of the window.

"Young man," said the doctor gravely, as they seated themselves in the Fly-by-Night, "are you sure you're in a condition to drive?"

"I reckon I'm all right," Buzzy answered modestly. But, nevertheless, he had the grace to blush.



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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 43—LADIES' WAIST AND GIRDLE

By MARGARET WHITNEY

FOR the mid-season, no more important garment exists than the indispensable separate waist. It is an adjunct to the wardrobe that is always timely as an addition, always changing in style, and, what is more to the point, always needed.

Now is the time to reinforce the suit of last season for immediate wear, and, by adding a smart blouse and tunic, give it the fresh appearance that style, timeliness, and the appropriate demand of the well-dressed woman.

A soft pliant satin or charmeuse is the very best fabric for wearing qualities when a dressy, serviceable blouse is desired. Taffeta is excellent, and is suitable to less dressy requirements; but, for wear it does not equal the charmeuse. The selection of the fabric must be decided by the wearer, but for general service, for all occasions, and for making a good appearance, let us assume that it is to be developed in the charmeuse.

The cost is of first importance, therefore we will purchase only essentials; but you must bear in mind that this is not merely a blouse, but a method of bringing up to date any tailored skirt or coat you may have, no matter what its color, by the addition of the pleated tunic, girdle, and the fresh new waist, combined and adjusted on the lines here defined. The model can be developed in a material matching the skirt, or in a less expensive fabric that will accord with the suit you desire to renovate and improve.

You will require two McCall Patterns, Ladies' Waist No. 6073, and Ladies' Girdle No. 6050, 15 and 10 cents, 25 cents; $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of black charmeuse, 44 inches wide, at \$1.50 a yard, \$5.63; $\frac{5}{8}$ of a yard of white taffeta, 36 inches wide, at 98 cents a yard, 62 cents; for binding the collar and cuffs, and edging the front of blouse, 3 yards of narrow black and white ribbon, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, at 12 cents a yard, 36 cents; a total cost of \$6.86. When you have the material assembled, arrange the pattern upon it.

Place the charmeuse, doubled lengthwise, with selvages together, on a flat surface. Now, study the diagram, Fig. 4, closely before placing the pattern-pieces on the charmeuse, and follow it carefully. On this doubled charmeuse, place pattern-piece S (the sleeve), and pattern-piece F (the front), with pattern-piece B (the back) between, having the three crosses +++ of pattern-piece B on the fold of the goods. Then place the straight pattern-pieces, R, R, and R, across the goods, as indicated in the diagram, Fig. 4. These three pieces, R, R, R, are pieced, after being cut, selvaage being joined to selvaage,

with the opening left for the front closing. Be careful, before cutting, that the pattern is placed with the three crosses +++ on the fold of the goods.

The pattern-piece F is planned for either high neck or for the surplice closing shown in Fig. 1; so, before placing it on the charmeuse, cut away the pattern at the double small circles which run from near the shoulder to a point about half way down the front opening. Or, since you may wish to use the pattern again, clip it and fold back on the line of double circles.

When all the pieces of waist and girdle have been cut out, proceed to make the waist. Fold under the edge of the sleeve three-eighths of an inch, from the neck to where the sleeve seams join, and baste on to the back, carefully matching notches, then

baste and stitch. Gather the upper edge of the fronts of the waist three-eighths of an inch from the edge, between the crosses, place the turned under edge of sleeves onto the fronts, and baste and stitch. Baste the under-arm seams, and stitch; first with the raw edges on the right side, then turn and stitch on the wrong side, about a quarter of an inch from the edge, thus making a French seam, which is the neatest and firmest finish for cotton or silk fabrics. Slash the sleeves along the double small circles, and bind the edge of the slash with a narrow binding of the silk. Crease the sleeves at the



FIG. 1—LADIES' WAIST, NO. 6073, AND LADIES' GIRDLE BELTS, NO. 6050

[Concluded on page 80]

Comfort for the Growing Child

By VIRGINIA RICHMOND

HOW unexpectedly they shoot out of their garments, these little growing children. A little friend of mine complained that his clothes were too tight. It was not the first time he had said so, after eating a good dinner, but this time his mother ran her hand inside his loose blouse, and to her amazement found that a waistband was actually cutting into his little body.

The garments were not old, and they had been loose to bagginess when made, but he had caught up with them and gone beyond before any one had suspected it. The moral of this is that children must be looked after continually. In this case, new waistbands had to be put on, and dozens of new buttonholes made, before the small boy could be comfortable again in his clothes.

CHILDREN'S drawers, especially ready-made ones, are often too short in the seat, and cause the wearer incessant annoyance. The best drawers pattern for little children is one which is nearly all seat and practically no legs, for this kind is not only comfortable, but lasts longer because there is no strain on the goods when the child stoops.



KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE FOR TIGHT WAISTBANDS

Loose clothing for the children should be the guiding principle of every mother.

Little girls like to climb and tumble about quite as well as do boys; yet they are often restrained because their gambols display so freely their frilled underwear. Why not dispose of the exhibition, instead of the fun? Bloomers solve the problem. Make them to match either the material or the trimming of every frock, and the child

will be free to jump and climb as much as she likes without provoking comment.

The bloomers are cut by the long-seated drawers pattern, having back and front alike, so they may be worn either way. This makes them last twice as long, because the wear is not always in the same place. The legs are cut several inches longer, for the elastic which gathers in the edges has the effect of shortening them. Be careful that the elastic is not so tight as to annoy or prevent free circulation. These bloomers take the place of a petticoat in summer, and in winter the flannel petticoat may be worn inside. They keep the underwear clean and save it much hard wear.

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COLORS: Black, navy blue or Copenhagen blue; each trimmed with lustrous Roman striped Messaline in rich contrasting colors. Sizes 32 to 44 bust; skirt length about 40 inches, with three-inch basted hem for easy adjustment. Just order this dress M-24 direct from this advertisement. We guarantee that you will be perfectly delighted with it, or will refund your money without one cent of expense to you. Perry-Dame Price \$3.98 And we deliver free to your home.

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M-25—This waist is made of fine quality satin Messaline, beautifully trimmed with accordion-plaited frills and novelty buttons. The chemise and white collar are of exquisite white shadow lace and the sleeves are finished with dainty undercuffs to match. Closes invisibly in front.

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M-26—A very handsome and dressy All Wool Serge skirt displaying the new style long Russian tunic, beautifully trimmed with black taffeta and covered buttons. The accordion-plaited bottom measures 3½ yards around, so you see it is very convenient as well as stylish. It is attached to a strong body of venetian lining, closes invisibly at the left side. Girdle top. COLORS: Navy blue, black, or Copenhagen blue, each trimmed with lustrous black taffeta. Waist measures from 22 to 30 inches. Front length, 36 to 43 inches. Take our advice. Don't purchase your new skirt until you have seen this beautiful model. It is wonderful in value. Order it today. Perry-Dame Price \$2.98 And we deliver free to your home.

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SKIRT M-26 \$2.98

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 78]

crosses, bring the creases to the edges of the slash opening, and stitch to position, three-eighths of an inch from each crease.

With strips of the narrow black and white ribbon, carefully bind the edges of the fronts. This is an easy, as well as an attractive, manner of finishing these edges.

The collar having been cut double, baste the two pieces together, and bind with the ribbon. Baste the ribbon very carefully and then stitch close to its edge, taking in both upper and lower sides. Attach the collar, edge to edge, place the small circle to the neck edge of waist with center at center-back and edges even. Face the raw edge with a bias strip of white. Bind the cuff in the same way, and sew edge having small circle along lower edge of sleeve, with edges even, the small circle at under-arm seam, and the four large circles to

front. Stitch pleats to position along upper and lower edges of belt. Cut off left end of belt, even with left front of girdle. Lap right front of girdle over left front with edges even, and finish with ball-and-socket fasteners. For plackets, or any place where a very flat closing is desired, these ball-and-socket fasteners are desirable; but, where there is apt to be a strain, it is often well to place a hook and eye where it will receive the greatest pull and hold firm.

Enough cannot be said of the importance of following all directions carefully when cutting a garment by a paper pattern, as well as the importance of marking all notches and perforations. It takes more time in the beginning, but will save time in the end.

In the actual making, a hot iron is a most effectual aid. By keeping the seams pressed flat, it

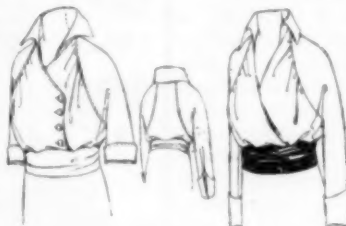


FIG. 2—FRONT AND BACK VIEWS OF LADIES' WAIST NO. 6073

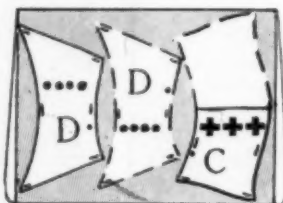


FIG. 3—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING THE CUFFS AND COLLAR (D) Cuffs; (C) Standing Collar



FIG. 4—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING THE BLACK CHARMEUSE (R) Pleated Girdle; (F) Front of Waist; (B) Back of Waist; (S) Sleeve

the front. Then finish with a bias strip makes the sewing much easier to accomplish and turn back into position, working two plish, and helps to give a garment a well-finished appearance.

Press the waist carefully, and, for the moment, lay it aside.

Next in order comes the girdle. Sew the pieces of the girdle together, and press the seams open. Then hem top and bottom, turning under the edge at the notches.

Crease the girdle at the crosses and bring the creases to single small circles, placing a crease each side of center-back to center-back, then press them into position. On the inside upper part of girdle, arrange a belt of the material, with its upper edge along second row of pleat markings. Have the center of belt at center-back, and large circle at center-

careless blind-stitching showing through where it should not, and a badly made buttonhole will mar the work of hours.

It is the little things, so easy to do well, which, if neglected, render a garment unattractive and home-made looking. An unpulled basting thread careless blind-stitching showing through where it should not, and a badly made buttonhole will mar the work of hours.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to advise you as to the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

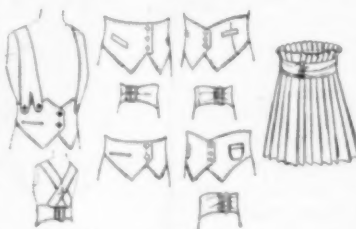


FIG. 5—VARIOUS VIEWS OF GIRDLERS



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Russian Tunic Style Skirt, with high waist line, is cut sufficiently full to give wearer a great deal of comfort in walking. Over-skirt is very full and drapes gracefully over hips.

Two Seasons' Guaranteed satin lining is used in jacket. Suit comes in navy blue or black serge. Sizes to fit misses, 14 to 20 years; ladies, 32 to 40.

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Pretty Wash Waist is made of good grade linen in a dainty white polka dot pattern. Notice the graceful white Robespierre collar, the nice cuffs to match and the pretty vest effect which is one of the newest things for winter wear. The silk bow tie is a welcome addition to this becoming waist.

Comes in colors, tan or light blue, with white polka dot or all white. Sizes 32 to 44. Give bust measure and color desired.

All-Wool Crepe Skirt is just as pretty as it can be. Made of good quality all-wool crepe cloth that drapes very prettily and will give excellent wear. Skirt is cut in new over-skirt effect, having a very desirable flare bottom. There is an open welt seam down center of skirt which ends in graceful tab effect. Is cut high at waist line and nicely trimmed with good buttons. Comes in colors—navy blue, green, Copenhagen blue and black. Sizes to fit misses and ladies, waist measure 28 to 30; length, 36 to 44. In ordering, give waist, hip measure and length, and state color desired.

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OUR FRIEND, THE MOUSE.—If a small lump of alum be dropped into the paste for putting paper on the walls, the mice will never gnaw it.—B. C., Kenna, New Mexico.

AN OBSTINATE STOPPER.—To remove a glass stopper from a glass bottle, heat a poker red-hot and run it around the outside of the neck of the bottle. The stopper may then be taken out easily.—Miss M. L. C., Brooklyn, New York.

SETTING DISHES ON ICE.—When you wish to set dishes on ice in the refrigerator, put a rubber ring, such as you use on fruit jars, under the dish to prevent danger of slipping as the ice melts.—Mrs. E. C. B., Dorchester, Massachusetts.

STRETCHING LACE CURTAINS.—Laundering my curtains was formerly a dreaded task because of the difficulty experienced in adjusting the stretchers. One day I thought to use a dry, soiled curtain by which to set the frames. I then washed the curtains in the usual manner; with stretchers ready, they were soon out, and all the desired size.—Mrs. S., Onarga, Illinois.

SNUFFING LAMP-WICKS.—Use an old toothbrush to rub off the charred portion of a lamp-wick, instead of cutting with scissors. This plan is used by poultrymen having charge of incubator lamps, and the result is a smooth edge, without any prongs or loose ends to cause an uneven blaze and smoking.—M. R., Maywood, New Jersey.

CLEANING BRASS.—Equal parts of salt and vinegar will clean any kind of tarnished brass. Rub thoroughly with the mixture, wash in hot soap-suds, and polish with a dry cloth.—M. G., Garfield, Kentucky.



CLEANING WHITE FURNITURE.—White painted or enameled woodwork, iron beds, or other white furniture, can be easily cleaned with turpentine and still retain the gloss which soap removes. Wet a soft cloth with turpentine, rub spots off woodwork, then rub dry with another cloth.—E. H. B., Los Angeles, California.

TO RENEW LEATHER.—Leather that has become dark and shabby will look like new if rubbed over with linseed oil, then polished with a soft cloth until glossy.—H. G. E., Dayton, Montana.

THE INSECT PEST.—Lime powder well sprinkled where cockroaches abound will drive them away.—Mrs. W. L., Little Rock, Arkansas.

A CANNING HINT.—When rubber rings become hard, their elasticity can be restored by leaving them for half an hour in a mixture composed of one part ammonia and two parts water.—K. R., Hempstead, New York.

WASHING VEILS.—To wash your veils—chiffon, or any other kind—let lie in alcohol for a short time; then souse them up and down until all the dirt is out. Avoid wringing, as it is liable to tear the mesh. Pat the fluid out, shake well, and dry. The veil will look practically as good as new.—Mrs. P. T., Boulder, Colorado.

REMOVING GREASE-SPOTS.—If a little ammonia is poured into warm water and applied to grease-spots on rugs or carpets, it will remove the grease-spots and not harm the color.—H. S., Carey, Ohio.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

THE SMART SILK SAILORS

[Continued from page 27]

turning it under the base and top of frame, and drawing it very tightly, so as to make it smooth. (If it is drawn tightly enough neither the top nor bottom edges will need to be sewn to the buckram.) Sew edges together down back line. Pin crown to brim and sew together neatly.

The patent leather bows for trimming (three is a good number) are made of three strips of black oilcloth, two and one-half inches wide and twenty-three inches long. Turn one-quarter inch around these strips and sew on machine, to prevent curling. The loops and ends are each about three inches long. On account of the stiffness of the oilcloth, you will not be able to tie these bows; so make a loop and an end, fasten with a few stitches, and cut. Make another loop and end, and put these two together to form a bow, imitating a knot by putting a band of the oilcloth across the middle. Arrange these bows jauntily around the crown.



FIG. 5—PATTERN FOR SIDE CROWN OF SAILOR

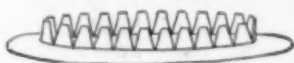


FIG. 6—THE SLASHED HEADSIZE

INSTEAD of shirring brim covering, you can fit it smoothly (Figs. 2, 3, and 4). Cut out two pieces of silk instead of one—one for top brim, and one for under side. Allow one-half inch around outside edge of both pieces in addition to width required by brim, and one inch, at least, on headsize line. Lay one piece over top of brim, draw it over edge, and pin so it is perfectly smooth, then catch-stitch it to under side of frame, being very careful the stitches do not catch material on top. Lay second piece on under side of the brim, pin it to headsize. Cut a piece of frame wire about one inch longer than

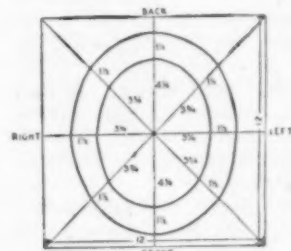


FIG. 7—PATTERN FOR BRIM OF SAILOR

edge of brim, lay it against wrong side of facing at edge of brim—that is, between facing and frame—and fold edge of facing over the wire. Pin it in place by putting the pins through the facing and the folded-over edge. In this way the wire is pushed out to the edge of hat and gives the appearance of a cord (Fig. 3). Put the needle through the facing on inner side of wire, when you have it pinned, and bring it up and out through the very edge of the top of

brim covering. Crease material with the point of the needle along the lines of pins, as you sew, so that the wire will stand out well. For the second stitch, put needle down through edge of the top covering and bring it out under wire, in line with the first stitch. This second stitch, and all those taken on edge of top covering, must be very small, but those taken underneath can be one-half inch long.

The stitches ought to be very tight. Use silk thread the color of facing.

Instead of drawing the tip—or top of the crown—tight, it can be made more like a Tam (Fig. 2) by sewing only about one-half inch to the inside of side-crown frame, and finishing top of side-crown covering with a wire, like the edge of brim. If you do not use this cord finish, you can turn under top edge of side-crown covering (Fig. 4) and sew the Tam tip on the outside of side-crown frame—that is, between frame and covering.

White velveteen for both covering and flower trimming is very effective, especially for wear with an all-white costume (Fig. 2). One yard of material, at seventy-five cents, is sufficient; and as the frame costs only about twenty-five cents, the whole need not be more than a dollar. To make the dahlias—two are enough—cut five circles: one, three inches in diameter; one, two and three-quarter inches; one, two inches; one, one and one-half inches; and one, seven-eighths of an inch. Scallop the edges of these circles (about eleven scallops around the biggest circle). Arrange like a pen-wiper and finish the smallest one with eight long stitches taken from center to edge, using black or colored thread. Cut two leaves for each flower, one and three-quarter inches at widest part and about four inches long. Make veins on leaves by embroidering a long line through the middle, with black or colored thread, and then about six stitches from various points on this to the edge. It is better to pin leaves and flowers in place—one flower on side crown a little to right of front, and the other a little to left of back—and then make the veins, taking the stitches through frame. This holds the trimming in place.

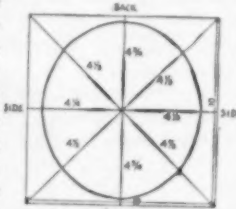


FIG. 8—PATTERN FOR TOP OF CROWN

[Concluded on page 85]



Can Your Peaches This Year in the Better, Easier Way

PARE peaches and put into jars. For each pint jar take half a cup of water and a cup of sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and fill the jars full. Fasten the covers loosely and set in a "Wear-Ever" Roaster—filling the lower half with water. Cover and let come to a boil. Steam about ten minutes. Take out the jars one at a time and fill each to the top with the boiling syrup and seal. You will have peaches, perfect in shape and color—and with less work and fuel, if you use the

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Pears, plums, pineapples—all can be "put up" in the same easy way. In this same Roaster you can steam vegetables, you can roast meat without basting, you can bake fish in the oven, you can bake apples or potatoes on top of the stove, you can use it for a bread box. It is the pan you use every day the year around.

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Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol balsams soothe and cleanse the pores, remove pimples and blackheads, and leave the complexion clear, fresh and velvety. When the skin is in very bad condition, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap.

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THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

[Continued from page 24]

"She was so sure that I would believe in them, would not betray her friends, that she laughed gaily when I told her of the possibility.

"Well, she was right. When I had heard the plot, though I thought they were fighting with the wrong weapons, I believed in the fight, and I sent her the signal. She had begged not to be kept waiting in ignorance, and I had arranged to send her a ring of mine, a plain gold band which I always wore, as a sign that she had conquered. I sent Brunoff with it and a message.

"But he had hardly left me when the police of St. Petersburg, with old Michael Dogiel in person heading them, broke into the meeting. A few of us escaped, but all the leaders were taken, many of them sent to Siberia, and the group completely broken up, as I thought.

"The next morning when I went to Sophie, she had fled. I was mad with grief. I searched everywhere, I sent agents throughout all the world. But she was gone.

"I cannot believe that she fled to avoid being taken prisoner with the others. She was not at the meeting, and there was no documentary evidence to incriminate her. Besides, it would not be like her to run. And those members of the society whom I succeeded in finding knew no more of her than I did. She had simply disappeared as completely as if she had left the earth. All her friends were as much mystified as I.

"No, she must have fled from me. I am certain she never got the signal; and she must have thought I had carried out my threat, that I had betrayed her. She was my one great love, she was more to me than my life—and she must have died hating me, cursing the day she met me—"

His voice broke suddenly, and he covered his eyes with a shaking hand. But Patricia leaned forward eagerly her eyes shining.

"No!" she cried, "No! I know better than that. She did receive your ring. Brunoff took it to her on the day she died. It was her joy that you had sent it that killed her. She must have understood."

Boris' hand dropped to his side, and he stared at her for a moment with wide eyes in which joy and a fierce sorrow shone strangely together. Then, with a quick gesture, he leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and buried his face in his hands.

For a long moment, there was silence. At last, without raising his head, Boris spoke huskily.

"Tell me!" he said.

So they told, between them, the little they knew of Sophie; and, then, as the

Grand Duke still sat silent and shaken, they went on with all the events which had followed David's meeting with Sophie and his call at her apartment.

They were really talking to help Boris get control of himself again, and after a while they were successful. He raised his head, at last, and sat back in his chair. When Patricia had finished her account of the murder of Brunoff and of her own exciting experiences in Geneva, he seemed quite himself again.

"That," he said calmly, "is a good riddance. None the less, we ought, I suppose, to report it at once to the Swiss authorities."

But Patricia spoke quickly.

"I could not bear to hurt her," she pleaded. "She did it, really, to save me; and I could not give her up. Let the authorities find it out for themselves, if they must. What can it matter? And she was kind to me. I like her!"

Boris looked at her.

"You are like Sophie in more than looks," he said slowly. "Ivanowna was a dear friend of my love's. I could not bear to harm her, either. We will leave it as it is."

He rose to his feet and stood silent for a moment. Then he spoke again.

"I am very much in your debt, Mademoiselle. You have taught me many things; and, on the whole, since Sophie was to die, I am glad to have learned them. I know, at least, that my own story is finished. But yours, Mademoiselle, yours has just begun!"

A wistful little half-smile came into his eyes.

"If you will permit me, I should like to offer you a small wedding-gift." He took from his pocket Sophie's cigarette-case. "It was handed me last evening in the crowd. I shall obtain permission from the Empress to have it reproduced, and I shall give you the replica. Even for you, I could not bear to part with the original."

When they had seen him go, at last, gentle, reserved, bearing in his manner no sign of the tragedy within, Patricia stole close to David and slipped her hand confidingly into his.

"Poor, poor man!" she said softly. "I am glad we could help him even so little as that." Then she looked at David with tender, serious eyes.

"Our own happiness is founded on the wreck of his," she said; "so we owe it to him to be very, very happy. We would not be paying our debts if we were not."

"That," said David, "may be sophistry; but I mean to begin acting on it at once!" And he kissed her.

[THE END]

THE SMART SILK SAILORS

[Continued from page 83]

If your hat is to be of white satin, daisies, buttercups, and cornflowers, appliquéd around side-crown, with a few daisy leaves to connect the colors, look exceedingly well (Fig. 4). You can make the four daisies you need from a yard of white ribbon, one-half inch wide. There are about fifteen petals on each daisy, each petal made of a three-inch piece of ribbon folded in two and sewed so the end of petal is very sharp and pointed. After these petals are arranged and tacked to side crown, finish center with a circle of brown velvet one-half inch in diameter, sewed flat in place. Take care in arranging the collection of bright flowers, and sew them flat; so that from a distance they will look as if embroidered.

If you have covered your sailor with the white velveteen, and want a more striking trimming than the white dahlias, use black velvet poppies arranged around top of crown (Fig. 3). To buy, these are rather expensive, but I shall be glad to send you a pattern and directions for making them yourself.

All of these hats cost so little, if you make them yourself in this way, that your supply of hats can easily be made to keep pace with any number of gowns you may be fortunate enough to possess.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by mail by Mrs. Tobey if stamped envelope is enclosed.

CORSET SHIELDS

By MARIE ROYLE

THE woman who perspires freely is often annoyed by the way her corset becomes stained in front, at the top of the steel. An adjustable shield inside will prevent this. Using a single shield of good size, cut along the curve of the middle, and bind along the top with tape or white ribbon. It may be slipped in after the corset is on, and fastened in place with three tiny safety-pins, one in the center, and one at either side. If it shows a tendency to ride up, it may be fastened at one side and the bottom, before the corset is put on, then smoothed into place, and fastened on top at the other side. Such a shield could be made of rubber cloth or oiled silk, but is more fussy than the ready-made shield. A pair of shields over the top of the corset under the arms, not only prevents soiling the waist through perspiration, but also protects corset-cover and blouse from the wear which friction over the tips of the corset bones inevitably produces.

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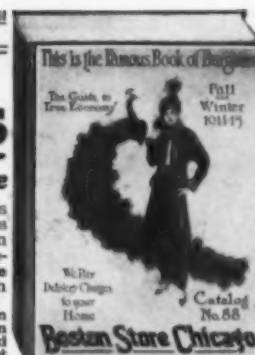
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A TRAVELING SCHOOL IN HOME ECONOMICS

[Continued from page 13]

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[Continued on page 87]

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A TRAVELING SCHOOL IN HOME ECONOMICS

[Continued from page 86]

ues, for one thing, are carefully propounded. The course provides a series of mimeographed sheets which can be preserved and studied until the definition of "calory", the heat unit by which measurements are made, is clearly understood, and the significance of carbohydrates and proteins sinks into the mind. These sheets are so arranged that the physiological food values of pumpkins, or pork, or peanuts can be told at a glance. The duplicated sheets are given out on other subjects as well, and on Friday afternoon those who have attended have a splendid outline of the whole work to take home; and fingers, grown a little stiff since they last took notes, are relieved of such a responsibility. During the hours allotted to this subject of food, the question of diet, from babies to adults, from the invalid to the man who works in the open, is discussed, and the necessity for proper cooking italicized.

The important subject of sanitation in country homes is frankly dealt with, and the dangers of neglect pointed out. In towns where there is no water system or sewage piping, the problem becomes for each family an individual one, and can be best met, perhaps, by keeping informed as to what advice the Government places at the disposal of any one who will address his Congressman at Washington and ask for free bulletins. These bulletins are authoritative and represent very careful experiment and investigation. The fly nuisance is attacked, and attention called to the established fact that rain-barrels and pools of water from the last shower breed mosquitoes in menacing numbers; but that a coating of kerosene oil will stop their flying forth to infest verandas and sleeping-rooms. Fresh air, night and day, and as much sunshine as possible in every room of the house; these are declared to be the most effective agents for health and cleanliness.

Then there is the fundamental matter of household accounting; the housekeeper of the present day must keep a strict record of income and outgo in her domain, if the best interests of the home are to be assured. There can be no squandering of the chicken money, until the outlay for grain, and the other liabilities are deducted. The cost of living has to be corralled before housekeeping is put on a business basis. Knowing just how the money comes in, and exactly how it goes out, is a tremendous help toward thrifty living. Figures about the ideal division of income are offered for consideration. One authority quoted says that in a family of four adults, 25 per cent. should go for food; 20 per cent. for shelter; 15 per

[Concluded on page 89]

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40 designs—all steel. Handsome, costs less than wood, more durable. We can save you money. Write for free catalog and special prices.

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A New Small Grand

Elegance of design and finish, integrity of construction, and fidelity to even the least detail, distinguish every Ivers & Pond Piano, and none more than the fine grand shown here. Above all, however, the indescribably charming tone of this attractive model is endearing it to the music loving public.

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If no dealer near you sells the Ivers & Pond, you can buy from our factory as safely and advantageously as if you lived nearby. We make expert selection, prepay freight and ship on trial, in your home, in any State in the Union. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans. For catalogue and valuable information to buyers, mail the coupon now.

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Involves no sacrifice of beauty when the complexion is guarded by LABLACHE. It protects the delicate texture of the skin from sun and wind—from the smoke of travel, dust of motoring. Preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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French Perfumers, Dept. E
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COURTESY TO THE NEWCOMER

What Good Form Demands: A Monthly Department

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

WHEN the midsummer bride, the new teacher, or the young business man from another town arrives among us, there may be a flurry of doubt as to who should make the advances and how this should be done. Especially when the newcomer has an imposing home and other signs of worldly advantages will friendly neighbors hang back, feeling uncertain as to what to do under the circumstances. A few simple suggestions may help to decide these difficulties.

In a small town, the best and most correct attitude is to be neighborly and call upon the newcomer at once. No one should feel any hesitancy in doing this, for hospitality is always a gracious and becoming virtue. After a first call and the return visit, another call should be made; for it is both unkind and ill-bred to close immediately an acquaintanceship that you have begun, and should there be evident uncongeniality, it is easy to let the acquaintance drop away after two or three visits.

These first calls should be made within two weeks after the newcomer's arrival, and they should be as promptly returned. Even in informal circles where visiting cards are not used on all occasions, they should be carried for first calls, and left with the maid or on the hall table, whether the ladies of the house are at home or not. The question of the number of cards is becoming very sensibly simplified. At present, only one card is left, even when asking for several ladies.

If a stranger arrives in town with cards of introduction from friends, these cards may be either carried in person or sent through the mail. If the introduction is to a much younger woman, the elderly woman mails the card of introduction with one of her own cards; and this should always bring a prompt call—within the next two or three days, if possible. A young woman carries cards of introduction to an older woman, and a man always makes a personal visit when presenting his. In the two latter cases the newcomer should be careful to choose

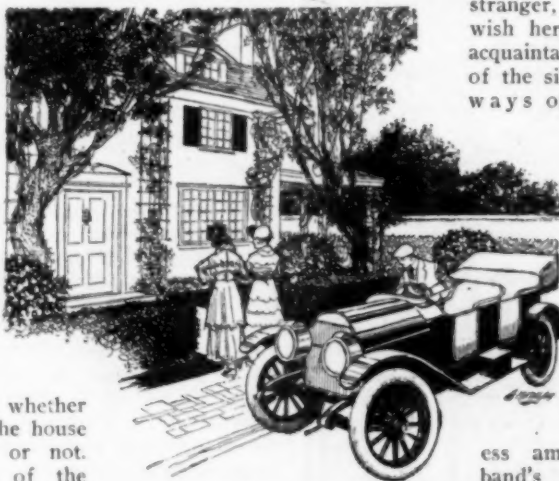
a correct calling hour—that is, some time between three and six o'clock—for her call, and should make her stay brief. She should present her own card, with the card of introduction, at the door. Such calls should always be promptly returned. Of course, as soon as a stranger attends a church regularly, the clergyman and some of the members should call. Perhaps a busy pastor may overlook some such cases, but every one in the congregation should help him by pointing out the presence of newcomers. Church is always a place where those who have been long in attendance can feel justified in speaking a few words of welcome to strangers without violation of the conventions. Business connections can also be made an excuse for a well-established hostess to show friendliness to an outsider, and even the smallest courtesies will help to make the first strange weeks more tolerable for the one who is not known.

IN addition to mere calling, there arises the question of hospitalities. When one has a friend coming to town as a stranger, it is natural to wish her to meet one's acquaintances, and one of the simplest and best ways of accomplishing

this is by means of an afternoon tea. If the stranger-bride has no mother-in-law or relatives to introduce her to society in this way, some well-known hostess among her husband's friends should do it for her. And, be it remembered, if the

stranger be a young, unmarried girl, that it is more important that she make her first acquaintances among the women rather than the men; for it is by her women friends that a girl's social position is determined, not by her men friends. Often times, it happens that an elderly and well-established hostess will entertain for a young stranger upon whom she has not called, and such courtesy should be graciously accepted. When asked to be guest of honor at an entertainment the newcomer should call on her hostess before the entertainment, and within ten days afterwards. In very formal circles, she should leave a card

[Concluded on page 90]



OUR FIRST SOCIAL DUTY IS THE NEIGHBORLY CALL



BACK VIEW

The Comfortable, Convenient Leona Three-in-One Garment

fits every wearer perfectly. Combines—corset cover, drawers and skirt in one dainty garment that is easily and quickly put on or taken off.

The Leona is different. Superior to ordinary combination suits. Carefully tailored. Fits the form like a glove. All you need is a Leona, your gown, and you are dressed. Charming displays waists and dresses worn over it. Easier and cheaper to launder than 3 separate garments. Decidedly better in every way. Made of superior quality French or English Nainsook. Trimmed with rich looking imported laces and embroideries of attractive designs. Sold direct at less than it would cost you to make them. Send \$1.00 and waist measurement for our style No. 160 order this beautiful garment at our risk—money back if not pleased. Leona style book showing assortment of dainty lingerie free. Agents Wanted in Every Town. No experience necessary. We will show you how to make money in an easy and pleasant way in your home town. A splendid opportunity to establish a permanent and profitable business without any capital. Miss M. made \$50.00 profit within five days. Mrs. R. sold \$18.48 worth the first day she started. We could show hundreds more testimonies. Free particulars. Leona Garment Co., 242 Main Street, La Crosse, Wis.



BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

are knit to the exact shape of the foot, ankle and calf, without seams. This gives a smart, stylish fit together with the unequaled comfort of smooth stockings. And the "knit-in" shape is perfect to the last; it won't come out in washing or wear.

Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized—25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. Ask your dealer for them—if he cannot supply you, write us.

BURSON KNITTING CO.
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Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$3.00. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.

C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1021 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A TRAVELING SCHOOL IN HOME ECONOMICS

[Continued from page 87]

cent. for clothing; 15 per cent. for operating expenses; and 25 per cent. for "advancement". This latter item includes such things as savings, life insurance, church, clubs, magazines, music, travel.

Part of each day is given over to demonstrations of various sorts; bread is made; eggs, cereals, and vegetables cooked; the question of meat discussed; tables are set; and a school lunch-box packed before interested mother eyes.

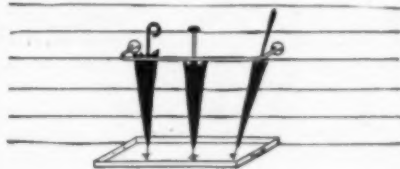
There is on exhibition a small library of books for farm women, pamphlets, magazine articles, and mounted photographs of helpful household devices and schemes for interior decoration. Samples of floor coverings, from indestructible "battleship" linoleum to velour rugs, with prices clearly marked, are stacked up where they can be seen and handled. There seems to be a piece of about everything that is new and artistic and durable in draperies, ready for inspection. Wallpaper, plain and striped and flowered, suggests transformed rooms. And utensils! Such an enticing array of labor-savers just naturally endangers the Commandment about coveting.

"I never was so tempted to steal in all my life before," ample Jennie May whispers dramatically to Sarah Adams, she of the graying hair, as the morning's session comes to a close. "I don't know but that I shall yet, if I don't go straight home this minute!"

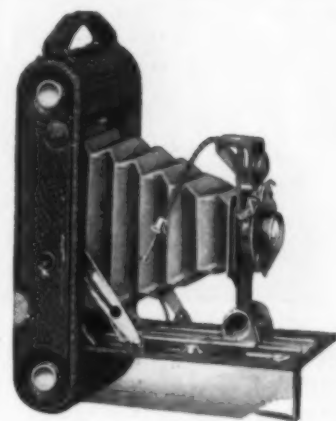
HANDY UMBRELLA-RACK

By GERALDINE AMES

WHEN the children come home from school on a rainy day and bring their dripping umbrellas into the kitchen to set in the sink, or take them through to the umbrella-rack in the front hall, they leave a trail of water



over the floors. By means of an old towel rack (or a new one, for that matter, as it is worth while to buy a new one), a simple umbrella-rack can be put out on the back porch. Measure with an umbrella for the right height, and fasten the rack as illustrated, placing an old pan on the floor to catch the water. It will save many minutes that would otherwise be spent in wiping up the floor.



The New No. 1A KODAK JR.

A thin, compact, convenient camera of high efficiency. The shape of the pictures is rectangular (2 1/2 x 4 1/4 inches), and pleasingly suited to landscapes and home portraits.

Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectilinear lens; has new Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second; improved back for quick reloading; automatic focusing lock; collapsible reversible finder and two tripod sockets. Uses Kodak Film cartridges of six and twelve exposures, loading and unloading in daylight.

Price, with meniscus achromatic lens, \$ 9.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens, 11.00

Free catalogue at your dealer's, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Kodak City.

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists. **STILLMAN CREAM CO.,** Dept. 4, Aurora, Ill.



When answering ads. mention McALL'S



Every day, legions of people get rid of their corns with **Blue-jay**. This easy method now removes a million corns a month.

You who suffer with corns do yourselves an injustice. **Blue-jay** will instantly stop the pain. And in 48 hours, without any soreness, the corn comes out completely.

About half the people know this now. When a corn appears they put **Blue-jay** on it. Then they forget it. In a couple of days they lift out the corn and bid it good-bye forever.

You can't do that by paring corns. And you can't with old-time treatments. You may get relief for a little while, but the corns simply stay and grow.

Try this modern, scientific way—the way now employed by physicians and hospitals. Get rid of the corn. It is just as easy, just as painless as the ineffective ways.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

Startling New Hosiery Proposition
Hosiery for men, women and children. Guaranteed for one year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H. W. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fiedler 100 pairs on one street. G. W. Noble made \$25 in one day. Sworn proof. Sold only through agents. Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Big money sure. A chance of a lifetime. Write quick for terms and samples.
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Sell Dress Goods Here Is Your Opportunity

Our beautiful new styles will sell readily because of their exclusive and up to the minute attractiveness. They will enable you to build up a permanent business of your own and earn a steady income. Write for particulars regarding our exclusive agency proposition.

WICHMANN DRESS FABRIC COMPANY
2 Penn Street Pittsfield, Mass.

COURTESY TO THE NEWCOMER

[Continued from page 88]

at her hostess' the day after the function, and also make her call within ten days.

The question as to what will be expected of the recipient of these hospitalities will now arise, for society inexorably demands that we always make fitting return; yet, with so small an acquaintance as belongs to a newcomer, it is hard to plan any festivities. If there is a theater in town, the matinee offers a pleasant way out of this difficulty; and if guests are taken home afterwards for afternoon tea, the hospitality will be all the more marked. Where the matinee is out of the question, there is always that fashionable and distinctively American mode of entertainment, the luncheon, whereby a newcomer can pay her social debts to three or four women friends at a time. This, however, is a rather expensive form of entertainment if carried out elaborately; and if the newcomer has not a resourceful purse, it will be better for her to issue her invitations for afternoon tea, where only chocolate and tea, light sandwiches or wafers, need be served, her obligation toward her new friends being thus fulfilled.



A CUP OF TEA AFTER THE
MATINEE

OUTSIDE and apart from the actual demands of social courtesy, there is much we may do in the way of simple, good old-fashioned neighborliness. A morning bouquet of fresh flowers from your garden for the stranger next door, a dish of luscious berries for breakfast from your treasured little patch, or a plateful of your favorite cookies at the tea hour will make the newcomer feel that you really welcome her among you.

Every one appreciates thoughtfulness and the little attentions which are prompted by kindness; and the surest way to have a friend is to be one. After all, true politeness is but true kindness, and a good plan to follow, where it is desirable to establish a cordial, informal relationship, is the time-honored Golden Rule.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with your inquiry.

Send for Free Sample



WRITE today for liberal free sample cake of **Sempre Giovine**, the famous skin cleanser and beautifier. Enough for seven days use. Results will astonish you. **Send Today—Now.**

Sempre Giovine

(Pronounced Sem-pray Jo-vee-nyo)
(Meaning "Always Young")

Clears the complexion. Brings color to the cheeks. Freshens the skin. Cleans the pores thoroughly. Comes in cake form. Convenient and economical. Does not crumble on the face. Will not cause the growth of hair. For twenty-five years the choice of beautiful women. At druggists and department stores—50c.

Special 50c Offer

If you would like to get at once a full size cake of **Sempre Giovine** enclose 50c with your name and address and full size package will be mailed you postpaid at once.

Write Today

Send us a letter or a post card at once for the liberal sample, **FREE** and postpaid. Send name of your dealer. Do it now.

Marietta Stanley Co.
Dept. 2066, Grand Rapids, Mich.



DO YOU NEED MONEY?

To educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, or dress better? Then do as thousands of others are doing. Make money selling **World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear** in your home town.

No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. Two lady agents began in their home town in California and each made over **\$3,000 FIRST YEAR**. We sell direct from the mill to the home, thereby giving exceptional values for the money. Our lines for men, women and children are famous the world over. We have in 18 years grown to be one of the largest concerns in the world manufacturing and selling knit goods direct to the consumer. Agents wanted in every town. It is a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. Write today for our free catalog. We protect agents in territory and make prompt delivery.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
Dept. 47 Bay City, Mich.

GIVEN To Every Woman



HERE'S the daintiest gift you ever laid your eyes on—a whole week's supply of **Marinello Face Powder—FREE**. Of course, you know of **Marinello Powder**, but perhaps you have never used it, so simply to let you see how delightful it is, we will give you enough of this exquisite powder to last you a whole week. Daintily put up in a charming, useful **Lucky Elephant Coin Purse and Vanity Case** finished in Gold, one side of which holds \$1.50 in change—the other contains a puff, mirror and powder. Send us your name, address, 2 dimes and 3 two-cent stamps, and both the case and the free Powder come to you prepaid. Write today—mention shade.

MARINELLO CO., Dept. 102, Mollers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

We Prepay Postage



Send Us \$1.00 Down And We Ship This Boys' Outfit 10 Pieces Complete

One of the greatest boy's clothing offers ever made. You will admit this is a wonderful value in a complete Sunday or school outfit—ten pieces—a whole wardrobe to dress the boy from head to foot. Sent to you for only \$1.00 down, the balance payable \$1.00 per month. Order by **\$6.95 No. 8-2. We prepay postage. Total price only \$6.95.** Just a sample of hundreds of amazing bargains offered in our Fall Style Book of newest fashions for women and children. Sent for Special Bargain Lists and wonderful new Fall Style Book—mailed free. The outfit includes:

- 1 English Norfolk Suit
- 1 Boy's Golf Cap
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Suits, fancy cassimere in popular shades of gray, tan, brown or navy blue. Coat, single breasted, lined with good quality Italian twill; knickerbocker pants with side buckles; Cap is made of selected patterns all wool worsted and cassimere. Shoes of Best Ever quality calf made to stand hard wear. Knitted silk reversible four-in-hand tie. Fancy percale shirt waist. Two pairs of stockings. All sizes to fit boys 6 to 17 years old. Shoes up to 5 1-2 size. 3 Irish lawn handkerchiefs. Be sure to state size of suit, shoes and cap when ordering.

On Credit—Everything Prepaid

Open a credit account with us. We invite you. Get any pretty thing in women's, boy's and girl's wear. A very small payment down—then just a little each month. We prepay postage.

Free 1914 Style Book Write for our Style Book No. 82 and Bargain Price List today, also our extra special bargain lists of women's and children's apparel, suits, coats, dresses, white goods, millinery, shoes, hair goods, lingerie, waists. Also Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes.

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MODENE

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IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally tilted on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery **MODENE**. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It cannot fail. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supercedes Electrolysis Used by people of refinement and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases (securely sealed) on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED MODENE MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. 89, Cincinnati, Ohio

Every Bottle Guaranteed
We Offer \$1000 for failure or the Slightest Injury

NEW IDEAS IN NEEDLEWORK

[Continued from page 49]

10416—School-Bag. Stenciled on Aberdeen crash, 13x20 inches, including back, straps, and cotton for working, 45 cents. The leaves are in green in long-and-short stitch; the petals outlined in red, with turned over part in satin-stitch. The stems may be solid or outlined.



10420—A Dainty Apron. Stamped on lawn, 25 cents; on batiste, 35 cents; on handkerchief linen, 65 cents, or free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Seven skeins cotton, 20 cents extra. Directions for embroidering this rambling rose design are given in embroidery lesson on page 51.



The roses are in pink, the leaves and stems green, daisies in blue with yellow French-knot centers, and the clovers are in lavender French knots.

Editor's Note.—A perforated pattern of any design on this page and page 49, including preparation and directions for stamping, 15 cents, from The McCall Company, New York City. Not carried by our Pattern Agencies. The same pattern may be used repeatedly, and on any color or any kind of material. Miss Sterling will answer questions as to embroidering any piece in this department, if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Our 24-page book, "Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs", price 10 cents, free to McCall readers for a 2-cent stamp.

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"Select what you want from my catalogue and all you need to do is write to me to open your charge account on terms to suit. I am a believer in the average home lover. I don't have any iron-clad rules or red tape, because I'm sure that you'll be as square with me as I will be with you. I want you to write for my Big FREE Furniture and Home Furnishing Catalog now and see all the beautiful things on which I'll be pleased to give you

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Big Rocker Bargain

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In easy payments of 50c per month and shipped you on 30 days' trial

"A most attractive parlor rocker at an exceptionally low price. Made of genuine solid golden oak, high gloss finish, wide arms, heavy front posts and sweeps. Covered with durable black Sylvan leather with a deep spring seat, fancy ruffled front and back, with dainty rosettes at the top. Shipped on 30 days' trial. Price \$3.65. Terms, 50c cash with order, balance \$3.15 monthly. Order direct from this advertisement and send for FREE Book of Bargains today sure."

→ SPEAR & CO. ←
Dept. B, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sign and Mail this Coupon NOW

Spear & Co., Dept. B, Pittsburgh, Pa. Please send me, free, your complete Bargain Catalog with Prices, Easy Credit Terms and Information, without the slightest obligation on my part.

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Neutro THE REFINED DEODORANT



A powerful but harmless snowy white cream that neutralizes perspiration and all body odors. A toilet necessity. Lasting and non-irritant. 25 cents at drug and department stores. Insist upon Neutro—or sent direct upon receipt of price. **NEUTRO MFG. CO., Dept. G CLEVELAND**



Good cooking made easy!

Good cooking depends as much on the range as on your skill. A cheap range or worn out stove makes cooking results always uncertain; and often spoils your best efforts. The

Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range.

makes good cooking easy and sure. Made of charcoal and malleable iron; it stands rust and wear three times as long as ranges made of ordinary range metals. Put together with cold-rivets that keep the joints absolutely tight always (no putty used.) Lined with extra heavy pure asbestos that holds in the heat and reflects it onto oven. Scientifically designed to maintain uniform temperature with least use of fuel; and to circulate heat evenly to all parts of oven. You never have to "turn the baking" in a Majestic.

The cost of a Majestic, in service, is less than that of any ordinary range. The fuel, repairs and the work it saves and the years longer that it lasts, more than offsets the little extra it costs.

If you realized how much the Majestic reduces the work and worry of cooking, you would get one now. Find out! If you don't know the Majestic dealer near you, ask us. (There is one in every county of 40 States). Write for "Range Comparison" explaining Majestic ranges fully.

Majestic Mfg. Co., Dept. 128, St. Louis, Mo.



Every Woman Will Enjoy Reading

"The Crowning"

our fascinating new serial story of romance and adventure, by Mary Imlay Taylor. Begins in this issue of McCall's Magazine. If your subscription expires this month, send your renewal with 50c, promptly, so as not to miss a single chapter of this charming serial.

The McCall Co., 236 W. 37th St., N. Y. City

Don't Be a Discouraging Woman

By AN OPTIMIST

LET us all make a vow that from henceforth we will not belong to the class of discouraging women. A negro mammy was once asked why, in the face of many discouragements, she was always cheerful. "Lawd God, chile," was her answer, "I jes weahs de world lak a loose gyarment." There is a great deal of philosophy in her words. There are many times where we must "wear the world like a loose garment" if we are to do our best work in it.

The discouraging woman begins at sunrise with, "I don't feel at all well to-day. I have a pain in my right side. I think it is going to be appendicitis. I am going to send for the doctor, for I feel in my bones that I am in for an operation. What will the children do without me?" How does the husband of a woman of this type begin his day's work, think you?

Can he possibly meet his difficulties with that buoyant courage which is half of success?

A little later you will hear from her, "Children, it is going to rain. Have you your umbrellas? I am sure you will be late at school; you always are. Do you know your lessons? I suppose not; why was I not blessed with bright children? Not one of you is the least credit to me; as for Jimmy, he is positively stupid. Now, don't let me hear any bad reports to-day, though I mustn't expect too much."

Can the dejected little group, starting from home, thus reminded only of their imperfections, feel quite in the spirit to work hard and give their best efforts?

The discouraging woman meets a friend. Immediately every unhappy or disquieting circumstance that has happened to her during the last week is poured out. Her cook has left; the baby is sick, her husband not doing well; the children are ill-tempered; she herself, only by the most remarkable effort of will (for which she is noted), is just able to be about and no more.

NEITHER is the discouraging woman ever satisfied with telling her own troubles. Those of every friend and acquaintance are dragged from their peaceful shadow; retold with apprehensive additions and fearful insinuations, at once they become people with hideous tragedies.

In any corporate work, the discouraging woman is a perfect bugbear. Every effort her co-workers make, no matter how earnest and thoughtful, is, in her mind, a mistaken one. She portends failure for every project, even at its birth. She is eternally pulling down. Herself unable to build, she is merciless in her criticism of those who are endeavoring to construct or do anything from the simple filling of a missionary-box to the planning of a suffragette campaign.

THE discouraging woman thinks her doctor knows nothing; thinks her priest or pastor hopelessly inefficient; her tradespeople dishonest; her servants incompetent; her friends not attentive enough; her husband inappreciative; her children failures. She not only thinks these things, but she says she thinks them, indiscriminately, to every one she meets.

At times, we must all face evil and discouragement. No one is perfect, we are all weak; but, is it fair to strike again and again the sharp discordant note of contention and disapproval, to be always harping upon the failures, never the successes of our friends?

Nothing helps one so much to live life profitably as does the fact that one is believed in. Probably knowledge that the love and belief of mothers, sweethearts, or wives were theirs has helped more men to success than any other one thing. There is a subtle, spiritual courage which comes with the knowledge that one is on a pedestal in another's heart.

The incense of belief is sweet. The discouraging woman refuses this incense to those she loves; she gets them down very quickly from any would-be pedestal, and saps their very lives by her continual note of ill omen.

I believe a doctor's quickest cures are those exercised upon people who believe in him. The most spiritual priest is the one whose followers love him. Servants do far better for an appreciative mistress; tradespeople respect a kind and generous patron; the husband who has his wife's deep reverence and absolute belief, in the very nature of things, must love more than he who is doubted. That

[Concluded on page 93]



"LAWD GOD, CHILE, I JES WEAHS DE WORLD LAK A LOOSE GYARMENT."

PILLOW GIVEN!

With Our 30c Embroidery Set
(You Get Actual 60c Value)



No. 5002—Size 17 x 22 inches

Pure Linen Crash Pillow Top and Back
"GORGEOUS!" exclaim the ladies who see this beautiful De Luxe Art Pillow tinted in all its full rich colors for embroidering in shades of blue, red, yellow and green. We actually lose money on this fearless offer, but we find it the quickest way to introduce Richardson's Pure Silk Floss to stylish women everywhere. All we ask is 30c in stamps to pay for postage and exact materials necessary to start you embroidering this gift pillow. You receive—

- 1 Pillow Top and Back, pure linen crash, worth 30c
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- 1 De Luxe Premium Art Book, picturing 500 exquisite Embroidery patterns given for tags saved from Richardson's Floss **FREE**

TOTAL 60c

All sent postpaid on approval for 30c and your dealer's name. Money refunded if you are not delighted.

Richardson's Guaranteed Pure Silk Floss

Is the favorite with millions because of its rich, Oriental lustre, ease in working and gorgeous colors that do not run. Write today, enclosing 30c in stamps, and this entire pillow outfit will come to you by return mail postpaid. Address

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
Dept. 206-6 305-9 W. Adams St., Chicago
Makers also of Richardson's Grand Prize Spool Silk



The Nursery Standard
for over 31 years

"CLINTON"

Never-Rust Safety Pins

BEING made of Brass Wire they cannot rust. The stiff points are smooth and very sharp. Coil end is sheathed to prevent clothing getting tangled. Shield made so pin cannot become unfastened accidentally. Made in seven sizes and three finishes,—Nickel, Black, and Gold.

Look for the Oakville Trade Mark on every card and paper of pins you buy.

Ask for
"Damascus"
Steel Safety
Pins for Dress
use and



"Sovran"
Common pins
with sharp points
that cannot hook
over.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

DON'T BE A DISCOURAGING WOMAN

[Continued from page 92]

children are instantly stimulated by appreciation, and hopelessly discouraged by unnecessary reproof, is very well known to us all.

We are all here to master our faults, not to be their slaves. I feel strongly that we women drift into faults of character without realizing it. What we need is to wake up, put on the brakes, and turn over a new leaf. We should not be made by circumstances; it is our proudest boast that we can make them.

A woman, particularly a mother, cannot speak, move, live one day, without giving out from herself, as unconsciously as a rose gives out its perfume, a distinct spiritual influence. This influence either stimulates people to go on and do their best, or mysteriously drains from them their moral energy. We all know



THE DISCOURAGING WOMAN SENDS A DEJECTED
LITTLE GROUP TO SCHOOL

that, after a talk with some strong soul, we feel within us the faith that can move mountains. While a word, a look, a deprecating sigh, or even only an insinuating shrug, from the opposite kind of a being, so depresses us that we feel spiritually and mentally paralyzed.

We must accept our responsibilities. We must every day face difficulty and discouragement, and face them stanchly; but we need not hug our trials. Above all, we need not pass our sadness on to another struggling human soul.

More is gained by overlooking the mistaken efforts of other people than by harboring them in our hearts, where they are sure to rankle. To prophesy evil and annihilation for any project is the very quickest way to bring such things about. To be always afraid that "something is going to happen" is sure, by the strange cycle in which events move, to draw disaster down upon us from the mild blue skies of heaven.

The woman who has a large nature is able to wear the real world "like a loose garment". Sometimes, indeed often, it is the best policy not even to wrap our own difficulties too closely about us. By wearing them loosely we secure space to breathe, and see beyond ourselves where and how to attain our truest development.



Given with
small purchases
through a
Club-of-Ten

CO-OPERATION MAKES THESE YOURS

Wouldn't you like to get this chair or this lamp—or your choice of hundreds of other furnishings—without any extra expense whatever?

You can get them—easily, quickly. Get them without effort or expense, by joining the greatest co-operative movement America has ever seen.

"JUST JOIN A LARKIN CLUB"

Combine with other members in purchasing some of your needed household supplies, such as foods, toilet preparations, soaps, dry goods, notions, etc., direct from the Larkin Factories.

You'll get supplies of the highest quality, made in clean, wholesome factories which are inspected by 50,000 visitors annually. And you'll get, in addition, your choice of many handsome furnishings as your bonus or "profit-saving" for dealing direct with us, and avoiding the needless middleman expense.

CATALOG EXPLAINS ALL— SEND COUPON TODAY

Our new Fall Catalog—just out—shows all our household supplies and the splendid furnishings, clothing, etc., you get with them. It tells about the great co-operative Club-of-Ten, how you can join one, or how you can earn furnishings by starting a Club yourself. Send the Coupon or a postal to our nearest address today. See the Catalog that means so much to 2,000,000 others!



Given
with
small
purchases
through
a
Club-of-Ten

Larkin Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago Peoria

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____

Larkin Co. Send me your Catalog
No. 26 and information about the Club-of-Ten Co-operative Plan.

FRECKLES

Removed or Money Back

There is no more reason why you should have freckles on your face and arms than dirt. Just as soap removes dirt—

Wilson's Freckle Cream

removes freckles. Here's our **GUARANTEE:** If one \$1.00 jar does not remove all freckles, tan or sunburn without the least injury to your skin, we return your money without question or quibble. Could we make a fairer offer? No trouble to follow directions. The freckles vanish; the skin is left soft, clear and rosy. Used by thousands everywhere. Send \$1 today; you risk nothing.

Wilson's Fair Skin Powder and Wilson's Fair Skin Soap are favorites with many women.

WILSON FRECKLE CREAM CO.

237 Meeting Street

Charleston, S. C.



When answering ads. mention McALL'S

We Pay Postage



\$1.00

Sent for 1 Down

An amazing offer. Our latest style outfit—shipped for only 1¢ down—all charges prepaid. Write today for Style Book and other big startling offers.

All-Wool Shirt—Made of guaranteed quality all-wool serge. Cut-away Russian tunic, triple plaits on sides. Navy blue or black. Length 37 to 44. Collar 22 to 30. Broadened silk waist—With Gladstone collar of white cord. Full-length sleeve. Buttons in front. Trimmed with thread lace. White only. Serviceable V-neck—Festively embroidered in front with mercerized silk. Turndown collar, trimmed lace. Fancy hemstitched shoulders, long sleeves. Buttons in front. White only. Size: 32 to 44. Sateen Petticoat—of silk or satin. Elaborate flounce. Furnished in black, emerald or navy. 4 Pieces. Furnished Complete. Delivered Free. \$6.95. Give bust, belt, hip length measurements and color.

Cash \$1.00—\$1.00 Per Month

On Credit Open a credit account with us. We invite you. Get any pretty thing you wish to wear for only a very small payment down—then just a little each month. We prepay all express or postage.

Free Fall Style Book Write for our Style Book No. 23 and bargain price lists to children's apparel, suits, cloaks, dresses, white goods, millinery, shoes, hair goods, lingerie, waists. Also Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes. Send a postal now.

Order by No. 51.

ELMER RICHARDS CO. Dept. 1016
35th St. Chicago

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Get Your Range or Stove at Factory Price

Try Before You Buy
We pay the Freight



FREE our famous money-saving stove book. Read it at least before you look anywhere else. It shows the latest things and teaches how to buy wisely and economically.

Ask for Book No. 715

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 11]

I want you to take this telegram to my aunt. Go down to the office, pay for it, and ask them, please, to send it at once."

In a very few minutes Virginia got the American Embassy, but only to discover a new stumbling-block—a servant answered the call, the Ambassador was in the United States and the *Chargé d'affaires* very ill. There was no one there who could immediately attend to the matter of her passport. She hung up the receiver with a new feeling of loneliness, and walked slowly back into the other room. Ellis had not yet returned; the open suitcase on the table looked disheveled in its half-unpacked condition, and the big, handsome room seemed particularly vacant. Virginia had a vague sensation of impending danger. There was something strange about the whole thing, something quite unexplained, something held back, like a suspended conversation, a half-told secret. Then, across her vision rose the strong, clean-cut, young face and the magnificent star. She could not doubt that face; it was the strongest, the most splendid assurance of truth that she had ever seen, a face of high courage, of unshaken resolution. Virginia stood a moment thinking of it, held by the spell of its strength, and unaware of her surroundings; then she roused herself and began to consider her position. It was not exactly comfortable—a young woman in a strange hotel in Southern Europe, chaperoned only by a maid. How she longed, at the moment, to hear an American voice—to be at home. But Europe—she had traveled abroad too much to misunderstand the different conditions, the attitude of the European toward the unchaperoned American girl. She knew that she had to look to the right and to the left, and move cautiously, or she would be utterly misunderstood. It was a nuisance, too, just when she wanted to explore this lovely, medieval Terek. The necessity of taking Ellis along rather spoiled it; Ellis did not exactly lend herself to romantic expeditions.

But just at this moment Ellis reappeared; she was evidently excited. "My goodness, Miss Fairfax, it wasn't a railroad accident, and that was the King!"

Virginia looked at her, perplexed. "What in the world are you talking about, Ellis?"

"That was the King—I mean the young man with the star—the one that talked to you, Miss. The chambermaid's been telling me. She talks a little English."

Miss Fairfax looked at her thoughtfully. "I think there must be some mistake, Ellis; he was too democratic. I've seen kings before; these small ones usually look as if they'd swallowed their

[Continued on page 95]

You Would Enjoy Shopping on Fifth Avenue—New York

of course—especially were you sure that you could buy more for less money than any other place. Here, then, is your chance—Our **Fifth Avenue Style Book Is Yours Free**—with all it contains of Authentic Style-Values and Wonderful Saving Chances. The **Double Value Offerings** in our Fall Style Book will interest you. Send for it. Look it over and see for yourself what economical prices can do for You—for



every woman who values her appearance. Smart and Refined Attire for Women, Men and Children. Dainty Toilette and Household Accessories—all at a Great Saving.

This Oriental Tango Chain

Handsomely mounted with gilt slides and gilt and crystal beads on heavy Grosgrain silk ribbon. This dainty ornament has the true Oriental touch—a jade and jet effect joined in a novel combination. You will be delighted with it—an exact copy of a hand-cut Oriental necklace of great price. It will enhance your appearance and put a drowsy touch to the simplest gown. In green and black.

POSTPAID ONLY 50c

Don't fail to send for the Free Style Book—100 Pages of Authentic Fifth Avenue Fashions at a Great Saving. Send To-day. A post-card will bring it to you.

FIFTH AVENUE MAIL ORDER CO.
381-X Fourth Avenue - New York City

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO



To make your Piano, Furniture or Automobile look new and beautiful; to remove the dark spots, bluish streaks, unsightly stains—and produce a lustrous surface that will not smear, streak, nor collect dust, a few drops of **LAWSON PIANO LUSTRE** on a clean, soft rag does the trick—with just a little rubbing. The secret of an old piano maker, who gave it to us after years of faithful service. It is a **clean** cleaner that cleans **clean**. Good for any varnished surface. Contains no harmful or poisonous ingredients. Tested for years. Mailed by us, the manufacturers, on receipt of 25 cts. for full size bottle. **Liberal sample bottle, 10 cts.** (coin or stamps). Fine opportunity for agents. Write for particulars.

LAWSON PIANO CO.
PIANO MANUFACTURERS
2561 Third Avenue
New York

Nadine Face Powder

(In Green Boxes Only)

Makes The Complexion Beautiful

Producing that soft, velvety freshness so much admired. Money refunded if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless and adheres until washed off. Blends out blemishes; prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users attest its merit and popular tints. **Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White.** By Toilet Counters or Mail, 50c. Dept. M. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn. U. S. A.

Write
For
Free
Catalog



Send
Only

50¢ and we ship you this superb rocker. Only 50¢ down and 50¢ per month for this magnificent rocker. Write for free catalog. You can see for yourself what an elegant rocker this is. It is made in American quarter sawed oak finish—profusely carved. Upholstered in best grade of Boston leather—prettily and bargain list today. If you want anything in rockers, furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, washing machines, crockery, silverware, baby carriages, go-carts, Men's, Women's and Children's apparel, stoves, ranges or any other article of house-furnishing, don't fail to get our exceptionally easy terms. Only a small deposit—then pay the balance at the rate of a small amount per month.

Easy Payments Write today for our big new catalog and lists of special bargains. See the outstanding values we are offering. Prices hard to equal. Write now—no obligations whatever.

FREE Bargain Catalogs

Straus & Schram, Inc. Dept. 9066 35th St. Chicago

Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes
FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY



"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains oil. Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes; shines without rubbing. 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10c.

"DANDY" Russet combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes. 25c. "STAR" size, 10c.

"ELITE" Black combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A-1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth; 25c. "BABY ELITE" size, 10c.

"OIL PASTE" Polish For all kinds of Black Shoes. Blacks, Polishes, Preserves. Also Tan "OIL PASTE," each 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid. **WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.**
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

It's No Joke To Be Deaf
—Every Deaf Person Knows That.
I MAKE MYSELF HEAR

After being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums, I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make myself hear. Address: **GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., 13 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.** Pat. Nov. 3, 1906.

THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 94]

scepters to keep their chins up. Oh, no!" —Virginia shook her head—"I scarcely think so, Ellis. But about the railroad accident; what did she say to that?"

"There wasn't any, Miss!" Ellis looked very grave. "She says there must have been some dangerous characters on the train and the police got them off—or something."

"But, Ellis, we were the only ones put off!"

Ellis reflected, her face a little pale. "That's so, Miss. I never thought—good gracious!"

There was a sharp tap on the door. The two women started violently, then the maid went reluctantly and cautiously to answer it. Virginia looked up expectantly.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss," Ellis announced, and added: "Do be careful, Miss Virginia, he's—he's fierce!"

Virginia suppressed a wild desire to laugh and went out to meet her visitor. In the hall was a tall, thin, old man in a dark uniform, with gold bars on his sleeve. He had the bearing of an important personage, but he bowed low, bending a keen glance on Virginia and holding out her telegram to her aunt.

"This is Madame's telegram?" he inquired, suave and amiable of manner and exceedingly grim in looks.

"Yes, it is—and I thought it had been sent! What's the matter with it?"

"Absolutely nothing, Madame." He bowed again, his eagle eye sweeping over her head and into the room behind her. "Unfortunately, in the late trouble, a censorship was established. It is necessary, therefore, to be certain that a sender acknowledges a dispatch. A mere formality, but—you perceive, Madame?"

Virginia perceived; she felt certain that her telegram was never going. She had merely signed it "V. F.", and it was simple in the extreme; yet she felt his animosity, his suspicion. But she was equally suspicious; she checked her impulse to confide in him, and drew back with dignity.

"Am I to understand that, since I do acknowledge it, the message will be sent?"

He smiled, and his smile gave her a feeling of peculiar chilliness. "It goes now, Madame."

She did not believe him, and flushed indignantly; she felt helpless and yet she must get a message to her aunt. "I beg of you to let it go at once. It's—it's so important!" she pleaded.

He smiled again, with imperturbable politeness. "At once, Madame!"

He had turned away, but Virginia called him back. "I leave to-morrow. I believe the express in the afternoon goes

[Continued on page 97]

Keeping The Toilet Spotless

is only a matter of using Sani-Flush every day. Sprinkle a little into the water in the bowl each morning and it will be free from stains and odors. You don't need a brush—you don't need to bend your back. Just follow the easy directions on the label. Sani-Flush will keep the toilet bowl white as snow. It won't harm the bowl nor the connections. It isn't a general cleanser nor a scrubbing powder. It is intended for only one purpose—making and keeping toilet bowls clean.



Sani-Flush

Is a clean white powder that takes from the housewife her most disagreeable task and does it easily, thoroughly and quickly. Your grocer probably has Sani-Flush. If not, send twenty-five cents (thirty cents in Canada) to us and we will send it to you, postpaid, or through a dealer, arranging for your future supply.



THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO., 440 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

The Trap which you can't clean except with Sani-Flush

ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK



UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR
The old reliable that never fails. Sold all around the world—the Standard. 15c., 25c., 50c. Boxes.

THE GOVERNMENT USES IT

Rough on Rats fools the rats and mice, but never fools the buyer. The secret is, you (not the maker) do the mixing. Take a hint, do your own mixing; pay for poison only, then you get results.

Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny ready-for-use devices.

The U. S. Government has bought 25 Gross (3,600 boxes) of Rough on Rats to send to the Panama Canal Zone.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

YOU NEVER TIRE OF

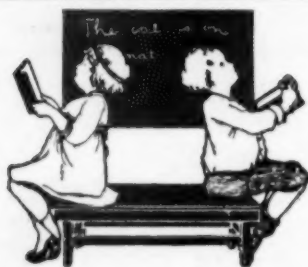


CUTICURA SOAP

Because of its refreshing fragrance, absolute purity and delicate emollient skin-purifying properties derived from Cuticura Ointment.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.



A child's appearance depends much on the tidiness of the stockings.

KABO GARTERS

keep the stockings smooth; and they last wonderfully. Three grades—25c—15c—10c; ask your dealer.

KABO CORSET CO.

Chicago New York San Francisco

WANTED AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 277, Washington, D.C.

Romances of Modern Business

CHAPTER VIII—Nationalizing a Drink

On a Sabbath morning, in 1869, the congregation of a small church at Vineland, New Jersey, upon partaking of the sacrament, noticed that there had been served a liquid not previously used. For some time before, a belief had prevailed among the communicants that wine should not be offered for sacramental purposes.

It developed that the recording steward of the church, Dr. T. B. Welch, had prepared for eucharistic usage the unfermented juice of Concord grapes. This beverage proved acceptable, and its use in the communion spread to other churches. It also became popular as a family health-drink in and near Vineland.

About this time Charles E. Welch, a son of Dr. Welch, was establishing a practise in dentistry. Becoming impressed with the grape juice made by his father, the young dentist concluded that the liquid would have a wide public appeal. The elder Welch contended that they had other interests more important.

That the Vineland practitioner had little hope for grape juice as a commercial commodity is evidenced by a letter he wrote to his son in 1875, in which he said: "The interest you have in grape juice is not worth half as much as your interest in dentistry. I am confident, therefore, that you will err if you do not keep grape juice subordinate to dentistry. As a dentist you can make more than with grape juice."

Thirty years ago Dr. Welch became interested in advertising. But the finances of the grape-juice promoter would not permit of his buying publicity. So he bided his time, saving money. Finally, in the early nineties, the first advertising of Welch's Grape Juice appeared in small business and religious publications.

From the increased business a small capital was realized, and all of this Dr. Welch decided to risk in making a national appeal. Announcements of Welch's Grape Juice appeared in 1895 in several periodicals of national circulation. They were single-column advertisements. Thus started the nationalizing of the "National Drink".

The development of the Welch Grape Juice industry since the periodical advertising began, nineteen years ago, has been remarkable. Before the magazines and weeklies of national circulation had created a national demand

for grape juice, Dr. Welch had experienced a struggle. To-day this industry is an extensive one, ranking with the leading manufacturing concerns of the country. Grape juice is sold at thousands of drinking places and drunk in many thousands of homes.

"When grape juice was put on the market," said Mr. Edgar T. Welch, advertising manager of the Welch Grape Juice Company, "there was no demand for it. Most temperance people opposed it, as did those who favored fermented wines. The demand had to be created. The public had to be educated. Prejudice had to be overcome. All this we did through advertising in the national periodicals. During the last fifteen years, the growth in the sale of grape juice has been impressive. We do not see how this growth could have been made possible, except by advertising in the national magazines and weeklies. We believe that in making Welch's Grape Juice popular we have contributed to the health and sobriety of the nation.

"The story of Welch's demonstrates that the object of advertising is to *teach value to the consumer*. When the product is meritorious, the ideals behind the manufacture true and sound, and the sales effort co-ordinate with the advertising effort—then honest, efficient advertising can make a success worthy the name. And it has been so with Welch's."

Mr. Welch further brought out the fact that the advertising of Welch's Grape Juice in the nationally circulated periodicals had achieved a distinct public service from the standpoint of health, pleasure, and morality. One economic phase of the Welch industry is significant. The price of Welch's Grape Juice has been materially decreased through increased distribution.

With Concord grapes costing from four to six times as much as in 1895, the Welch Grape Juice Company, through large distribution drawn from national advertising, is now able to sell grape juice at one-half the price prevailing when the advertising began.

And a like story can be told of many nationally advertised products, proving that national advertising is a boon to the consumer.

This is the eighth of a series of articles that is being published to show how magazine advertising is serving the public.

KEWPIE GARTER

"With the Pin that Locks"

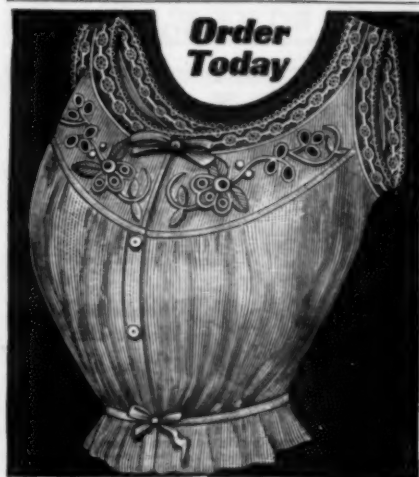
The Best for "EVERYCHILD"

Because the child can romp and run without the garter coming undone to scratch or tear. Because the Kewpie is best quality ALL ELASTIC top and bottom, giving maximum ease, flexibility and service. Because no metal touches the skin—though all parts are rustless. Because every pair comes clean, sanitary, unhandled in an individual sealed envelope.

25c a pair and **WORTH IT.**
Every Pair Guaranteed
All sizes: children, misses, women
If not at dealer's write us

The Best Garter for "EVERYCHILD"

ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN & CO. 516 Broadway, New York



25c Corset Cover only 10c
Postpaid

A remarkable bargain. Just think of it! This embroidery-trimmed muslin corset cover is one of the most wonderful bargains ever offered. Made of excellent quality muslin. Has a 2-inch beautiful blind and open work embroidery yoke as illustrated. Edged entirely around neck and armholes with tarchon lace. Perfect fit, draw strings. Usually sells for 25c. While only 10c in 44 in. bust measure. Order direct from this ad. Order by No. 3270A. Postage prepaid. Be sure to state size 10c when ordering. Special price only.

Send for Bargain Book
of every apparel in newest styles. Mailed free. Write for it. **SEND BOOK TODAY.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
W. & H. WALKER PITTSBURGH, PA.

AGENTS—Only One in the World

JUST OUT!

KEROSENE (Coal Oil) IRON
Absolutely Safe
Odorless—Cheapest Fuel Known. Women everywhere want a Kerosene Iron. Low Price Means Quick Sales. Write quick for terms. Big profits. Your territory is open. **FREE SAMPLE** to Workers.

THOMAS IRON CO.
1202 Lane St. Dayton, O.

THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 95]

through to Vienna without further changing; does it not?"

"At four o'clock. It may be necessary to have your passports countersigned, Madame."

"But why. This is unusual!" She saw her danger and began to be a little frightened.

"It is our custom here, Madame la Comtesse." His politeness was almost as suffocating as a blanket; it seemed to enfold Virginia and shut out the air. "I can, perhaps, assist?"

She drew back. "I think not," she replied with dignity; "my passports will come through my Embassy. Good afternoon!" and she went in and shut the door.

But once in her own room, her courage gave out; she caught Ellis by the arm—the grim woman's angles seemed so genuine and honest and comforting.

"Ellis," she whispered, "I know he's listening; those ears of his can hear through a stone wall, and he isn't going to send my message."

Ellis gazed at her blankly. "My goodness, Miss!"

Virginia controlled herself. "I think it was the Prefect of Police. It's all because of that passport, and I'm afraid we'll have more trouble."

Ellis started. "There! Some one's knocking; he's back again. Land, Miss, what'll I say now?"

There was another knock.

"Open the door!" commanded Virginia quickly.

Ellis gasped; then she walked grimly across the room and flung the door open.

It revealed a small Arcanidian, one of the hotel pages, arrayed in a picturesque livery. He advanced to the center of the room and bowed stiffly, presenting a card on a silver salver.

"His Excellency, Count Mirovitch, Madame."

Virginia took the card. "I think there's some mistake. Not for me, surely?"

"Yes, Madame." The little fellow bowed low. "In the morning-room, Madame," he added, and backed off, still bowing.

Virginia stopped him. "Who is Count Mirovitch?"

He stared politely. "His Excellency is still Prime Minister," he replied, and bowed all the way out this time.

Virginia stood looking at the card. The Prime Minister of Arcandia—what was it she had heard of him at St. Petersburg? Something—she could not remember it all. But he was inimical to the King, that she knew; there had been whispers, too, about the attempted assassination in the cathedral, and if that was the King at the station—Virginia hesitated.

[Concluded on page 98]

"It's the New Dr. Lyon's Dental Cream"

Now you can choose between

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

The new Dental Cream is quickly soluble. Deposits no sticky masses to encourage decay. Rinses thoroughly, leaving complete cleanliness. Safeguards you from receding gums and loosening teeth.

Send 2c postage for 10 day trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dr. Lyon's Perfect Dental Cream. Address I. W. LYON & SONS, Dept. B, 520 West 27th St., New York City.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Look for the Coupon in each package that entitles you to a tooth brush Free.

HAIR GOODS

AT BIG SAVING

Our Direct-to-Buyer Plan, our foreign connections, and our immense buying power, enable us to offer Latest Paris Creations in choice quantities at sharp reductions from standard prices. The selections below are of splendid quality and to match any ordinary shade.

Straight Switches	Wavy Switches
1 1/4 oz. 18 in. \$0.85	20 in. . \$1.45
2 oz. 20 in. 1.25	22 in. . 2.45
2 oz. 22 in. 1.75	24 in. . 3.45
2 1/2 oz. 24 in. 2.75	26 in. . 4.95
3 oz. 26 in. 4.45	30 in. . 7.65
Triple Wavy Switch, 22 in. .	\$3.45
Other sizes and grades .	50c to \$50.00
Natural Curly Pompadour .	2.95
Curlet Braid, 3 oz., Wavy .	3.95
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's, \$15 to \$50.00	

Send long sample of your hair with your order. Rare, peculiar and gray shades cost a little more; ask for estimate.

Money-Back Guarantee We positively guarantee quality, match and workmanship; in fact, we guarantee perfect satisfaction or money promptly refunded.

Charge accounts gladly opened with responsible persons, and goods shipped on approval without cash in advance.

GET OUR BIG NEW CATALOG

Contains Instructions on the Proper Care of the Hair and many valuable suggestions for Beauty Culture at home without cost, besides listing all the latest Paris Fashions in Hair Goods, and assured Toilet Preparations, Specialties, etc., at guaranteed lowest prices. Every woman should have this book. Write for it TODAY.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 49, 299 State St., Chicago
Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

\$4 in. 2 1/2 oz. Triple Natural Wavy Switch
Specially priced \$4.85



Let us show
you how to
cut your Fall
and Winter
Tailored Suit,
Gown or Coat
Bill in Half

Beautiful Samples FREE

YOU can now order direct from us fine imported suit and dress fabrics in exclusive designs at wholesale prices.

We import and sell direct to the wearer, and offer a very large selection of designs and colorings, most of which cannot be duplicated elsewhere in this country.

Department Stores usually show dress goods from 44 to 50 inches wide. Our importations are made especially for us in widths from 54 to 60 inches, except Silks and Velvets.

Our assortment consists of Broadcloths, Velours, Serges, Chiffon Velvets, Novelty, in plain and fancy weaves; Tailored Silks, Velvetines and Silk Plushes in over 600 styles.

Every yard of our merchandise is absolutely guaranteed. If you are not satisfied, NO MATTER WHAT YOUR REASON, return the goods and we will refund your money.

You can order any yardage desired and we prepay expressage anywhere in the U. S.

Special Introductory Offer

While These Lots Last! 12,000 yds. of Imported Mannish Serges in Navy, Midnight Blue and Black. Regular price \$2.25. Sale price \$1.40 per yd.

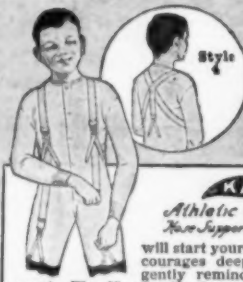
10,000 yds. of Imported Broadcloths in Black, and twenty colors. Regular price \$2.50. Sale price \$1.50 per yd.

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5,000 yds of Imported Cheviots in Navy, Midnight Blue and Black. Regular price \$2.50. Sale price \$1.50 per yd.

Write us today, stating material and colors you desire, and we will send you a generous assortment of samples FREE.

Brunswick Importing Co., BRUNSWICK BLDG., 223 Fifth Ave., New York



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Boy These
Suspenders

KAZOO

*Athletic Suspenders
Have Supporter & Body Bands*

will start your boy right. It encourages deep breathing and gently reminds him to stand erect. The Kazoo affords perfect freedom of action—never binds. It holds the stockings snug and smooth, overcomes sagging trousers and assures comfort and neatness. Prices 50c and 75c.

KAZOO

**Suspender-Waist
& Hose Supporter**

for the little fellow, possesses all the good features of the regular Kazoo, with the additional sliding waistband. Your boys deserve these comfortable suspenders. Light, strong, serviceable—and only 50c a pair, at almost any department, clothing or notion store. If your dealer hasn't them, we'll send you a pair on receipt of price, 50c. Canada 10c additional, all styles.

**HARRIS SUSPENDER CO., Dept. A,
694 Broadway, at 4th St., New York**
Sole Distributors

Send for
Booklet
"How to
Dress Boys"



THE CROWNING

[Continued from page 97]

Again a vague sensation of danger sobered her impulse to laugh at Ellis' grim face. Yet, she could, perhaps, explain to him about the passport; it was so simple, and he could set her straight so easily.

"Ellis, I'm going to see this gentleman and tell him who I am. Of course, he'll call up the American Embassy and verify it all, and we'll get off to-morrow."

A slight expression of relief relaxed the maid's expression, but she would not admit it. "I hope we will, Miss!" she said gloomily.

Virginia laughed tremulously. "Of course, we will!" she declared, but her heart sank a little as she left the room. The big dim corridor seemed full of mystery and silence; there was a faint perfume of exotic flowers; her feet made no sound on the soft carpets; she felt peculiarly alone, and she realized that it was, perhaps, foolish to go to see this stranger. The Prime Minister of Arcanidia—a power, surely, for a young American girl to trifle with! Then, suddenly, she laughed softly.

"How foolish I am!" she said to herself, "of course—I know what it is. He's in love with the Countess d'Espinac and he's rushed here to see her!" and still smiling, she followed a waiting servant down a short flight of winding stairs.

[To be continued in October McCall's]

PLAYING BEFORE THE KING

[Continued from page 17]

and haughty royal footmen hung with glittering decorations bestowed by visiting potentates.

It was not at all a trying ordeal, for both the King and Queen proved very kindly, and much like ordinary people; and at the close of the brief audience the Queen gave Miss Margery a jeweled pendant engraved with the royal monogram, to keep as a memento of the time she played before the King.

Then an elaborate dinner was served to the company, the menu card bearing the royal monogram and coronet. Miss Margery has preserved hers carefully, all scrawled over with the names of those who were present.

It was truly an occasion to be remembered, and one might think that this and the other experiences of her English stage life would incline Miss Maude to somewhat underestimate a democratic public such as America has to offer her. But no, indeed! "I like Americans just as well as English lords!" she said, as she sailed for England in May. "And I'm very glad I am coming back to America this fall!"



Postpaid

For style and service, these dresses can hardly be equalled. Truly remarkable value. They are of fine quality material in handsome low neck and short sleeve style. Made of Percale and Linen.

Wide band of Cadet blue linen outlines the low neck, sleeves and belt, piped with black and white striped material. The full plaited skirt is well made and is finished with a close hem. Fastens invisibly down the back to waist line.

3 for \$1.00

Seize this extraordinary offer and get these elegant dresses (any size) for only \$1.00. Send in your order now. Your money back if not satisfied. We prepay postage.

Order Now

1300AB Tan, trimmed with Cadet blue 2 to 14 yrs.
1310AB Shepherd check trimmed with Cadet blue, 2 to 14 yrs.
1311AB Blue and white stripes 2 to 14 yrs.
Order by number above, and specify colors. 3 for \$1.00 sizes and ages. Your choice of any.

Send for Bargain Book

of wearing apparel in newest styles. Mailed free. Write for it. SEND SURE TODAY. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

W. & H. WALKER 339 Herr's Island Ave. PITTSBURGH, PA.



Should be Kept
Warm with Soft
"Non-Nettle"

WHITE FLANNELS

Teased Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-

Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teasing process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. (50c to \$1.00 a yd.) We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. We do not sell to dealers.

Send for Free Sample Case

and receive samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalogue showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits (\$5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinets, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. Also valuable information on how to care for the baby. No advertising on wrapper.

For 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.70 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

The Lamson Bros. Co., 342 Summit St., Toledo, O.

10 Days Free Trial. Send No Money

32 Hair Switch on Approval. Send lock of hair and I will match and mail a fine 22 in. short stem human hair switch—wavy or straight. A bargain. Remit \$2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles hair dressing, hair goods and carrels. **WOMEN** Dept. K 42, State St. Chicago **WANTED** Anna Ayers, 220 No. State St. Chicago



AGENTS WANTED

Dress Fabrics and Women's Wear. Reliability: Quality. Originality: Style. Quick Delivery — Big Commissions. Write today. Samples. **Care Importing & Nev. Co., 82 Main Street, Cortland, N. Y.**

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how many nice things—things dear to every woman's (and girl's) heart—you could get, without one cent of cost, by becoming a Club-Raiser for McCALL'S MAGAZINE—

IF YOU KNEW how well pleased other women (and girls) are who have received some of the handsome and useful gifts we give to our Club-Raisers—

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IF YOU KNEW how many happy surprises there are stored up for you in our new "SUMMER PREMIUM LIST," which is sent free on request to anybody in the United States—

THEN YOU and every woman and every girl who reads this announcement would write to us immediately and ask for the opportunity to become a McCALL Club-Raiser.

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for a few hours' easy work of several women members. Let us tell you how we are helping many other churches raise money easily and quickly. Write AT ONCE for FREE pamphlet entitled "How Other Churches Have Raised Money," which also explains our unique offer to your church.

"Church-Fund-Raising Department"
The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., N. Y. City

A HOME-MADE SCREEN

By MARY E. HALLOCK

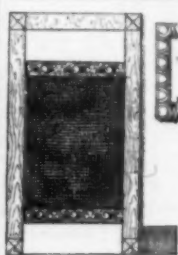
MANY times there is some corner that one wishes to hide, where it is not desirable to have either a folding screen or a curtain. In my house there was just such a place.

My kitchen opens into my sitting-room and is directly opposite the front door, leaving the kitchen and its furnishings much too plainly in evidence to the casual caller, if the door was left open. It was not the place for draperies; a folding screen would, in this case, have been very much in the way, and for convenience of heating and ventilation, I did not wish to keep the door closed. After much study, at last I hit upon a plan which has proven very satisfactory. This is how I solved my own particular difficulty:

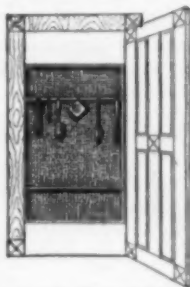
I made a light framework, as wide as the door, but twenty-four inches shorter. I painted this to match the woodwork in the kitchen, covered it with some pretty material that harmonizes with the furnishings in the sitting-room, and hung by attaching hinges of the lift-off variety to the side of the door-frame opposite that to which the door was hung. When in position, the frame swings across the opening, effectually screening the kitchen, and leaving space at both top and bottom for the free passage of heat and air. When not in use, it hooks back against the wall, on the kitchen side, and is not at all conspicuous. To make it still more useful, I screwed into the frame small hooks upon which to hang such little utensils as are most in use. They are within arm's-reach of the stove and table, and this saves many steps.

Closing the door is not in the least interfered with by the screen, as it may be easily lifted from its hinges and set aside. It cost very little, but the convenience it affords makes it worth much to me.

Burlap, monk's- or arras-cloth, or even an ordinary canvas, is suitable for covering such a swinging screen, and, to make it more attractive on the front side, a simple decoration may be added. This may be a cretonne band appliquéd, or a stenciled border in a contrasting color. The material should be put on the frame with upholsterer's black or brass tacks.



A DOOR SCREEN
FOR THE KITCHEN



ON THE KITCHEN SIDE
IS A HANDY RACK

"Mama
I want
My
Denton"



Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are Children's Delight and
the Choice of Careful Mothers.

Protect your little ones at night
and get unbroken sleep yourself

Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. The Soft-knit fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off. Prevents colds which often lead to pneumonia or other dangerous ailments.

Made in eleven sizes for children up to ten years old. Prices, 50c. to \$1.10, according to size and style.

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Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas on "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Denton Garments. Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, write us.

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SCHOOL TIME

calls for suitable dresses for the misses and little folk.

There is no better fabric for this purpose than

The Staple
Half-Wool

25 cents
per yard

DANISH POPLAR
CLOTH

Navy Blues and Blacks are Fast.
Cream and light colors can be Laundered.
Full line of other shades.

Made by the HAMILTON WOOLEN CO.

If you cannot secure this fabric from your home retailer, write us, and we will tell you how and where to get the goods.
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PROGRESSIVE REPRESENTATIVE can easily earn \$20 a week demonstrating our exclusive line. Dress goods, silks, linens, wash goods, petticoats, hosiery, handkerchiefs, corsets and muslin underwear. Direct from the leading foreign and domestic mills; exclusive patterns, lowest price. Superior quality, samples free. No capital or experience required. We teach you how to do it. Fall Samples Aug. 1. Mutual Fabric Co., Dept. 451, Binghamton, N. Y.

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This new package has a blue band carrying the name—readable at some distance—and a red and white background. As we shall continue for several months to pack part of our product in the old cartons, you may be confident that the Minute Tapioca your dealer sells you is good and fresh—whether it comes in box of new or old design.

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36-Page Book
Contains many cake recipes, thoroughly tried and tested, also valuable hints on cake baking. One woman writes us: "I learned more about cake making from 'Cake Secrets' than from any other book." Write today for this book.

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The Pure FOOD Dessert

Made with Milk—nourishing. Ideal food for children and invalids. Served with fruit, berries, etc., a delicious family dessert. When frozen makes perfect ice cream.

10 Junket Tablets 10¢

At Drug Stores or Grocers

SOME FAVORITE RECEIPTS

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

CHICKEN JAMBOLAYA.—Disjoint and prepare a fowl for fricassee. Cover it in a stew-pan with one quart of boiling water, and let simmer an hour. Sprinkle a cupful of washed rice over the top of the chicken, also half a cupful of minced ham, a scant teaspoonful of salt, and a seasoning of pepper. Cover and cook slowly until the rice has absorbed all the water and is tender, with each grain separate.

CHICKEN PILAF.—Brown a medium-sized onion, shaved thin, in two level tablespoonfuls of butter; do not scorch. Put in the pieces of chicken prepared as above, turn till flavored with the onion butter, then cover with a quart of boiling water and let simmer till tender. When the chicken has cooked for about an hour, sprinkle it with one cupful of washed rice, and let simmer till latter has absorbed all the water, as in jambolaya. Make a tomato sauce with two tablespoonfuls of flour, two of butter, and one cupful of strained tomatoes, meantime keeping the chicken and rice hot over boiling water to prevent scorching. Dish the chicken, surround it with the rice, and strain the tomato sauce carefully over the rice. In both these receipts, the rice absorbs the delicious chicken flavor.

POTATO PUDDING.—This is an English dish which should be better known in this country. It is usually eaten with roast duck or goose, but is equally good with roast beef or pork. Using the finest knife, run raw potatoes through the grinder till two cupfuls have been obtained. Change to a medium knife, and grind one cupful of suet; mix with the potatoes, and add one teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to stiffen. Put in a floured cloth and boil for three hours.

CORN FRITTERS.—To one canful of corn, add two well-beaten eggs and a cupful of flour, in which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking-powder and one of salt. Drop by spoonfuls into the deep, hot fat and cook till light brown.

FRIED CAULIFLOWER.—Divide the vegetable into small branches, and boil in salted water till nearly cooked. Drain well, dip in seasoned flour, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Dip into batter, and cook in hot fat till a golden color. Drain very dry, and scatter parsley over it before serving.

CHEESE FONDU.—Pulverize one cupful of crackers in the grinder; add one cupful of milk, three-quarters of a cupful of cheese (also put through the grinder), and two eggs beaten separately. Stir together, and bake for twenty minutes in a very hot oven. Serve immediately.



Eat More Fish

It is much more healthful than heating meats, and a lot easier to prepare, if you use

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

10c—Sizes—15c
(Except in far West)

You will please all the family with the great variety of wholesome tempting dishes you can serve—just try

Codfish Balls Creamed Fish
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B & M Fish Flakes gives a new meaning to these and many other dainty fish dishes. So economical, too—no waste—no bones—no spoilage; nothing but delicious fresh fish, without preservatives, in a parchment lined, sanitary container—cooked and ready for instant use.

If not at your grocer's, send his name and two cent stamp for liberal size sample and book of Recipes—"GOOD EATING."

Burnham & Morrill Co., 26 West St., Portland, Me.

A REAL COOKING HELP

Not only to lend its unique, delicious and unrivaled flavor to desserts, dainties, candies and ices, but

MAPLEINE

gives zest and body to meat, soups, sauces, baked beans, etc.

1-oz. bottle, 20c.
2-oz., 35c.

Get it from your grocer, or write

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Send 2c stamp for Recipe Book



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Wedding 100 ANNOUNCEMENTS \$3.
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100 Engraved Calling Cards. \$1.00.
Birth Announcements, 25c doz. Write for samples and forms. Royal Engraving Co., 18 S. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

PICKLES, SWEET AND SOUR

By WILLIE WOODRUFF

THE wise housemother knows how to add zest to the simple meal with a dish of delicious pickles. The summer days of jelly-making and preserving have nearly stocked the cellar shelves;



but the final additions, those tempting-looking jars of both sweet and sour pickles, have yet to be added to the winter store.

In putting up pickles, care should be taken to use only porcelain-lined or granite kettles, and to avoid metal spoons or forks; use wooden ones. A bit of horseradish placed on top of sour pickle will keep the vinegar from molding. For best results, always use the finest cider vinegar, and after placing the pickles in the jars, see that they are well covered with it. Sweet pickle may be sufficiently cooked to require no sealing to keep it.

SWEET RAISIN PICKLE

- 1 1/4 quarts of Vinegar
- 4 cupfuls of Brown sugar
- 2 tablespoonfuls White mustard seed
- 1 tablespoonful Celery seed
- 2 tablespoonfuls Broken cinnamon
- 1 1/4 pounds Seeded raisins
- 3 medium-sized Cucumber pickles
- 1 can White cherries

Soak the raisins in hot water and wipe dry; thinly slice the cucumber pickles. Mix the other ingredients together and boil to rich sirup. Add the raisins, and boil seven minutes; then drop in the sliced cucumbers and the canful of cherries. This makes two quarts of pickle, and keeps well.

INDIAN PICKLE

- 1/2 peck Green tomatoes
- 1/2 peck Onions
- 1/2 bushel Green bell peppers
- 1 large head Cabbage
- 1/4 pound Grated horseradish
- 1/4 pound Ground ginger
- 1/4 pound Ground mustard seed
- 1/2 pound White mustard seed
- 2 ounces Mace
- 2 dozen Cloves garlic
- 2 tablespoonfuls Curry powder
- 2 pounds Granulated sugar
- Vinegar to make mixture liquid

Put the vegetables, except the onions, in brine. The day before making the pickle, pour boiling brine over the sliced onions, and let stand overnight, then put all through a food grinder, and press out thoroughly. To enough vinegar to render the pickle liquid, add the seasoning, spices, and sugar, and bring to boiling-point, but do not boil. Pour the scalding, spiced vinegar over the ground vegetables. Stir well, and seal in sterilized jars. The pickle will be ready for use in one week.



My Cry is— Votes for Men

"I am one of the men who prefer Van Camp's to any old-style Baked Beans. I like them ten times better than the Beans that mother baked.

"I like their wholeness, their nuttiness, their mealiness. I like the tang of the sauce.

"I believe millions of men are just like me. My lunch-room downtown—which serves Van Camp's—is fairly mobbed at noontimes.

"So I stand for votes for men—votes on the Beans to be served on their home tables. If men had the say, no Beans would be baked in the old ways."

But men do have the say. Just try it. Say how you like Van Camp's. Within 15 minutes your grocer will get a telephone order for them.

VAN CAMP'S PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Madam, you cannot compete with our chefs on Baked Beans. Nobody ever has. You can't get such raw Beans as they get. And there is no other sauce like the sauce they bake in to them.

You have not a steam oven, and Beans can't be baked as Van Camp's are without it. That is, baked until mellow without crisping or bursting.

These are new-style Baked Beans. Every process is scientific. Materials are specially grown for them. The ablest chefs prepare them.

Try them. They cost but three cents per serving. They are ready on a moment's notice. They come to your table with the fresh oven flavor. Find out, for your own sake, what it means to have such meals as these ready on the pantry shelf.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



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makes windows invisible—

YOU have seen windows so marvelously clear that you couldn't be quite sure that the glass was there?

It is easy to get that "empty-air" look on good glass with Bon Ami.

Bon Ami is applied as a wet lather, dissolving and loosening the dirt. The lather dries and is removed with a dry cloth, taking the dirt away with it.

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The Bon Ami way is the smearless way. There is nothing else that cleans by this wet-and-dry method

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Use Bon Ami also for enamel, nickel and tile—for everything that shines or that ought to shine. It won't scour or scratch such surfaces.

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